

May 9, 1964

THE

Price 25 cents

NEW YORKER





It's a small world. Now you can fly around it for as little as \$1264.

This is *the* trip.

A trip around the world. A trip to make up for all the trips you've ever let pass by. A trip to a thousand and one far-off places once reserved for Marco Polo, the millionaire and the foreign correspondent.

Now they're all yours:

A luau on Oahu. A visit to a volcano. Diamond Head. Pearl Harbor. A sail in a catamaran. Teahouses in Tokyo. Cherry blossoms in Ueno Park. Kyoto's Imperial Palace. Nara's Hall of the Great Buddha. A ricksha ride through Hong Kong. The Tiger Balm Garden. Siamese dancers. Rare silks and silver. Pagodas and bazaars. Sapphires and rubies. Curries and kabobs. The temple at Angkor Wat. The Taj Mahal. The Khyber Pass. A beach on the Bosphorus. The slopes at Mount Olympus. A dip in the Adriatic. A sunset in the Coliseum. A tour of the Vatican. An audience with the Pope.

The Salzburg Festival. The Hapsburg Collection. The blue Danube. The Black Forest. The Arc de Triomphe. The Rue de la Paix. Versailles, the Louvre and Fontainebleau. Aperitifs in Montparnasse. The bookstalls along the Seine. London Bridge. Stratford on Avon. Sherwood Forest. Piccadilly Circus. 10 Downing Street. The Trooping of the Colors. The Changing of the Guard. Perhaps a peek at the Queen.

Where and when can you begin?

You can start your 'Round the World trip any day. Leave from any one of Pan Am's 17 gateways across the U.S. Head east or west.

For example, board Pan Am's Flight 1 in San Francisco at 9 a.m. First stop: Honolulu. The Jet economy fare all the way 'round and back to San Francisco: \$1284.

Or board Pan Am's Flight 2 in New York at 7 p.m. and go 'Round the World eastbound via London. The Jet economy fare: \$1264.

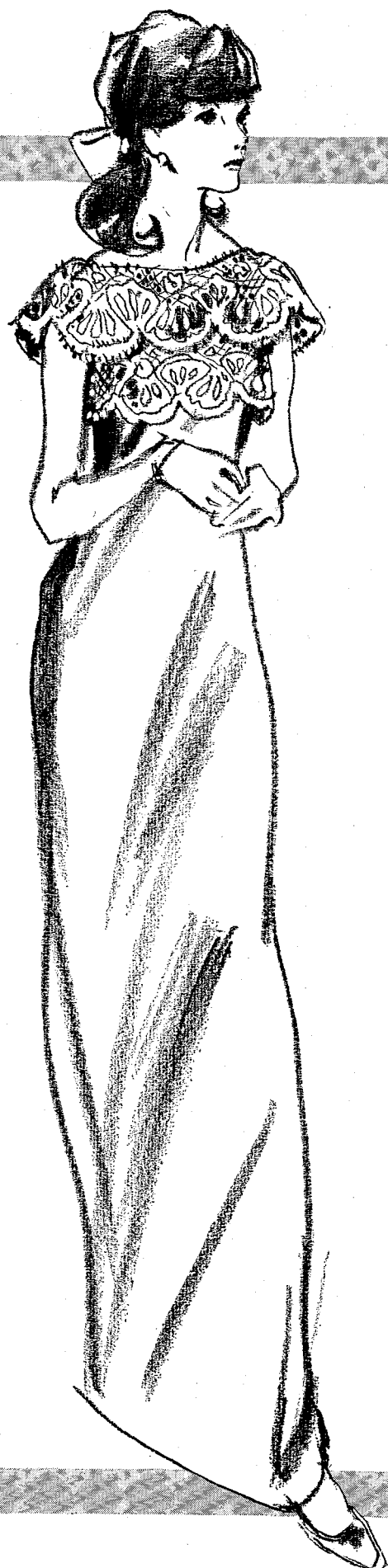
No matter which way you go—eastbound or westbound—you can stop over wherever you please for a few days, a few weeks, a few months, with plenty of time for side trips, and a whole year to complete your odyssey.

Every mile of the way, you'll have the sure feeling that comes from flying the very best there is. For Pan Am is the World's Most Experienced Airline. The airline that can make your world bigger than it's ever been—for a surprisingly small price.



YOU'RE BETTER OFF WITH PAN AM—
WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE
FIRST ON THE ATLANTIC... FIRST ON THE PACIFIC
FIRST IN LATIN AMERICA... FIRST 'ROUND THE WORLD

J. HYDE CRAWFORD



**JACQUES HEIM'S
CREPE MAGIC
FOR MISS BONWIT JR.**

The great French master
pares crepe
slim as a candle,
lights it with
a lovely flicker of lace.
From his Jeunes Filles
summer collection,
designed in Paris and
made here exclusively for us.
Rayon and acetate crepe,
Si Bonne lined, the bolero
in cotton lace.
White or black,
3 to 13 sizes, 50.00
From our
Miss Bonwit Jr. Dresses,
it has, indeed...

**THE BONWIT TELLER
TOUCH**

BONWIT
TELLER

New York Manhasset White Plains Short Hills Philadelphia Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANY WEDNESDAY—A gay little comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with the tribulations of a doxy who is being maintained by a millionaire industrialist in an executive suite. Sandy Dennis is droll and winning as the girl, and she gets fine support from Rosemary Murphy, Don Porter, and Gene Hackman. The play was directed by Henry Kaplan and has a pleasant set by Robert Randolph. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BABY WANT A KISS—Three unfortunate people—Joanne Woodward, Paul Newman, and James Costigan—wandering about in a mindless drama that deals with a flashy Hollywood couple who talk extensively and to no purpose in the course of a visit to an old reclusive chum. Mr. Costigan wrote the thing. (Little Theatre, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK—Neil Simon's aimless but agreeable little comedy about a young couple's struggles to make life worthwhile in a walk-up apartment with few conveniences. Elizabeth Ashley, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are among those happily involved. Mike Nichols did the direction. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BLUES FOR MISTER CHARLIE—A glum look at interracial relationships in the United States, written by James Baldwin, who is nothing if not voluble. The drama has in its favor excellent direction by Burgess Meredith and some fine acting by a large cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2. Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

A CASE OF LIBEL—An episode from "My Life in Court," by Louis Nizer, as dramatized by Henry Denker. It is concerned with the libel suit that Quentin Reynolds brought against Westbrook Pegler, and it makes interesting courtroom drama. Van Heflin is very good as the plaintiff's lawyer. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE DEPUTY—Rolf Hochhuth's controversial drama about the dealings between the Curia and the Third Reich, in an adaptation by Jerome Rothenberg. The work has been cut down from five acts to two, but even in its shortened form it is compelling. Jeremy Brett heads the large and, for the most part, competent cast. Emlin Williams portrays Pius XII. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

DYLAN—Sir Alec Guinness turns in a virtuoso performance as the poor sad bad glad mad Welsh poet on the loose in America. A thoroughly satisfactory play, written by Sidney Michaels. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HAMLET—Richard Burton makes an unusually robust Prince of Denmark, and Hume Cronyn makes a superb Polonius in this production, which was directed by John Gielgud. Eileen Herlie, George Rose, Alfred Drake, and Linda Marsh are also prominent in the cast. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

NOBODY LOVES AN ALBATROSS—Robert Preston bounces around engagingly in this comedy about the way things go in West Coast TV circles. It was written by Ronald Alexander, and it benefits mightily from the lively direction of Gene Saks. (Lyceum,



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—BEYOND THE FRINGE 1964: A diversion, now revised and with new material added, in which four wits—Paxton Whitehead, Patrick Carter, William Christopher, and Patrick Horgan—cock their snooks at everything from the ruling classes to nuclear madness. A change of cast on Sunday, May 10: Daniel Bly, Robert Cessna, Ted D'Arms, and James Valentine. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) ... **MARY, MARY:** Mindy Carson, Murray Hamilton, and Tom Helmore are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to repair the marital rift. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) ... **NEVER TOO LATE:** Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Martha Scott, and Fran Sharon in a farce about a sixty-year-old who finds that he is to become a father for the second time in his life. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?** Edward Albee's play exposing the inner workings of a couple of college professors and their wives.

BOOKS

THE CURRENT CINEMA

MUSICAL EVENTS

THE RACE TRACK

THE THEATRE

Page

194

191

146

192

143

THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET

TELEPHONE

ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515

EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

The cast at the evening performances consists of Mercedes McCambridge, Donald Davis, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinees it is Haila Stoddard, Henderson Forsythe, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

FUNNY GIRL—The late Fanny Brice is portrayed by Barbra Streisand in a musical that is loud and splashy but only intermittently funny. Isobel Lennart provided the book, Jule Styne and Bob Merrill the music and lyrics, and Garson Kanin the direction. Carol Haney staged the musical numbers, and Jerome Robbins supervised the whole thing. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HELLO, DOLLY!—Fun and games with Carol Channing, who is delightful in this adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker." The music and lyrics, by Jerry Herman, are stimulating, and the book, by Michael Stewart, keeps things moving in reasonable style. The redoubtable Gower Champion is responsible for the direction and choreography. Voted the season's best musical by the Drama Critics Circle. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HERE'S LOVE—Something about a Macy Santa Claus who thinks he's for real. The book, music, and lyrics are by Meredith Willson, who, on this occasion, is a little lacking in magic. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

HIGH SPIRITS—In this musical version of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit," Beatrice Lillie cuts up as a daft spiritualist. The book, the music, and the lyrics, by Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray, are pleasant, and Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward are very helpful. Mr. Coward is the director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

110 IN THE SHADE—A fitfully interesting musical adaptation of the play called "The Rainmaker." Joan Fagan is substituting for Inga Swenson in the role of the heroine. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN?—Budd and Stuart Schulberg's description of the life and times of a horrible upstart who bulldozes his way to a big job in Hollywood. A little on the monotonous side, the play has music and lyrics by Ervin Drake and features Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM: Dick Shawn and other zanies doing as the Romans do, or did. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Moves on Tuesday, May 12, to the Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) ... **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** About a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Darryl Hickman is the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée is the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **OLIVER!** The Roundheads, the Rump Parliament, and all that. The book, music, and lyrics were fashioned by Lionel Bart, and Clive Revill,

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; Robert S. Ogden, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XL, No. 12, May 9, 1964. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1964 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year \$8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, \$9.00. Other foreign, \$11.00.



MORE SILVER FOR
These Forty Five Silver Dollars

YOUR DOLLARS... TIFFANY STERLING
Will Buy You A Six-Piece Place Setting Of Tiffany's Faneuil Pattern.

TIFFANY STERLING AT THESE STORES:

ARKANSAS

FOSTER COCHRAN, Little Rock

CALIFORNIA

TIFFANY & CO., San Francisco

COLORADO

BOHM-ALLEN, Denver

MAHAN'S, Colorado Springs

CONNECTICUT

G. W. FAIRCHILD & SONS, INC., Bridgeport

M. A. GREEN, Waterbury

THE PHILIP H. STEVENS CO., INC., Hartford

W. D. WEBB, Greenwich

DELAWARE

J. E. CALDWELL & CO., Wilmington

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

GALT & BRO. INC., Washington

CHAS. SCHWARTZ & SON, Washington

FLORIDA

CARROLL'S, Coral Gables, Ft. Lauderdale

LEBAR, Sarasota

GEORGIA

CHARLES WILLIS, INC., Atlanta, Sea Island

ILLINOIS

C. D. PEACOCK, Chicago, Oakbrook Center,
Hubbard Woods, Old Orchard

INDIANA

L. S. AYRES, Indianapolis

KENTUCKY

FULLER & WILDER, INC., Lexington

LOUISIANA

COLEMAN E. ADLER & SONS, New Orleans

MARYLAND

A. H. FETTING CO., Baltimore, Towson

MASSACHUSETTS

THOMAS LONG & CO., Boston,
Chestnut Hill, North Shore, South Shore

MICHIGAN

SIEGEL'S, Grand Rapids

CHARLES W. WARREN & CO., Detroit

MINNESOTA

J. B. HUDSON & CO., Minneapolis, St. Paul

MISSOURI

JACCARD'S, Kansas City

MERMOD-JACCARD-KING, St. Louis,

Crestwood, Clayton

NEW HAMPSHIRE

DESJARDINS & CO., Manchester

NEW JERSEY

HENKE'S, Montclair

LA VAKE, Princeton

SCOTT'S, Plainfield

WILBUR'S, Red Bank

NEW YORK

MAURICE B. GRAUBART & SONS, Schenectady

PITT PETRI, Buffalo

ROSE JEWELERS, Patchogue, Riverhead

E. J. SCHEER, Rochester

SWAN & CO., Syracuse

ZIMMER BROTHERS, Poughkeepsie

NORTH CAROLINA

ELIZABETH BRUNS, INC., Charlotte

OHIO

ARGO & LEHNE, Columbus

H. M. BAILEY, INC., Cleveland

DANFORD-LOWELL, Cleveland

HERSCHEDE, Cincinnati

OKLAHOMA

HIGHTOWER, Oklahoma City

OREGON

ZELL BROTHERS, Portland

PENNSYLVANIA

J. E. CALDWELL & CO., Philadelphia,
Haverford

WM. H. DILLER, West Reading

P. A. FREEMAN, INC., Allentown

HARDY & HAYES, Pittsburgh

FRED H. STRAUB, Abington

RHODE ISLAND

TILDEN-THURBER, Providence, Newport,
Watch Hill

SOUTH CAROLINA

SMITHWICK, Greenville

TENNESSEE

THE B. H. STIEF CO., Nashville

TEXAS

HALTOM'S, Fort Worth

LINZ BROS., Dallas

TIFFANY & CO., Houston

VIRGINIA

SCHWARZSCHILD BROTHERS, INC., Richmond

WASHINGTON

FRIEDLANDER & SONS, Seattle, Tacoma,
Everett, Bremerton, Longview

WISCONSIN

H. S. CAMPBELL, INC., Green Bay

DOUGLASS CHINA SHOP, Madison

GEORGE WATTS & SON, Milwaukee

CANADA

THE ROBERT SIMPSON CO., LTD., Montreal

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Georgia Brown, and David Jones are in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

THE SUNDAY MAN—A comedy by Louis S. Bardoly, adapted from a Hungarian original by Ferenc Dunai. Vivienne Martin and David Brooks head a cast directed by Alexander Doré. Presented by Cornelius Productions. Previews through Tuesday, May 12. Opens officially on Wednesday, May 13. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

LINCOLN CENTER REPERTORY—"Marco Millions," Eugene O'Neill's satire, now thirty-six years old, which contrasts the mercenary values of a Western wheeler-dealer with the placid values of the philosophic East. A fine big spectacle in which Hal Holbrook, David Wayne, and Joseph Wiseman figure to good purpose. Performance Thursday, May 7, at 8:30. ... Arthur Miller's lengthy drama "After the Fall," which is apparently autobiographical and deals with intellectual and political difficulties of all sorts, is several cuts below his best work. Performances Friday, May 8, at 8; Saturday, May 9, at 2 and 8; and Tuesday through Thursday, May 12-14, at 8. ... "But for Whom Charlie," S. N. Behrman's serio-comic drama about a noble philanthropist who employs a very tricky character to help him operate a foundation aimed at improving the lot of literary types, is certainly not top-drawer Behrman, but it has one large redeeming feature—David Wayne in the role of a sprightly seventy-year-old author full of iconoclastic opinion. Performances Sunday, May 10, at 2:30 and 7:30; Friday, May 15, at 8:30; and Saturday, May 16, at 2:30 and 8:30. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

NEW YORK CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY—"Porgy and Bess," with William Warfield and Veronica Tyler (Irving Barnes and Barbara Smith at the matinees), is the second in a series of three shows by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 17.)

APA AT THE PHOENIX—Lively and often stylish productions of an assortment of classics by one of the best repertory companies around. Luigi Pirandello's "Right You Are If You Think You Are": Tuesdays at 8:30, Saturdays at 7 and 10, and Sundays at 3. ... Maxim Gorky's "The Lower Depths": Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

ALICE WITH KISSES—A musical based on "Alice in Wonderland," with book and lyrics by Joseph Blankenship and music by Sammy Fields, Mr. Blankenship, and Nevett Bartow. Opens Thursday, May 7. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. LA 4-6731. Opening-night curtain at 7:15; thereafter Tuesdays

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE AMOROUS FLEA—A modest and chipper little musical adapted from Molière's "School for Wives," with Lew Parker, properly creaky and comical, as the old bachelor who plans to marry his young ward, and Imelda de Martin, properly slyboots, as the object of his affections. The songs—words and tunes—are by a promising newcomer named Bruce Montgomery. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 10.)

ARMS AND THE MAN—A flat and feeble revival of Shaw's play. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. OR 3-3377. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE BLACKS—Jean Genet's occasionally stunning, occasionally windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE BLOOD KNOT—James Earl Jones gives a fine performance and J. D. Cannon a good one in this rather mechanical drama about a pair of South African half brothers, one of them a full Negro and the other part white. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE—A rousing revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical. The songs are, of course, wonderful, and they are well sung by the high-spirited company. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

CINDY—A cheerful little musical about a Miss Cindy Kreller, who works in a delicatessen and gets to go to a ball at the Plaza. The music and words are agreeable enough, but it is the singing and dancing of the refreshing young cast that give the show its charm. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

DARK CORNERS and MR. GROSSMAN—A double bill by Stanley Koven, the first a two-character play with Henderson Forsythe and Haila Stoddard, the second a four-character play with Cynthia Belgrave, Joel Fabiani, Joseph Leon, and Audree Rae. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 9. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

DOUBLETALK—Franchot Tone and Ruth White in a pair of plays ("The Dirty Old Man" and "Sarah and the Sax") by Lewis John Carlino. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St.

WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

DUTCHMAN and THE AMERICAN DREAM—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a most promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is often as brutal and tough as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving, for the fifth time, its knockout production of "The American Dream," Edward Albee's sardonic family portrait. No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsy is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE IMMORALIST—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1954 play, which is based on André Gide's autobiographical novel. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. OR 4-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

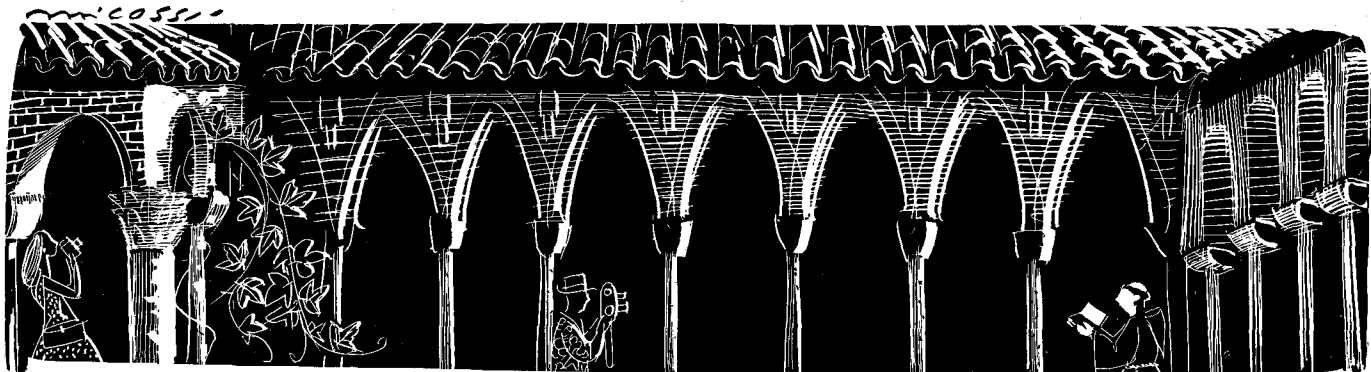
IN WHITE AMERICA—A chronological arrangement of official and private documents recounting the history of the Negro in this country. It may not make a play, exactly, but, as recited and acted by six able performers, it certainly makes a dramatic and moving evening. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

LIFE IS A DREAM (LA VIDA ES SUEÑO)—Calderón's seventeenth-century play, being presented in both English and Spanish. Performances in English on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8:30, Fridays at 10, Saturdays at 7, and Sundays at 7:30. Performances in Spanish on Mondays and Wednesdays at 8:30, Fridays at 7, Saturdays at 2:30 and 10, and Sundays at 3. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. YU 2-4240.)

SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR—A brisk production of Pirandello's tantalizing comedy about a group of stray characters who break in on a theatrical rehearsal. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK—The songs, by a bright new team—Barry Alan Graef (lyrics) and Richard B. Chodosh (score)—and the direction of Joseph Hardy transform Dion Boucicault's creaky old opus into a thoroughly delightful musical comedy in which every performer is highly satisfactory. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THIS WAS BURLESQUE—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays,





Her old beau gave Royal Worcester

He remembered and gave her Durham. Tap a teacup and hear the echo of churchyard chimes. Press a plate against the sky. And see the sun skip through. Strew Royal Worcester in the freshest snow. And the whiteness of England's finest bone china will surpass it. Pick any pattern. Every golden frame and every flower is the

work of an artist's hand. This girl chose Durham, one of Royal Worcester's newest patterns at \$49.50 the place setting. Quite similar save for a narrower golden border is Coventry at \$39.50. Choose these. Choose others. Choose Royal Worcester bone china. At all good jewelry and department stores. Place settings start at \$14.75.

Are you the kind of girl they give Royal Worcester to? Yes ☐ No ☐

(If yes, register now so there won't be any mistake about it. Or, send 25¢ for booklet on the care of fine china and color pattern pamphlet to Royal Worcester, 11 E. 26 St., N. Y. 10)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, at 2:30.)

THE TROJAN WOMEN—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the aftermath of the Trojan War is always clear and visually satisfying. Michael Cacoyannis was the director, and the beautiful translation is the work of the late Edith Hamilton. The individual performances vary considerably in quality. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

TRUMPETS OF THE LORD—A musical adaptation of "God's Trombones"—a series of poems in the form of sermons by the late James Weldon Johnson—which is by turns (and at times simultaneously) jubilant, witty, moving, and fervent. The all-Negro cast is made up of three good actors and six good singers. The music is made up of spirituals, gospel songs, and freedom songs. Vinnette Carroll is the adapter. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, May 7: "Swan Lake," "Meditation," "Allegro Brillante," and "Serenade." ... Friday evening, May 8: "Gounod Symphony," "Agon," "Allegro Brillante," and "Clarinet." ... Saturday matinee, May 9: "Four Temperaments," "The Chase," "Ivesiana," and "Fanfare." ... Saturday evening, May 9: "Donizetti Variations," "The Cage," "The Chase," and "Gounod Symphony." ... Sunday matinee, May 10: "Swan Lake," "Episodes," "Interplay," and "Firebird." ... Sunday evening, May 10: "Bugaku," "Dim Lustré," "Tarantella," and "Gounod Symphony." ... Tuesday evening, May 12: "Donizetti Variations," "Apollo," "The Chase," and "Symphony in C." ... Wednesday evening, May 13: "Swan Lake," "Dim Lustré," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Clarinet." ... Thursday evening, May 14: "Bugaku," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Tarantella," and "Gounod Symphony." ... Friday evening, May 15: "Ivesiana," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Dim Lustré," and "Episodes." ... Saturday matinee, May 16: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony." ... Saturday evening, May 16: "Raymonda Variations," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Quatuor," and "Stars and Stripes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinees at 2:15. Through Sunday, May 17.)

OLÉ! OLÉ!—A company of four flamenco dancers and a guitarist. (Little Fox Theatre, 152 Bleecker St. SP 7-3810. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:30 and 10:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30, 10:30, and 12:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

BALLET ESPAÑOL ALBA-REYES—The second of two performances. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, May 10, at 8:30.)

BALLET THEATRE WORKSHOP—A program of five new ballets (by Richard Wagner, Ron Sequoia, David Shields, Fernand Nault, and Bentley Stone) performed by forty-seven dancers, about half of them from the American Ballet Theatre. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Monday, May 11, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call PL 7-7035.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Soon gone but not soon forgotten. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Thursday at 7:30; Friday and Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 6:30. Matinees daily at 2. Closes Sunday, May 10. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

VIVECA LINQFORS—In scenes from Sartre's "No Exit" and (with Alvin Epstein and Roscoe Lee Browne) Brecht's "The Private Life of the Master Race" and "Does Man Help Man?" accompanied by the electronic music of Vladimir Ussachevsky, plus songs by Kurt

S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
				7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

Weill. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, May 9, at 8:45.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, it's witchcraft, golden-haired witchcraft, when Peggy Lee slides down her favorite lyrics, making even the slightest sentimentality sound supernal. A great big band follows her lead; a smaller one does the dance music. Miss Lee is a twice-a-night item, no more. Closed Sundays.

DELMONICO'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—A Park Avenue showplace (or almost showoff place, such is its ornamentation), with digestive music from eight to ten and dancing music thereafter, all of it created by George Anaya's Latinos. There's also tea dancing Sundays from one to three; no music Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A lot of new people have moved into the neighborhood, which gives the old settlers something besides their affairs, public and private, to talk about. They converse under cover of Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. The alcove called the Champagne Room, intended for immobile types, is gilded by Freddie Fassler's violin, which would a-woogie go at the drop of a lace handkerchief. On Sundays, only the peninsula called Perona's is open, and the dance music is determinedly electronic.

MARK TWAIN RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444): Once upon the gangplank, one would never guess that this four-decker is a reorganized Longchamps and not the Fall River Line's Priscilla on her night run to Newport. Below the (literal) saloon deck are Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and his Riverboat Ramblers, which set to at eight with music contemporaneous with both the Priscilla and the *bossa nova*. There is also a banjo posse that begins at six. Oliver Smith is the stagecrafter who has employed gilt, plush, and scenery to such entertaining effect. No dancing Sundays, when all hands but the banjoists are off duty.

NEW YORK HILTON, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): The Seven Hills is, or are, a set of picture windows overlooking a remarkably calm Rome on one hand and a small dance floor on the other. I Cavalieri di Roma, a fine body of Italian bandmen, begin at eight and go home at one. Dino Palermo, their troubadour, is passion personified. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the gallant little Café Pierre, a handful of Ben Cutler's liveliest music-makers do a hand gallop every night.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The game in the Persian Room at dinner and supper is a new variant of Follow the Bouncing Ball; i.e., Follow the Bouncing McGuire Sisters. The songs they sing are exactly the

sort that went with the Bouncing Ball. Emil Coleman's sonorous band and Mark Monte's cheerful little earfuls do dance tunes the rest of the time. Closed Sundays. ... Except Mondays, Leo LeFleur's duo burlesques in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, before doing a reprise in the Edwardian Room between seven and nine. At eight, Gunnar Hansen moves his violin into the Palm Court, where a dessert sort of menu, plus light wines and light hearts, prevails until one. He does this every night but Sunday.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette is the home of the cascading band of Peter Duchin and the Latin declensions of Quintero's group. ... In La Boite, small and tranquil, there's music with every course (Walter Kay's piano and Jani Sarkozi's fiddle) between the hours of eight and two. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns gets real perky dance music from the small band of Arturo Arturos, who is on duty from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty weekdays, and from tea-dance time (six) to eleven on Sundays. Closed Mondays.

SHEPHERD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (PL 5-0600)—There's Egypt in your dreamy eyes the moment you set foot in this freehand reconstruction of the celebrated Cairo hostelry; there's music in your ears (the simultaneous doings of recordings and a brace of trios); there's also an aura of pie in the sky and goose hangs high. Eight to four, every night of the week, is the house rule.

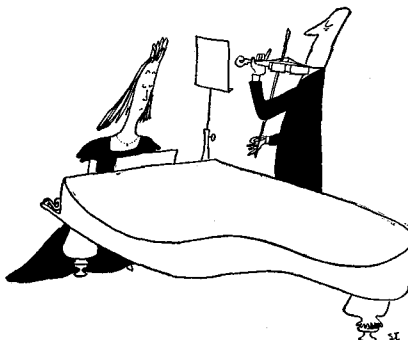
SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-7000)—The Embassy Club sticks to its last—dinner and supper garnished with dancing. Milt Shaw's band is the where-withal, from eight to one during the week and from nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. Electronic music of sorts fills in during the Shaw stage waits. Closed Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Patti Page, who delivers the dinner and supper song recitals in the Empire Room, does her particular mountain music with a remarkably cheerful whoop and holler, and does it without ever looking as though she were trying to read a teleprompter over your shoulder. It's enough to get her thrown out of the Girl Singers' Union. The best of the three million Meyer Davis orchestras—plus Horace Diaz's band—go on practically all the time. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Night school for beginning young men about town and their little doves—not that the old grads of this coeducational project don't flock back to the campus in force. The party begins at cocktail time with pensive piano by Sam Hamilton, proceeds through the dinner hour with piano by Goldie Hawkins or Wayne Sanders, and ends up after the theatre with a double-team deal by the Messrs. Hawkins and Sanders. Closed Sundays. ... **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A scholarship here entitles one to sit in the middle of a big, happy Florentine family that undertakes to instruct one in the production of *spiedini*, Puccini, and *vini*. The Puccini portion of the week runs every day; an easy-does-it dance band operates from Thursday through Saturday, and there is song, piano, concertina, and what-not the rest of the time. The leader of the whole thing is Aldo Bruschi, basso profundo. Closed Mondays. ... **LE CAPRICE**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Winers and diners whose eye penetrates the new décor will know that they are in the recent Malmaison, whose kitchen staff carries on as before, supplemented, beginning at cocktail time, by the perky piano of Otis Clements and, after ten-thirty, by the hip and hippety-hop piano, trio, and ballads of Bobby Short. Closed Sundays. ... **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR**, in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Ray Hartley, who has distinct (and sensible) ideas of his own about the way show tunes should sound on a piano, is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. ... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Lovers' knots and lovers' snarls untied while you wait



If she loves fragrance...give her something Intimate
(she'll feel too young to be your mother!)



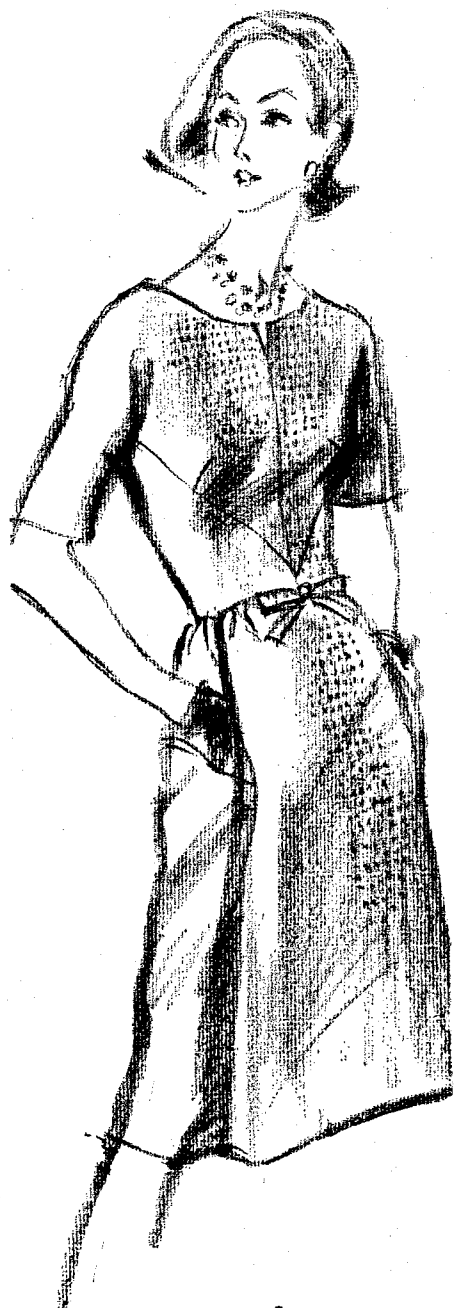
Complexion Soap 1.00 Filigree Spray Mist 3.50 New Spray Bath Powder 3.50 Parfum Intimate 4.00 to 75.00 plus tax

INTIMATE^{BY} REVLON

CHERISHED AS ONE OF THE WORLD'S SEVEN GREAT FRAGRANCES

BEST & CO.

Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.



Pique performs

beautifully all through summer in this Dacron® polyester and cotton blend that is light, cool and carefree.

Takes to traveling, too, with an easy panel-front skirt that's comfort itself.

Lined with Si Bonne rayon for shape retention. Black, skipper, aqua or white,

10-20 (N-32) 45.00

3rd Floor

Mail and phone orders filled—PLaza 9-2000

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

as Mabel Mercer, a ruler all serene, imparts her own special underemphasis to a bouquet of songs that no one else ever seems to discover. Sam Hamilton is, as he should be always, her accompanist. Friday and Saturday nights after ten-thirty is the extent of her domain.

... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Very nearly the most venerable Spanish settlement in the New World. The natives, unrestless during the day, go nuts about singing and dancing at night. Audience participation is legal. Closed Mondays. ... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Forrest Perrin has the run of the piano every night but Sunday in this state apartment for cocktails, dinner, and supper. ... **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): An amusing reminder of the days when a man's home was his castle. The master of revels is Norbert Faconi, dean of the entire fleet of wandering-about-at-night violinists. No music Sundays. ... **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another medieval real-estate deal, likewise decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, George Cardini circumnavigates with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays.

... **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. ... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A night of some grandeur on the town that sits beside the Tiber. A set of jolly street musicians marches up and down from six until two, and so does the chef. Closed Sundays. ... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Roman holiday, and one with strings, too—those that belong to the patrol squad of Herman Honigsberg's violinists and those that belong to a three-man guitar platoon. ... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Dressed fit to kill describes this *salle à manger*, and it's a vivacious setting for the guitar of Gustavo Lopez, whose calm music is at home in both Manhattan and Madrid. Mondays are silent nights. ... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A cheery decompression chamber for young people who are deep, deep in the performing arts. Sort of ranch-house are the mood and the diet, and the spirit of relaxation is enhanced by a jazz trio that never takes an evening off. ... **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, pillar of society, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Monday are assigned to Rack Godwin for the construction of his own special fugues for piano. ... **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): How to restore a turn-of-the-century town house while also restoring the inner man. From conservatory to bar, all delights the eye, and in the bar the ear is cozened—from five to seven-thirty and again from nine to two—by piano that never interferes with conversation. No music Sundays.

... **MICHELANGELO**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The good life as it can be lived up in the north of Italy, along with the regional culinary perquisites. There's dream-life piano as early as five every night, and there's Joe Candullo and his trio making north-of-America dance music after nine-thirty, plus (Fridays and Saturdays) a few vocal embellishments. ... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The piano of George Feyer, which observes all the conventions, is the square of the social circle that operates here from dinner on through supper. Closed Sundays. ... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Perpetual emotion in favor of the good old days in Budapest emanates from lips and strings as the music goes on and on into the night. Tibor Rakossy, the Hungarian Rossano Brazzi, is the best of the crooners. Dancing. Closed Mondays. ... **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): The White Queen of this miniature White Russia is its *doyenne*, Marina Fedorovskaya, whose songs of passion are largely (and appropriately) Slavic and French. When she is not proclaiming them in her clear and dulcet voice, violin and piano brood away in one corner. Seven-thirty until two is the time span.

Closed Mondays. ... **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Everybody from busboy to chef wants to get into the act, which is "Tosca," "La Forza," or a kindred confection. Closed Mondays. ... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Apply here for your complete cross-section of the city's nightlifers, who are at table until nine and then at exercise on a dance floor of the most modest dimensions. Monday nights are pages out of the American past (it is to be hoped): a swing band and Killer Joe Piro, who remembers the Maine and the Twist. ... **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Mondays through Fridays, from six to nine-thirty, is the curriculum of Conrad Monjoy, the pianist of this small-scale Alhambra. ... **BILTMORE**, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): Joan Bishop, becomingly assuming the role of chatelaine in the Palm Court, which at times is the ninth member of the Ivy League, lets her dulcet piano run from five to eight-thirty every day but Sunday. ... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, who occupies the cool landscaping of the Casino-on-the-Park, does judicious but joyous piano from five-thirty to midnight every night but Sunday. ... **NANDO'S MIRAMAR**, 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Straightforward, sans-serif piano (two players; no waiting) is the lot of those who dine; the same piano, often with lyrics, is the diet for those who sup. Closed Sundays. ... **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Not to be taken very seriously is the bayadere performance of Rita Dimitri, the proprietress of this small restaurant, when she moves onto the floor in full battle array to do her bumptious songs; her real spirit is evidenced by her cooing duets with her pianist and guitarist, Stanley Brilliant. She shows up at dinner every night, and also at supper Fridays and Saturdays. Leisurely dancing, too, to Kurt Maier's trio. Closed Sundays. ... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): In the bar, a limber Latin named Mimmo del Sud bounds from pillar to post as he fingers a guitar and launches ballads of passion. Nine-thirty until one-thirty every night but Sunday is his beat. ... **PLACE LAUTREC**, in the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): The bandonion, a twice-as-big-as-life concertina of interest to antiquarians and concertina-goers alike, is given full play by its master, Mario Peralta, from cocktails until ten every evening but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Everything comes up peaches on this spreading Tree of Life. The peaches—three dozen of them, thin-skinned, thin-garbed—are the center of an extravaganza in which light, color, and movement are well met, and which is further garnished by European variety turns, including, at the moment, Los Trovadores de España, an assortment of ten musicians and athletes. Dancing for diners as well. ... **basin street east**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): How to walk in your sleep and be funny about it is the not especially harsh fate of anyone who volunteers to be slipped into a trance by Pat Collins, a practitioner who can work a simultaneous dozen guests into a Mad Scene from "Lucia." Recommended to all escapists from reality. Also present: the Treniers, a collection of musicians dedicated to mindless noise. On Thursday, May 14, a new deal: Ella Fitzgerald, who gives honest measure in whatever she does, be it hop, ballad, or beatification. Roy Eldridge's quartet will be her sturdy footstool. Wild Bill Davis's band is due the same night. Closed Sundays. ... **INTERNATIONAL**, Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): Once in a generation comes a captain of the chorus with the high kicks, good looks, sass, and impudence of Jeanie Stevens, who is up in the front lines with her troops, a fine set of girl athletes, in "Vive les Girls," the best-turned-out and liveliest track meet ever put on in this gymnasium. Dancing. ... **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Sammy Davis, Jr., a force that is irresistible except when he gets into his imitations (twenty-four professionals who look and sound like Sammy Davis, Jr.), sings and dances as well as ever (which is quite something) and pokes fun better than ever. So enormous is his energy that he is onstage at full length three times every

These 3 tests prove First National City Travelers Checks are "Better Than Money"

Why are National City Travelers Checks the best way to carry money anywhere? Actual tests, shown below, demonstrate these specific reasons: *ready availability... immediate acceptability... on-the-spot refundability*. In case of loss, Western Union Operator 25 directs you to thousands of U.S. refund points. There are thousands more abroad... and hotels there can direct you to the nearest one. Backed by the bank that's first in world-wide banking, National City Travelers Checks cost just a penny per dollar.



Test No. 1—Refundability—in Heidelberg

Businessman George W. Campbell of Casper, Wyoming made this test by actually burning \$1200 worth of National City Travelers Checks. He was directed by his hotel to a nearby Heidelberg bank where a full refund was promptly arranged. No red tape at all.



Test No. 2—Acceptability—in Singapore

At the famous Raffles Hotel, just as back home in Cape Cod, Mr. and Mrs. H. Bennett Whipple learned that National City Travelers Checks were a most convenient way to pay for everything. Proof that this "safety-first" cash is world-famous!



Test No. 3—Availability—in Baton Rouge

Dr. & Mrs. Gary B. Beard carry National City Travelers Checks on every trip, near or far. Here they replenish their supply at the Louisiana National Bank. It's quick, easy and economical at banks everywhere.



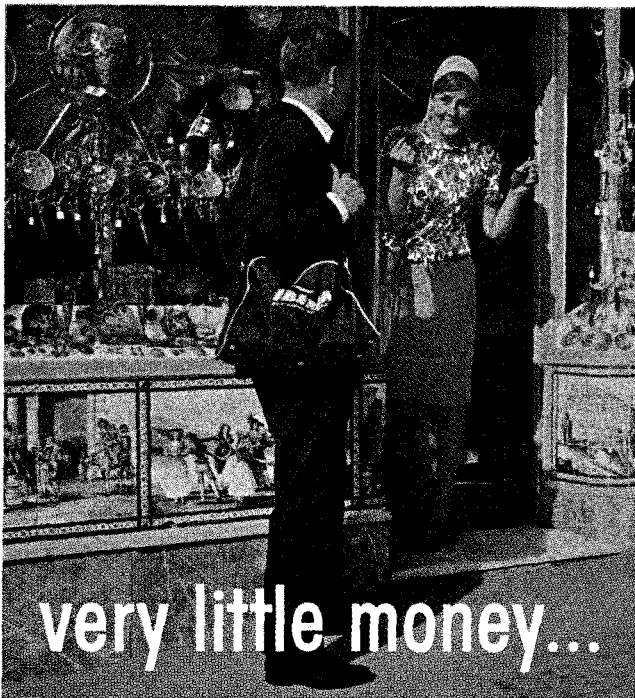
At the World's Fair!

All three advantages. Here, too, you'll find National City Travelers Checks easy to buy...speedily accepted...fully refundable. When you "Come to the Fair" carry them—relax and enjoy the fun!

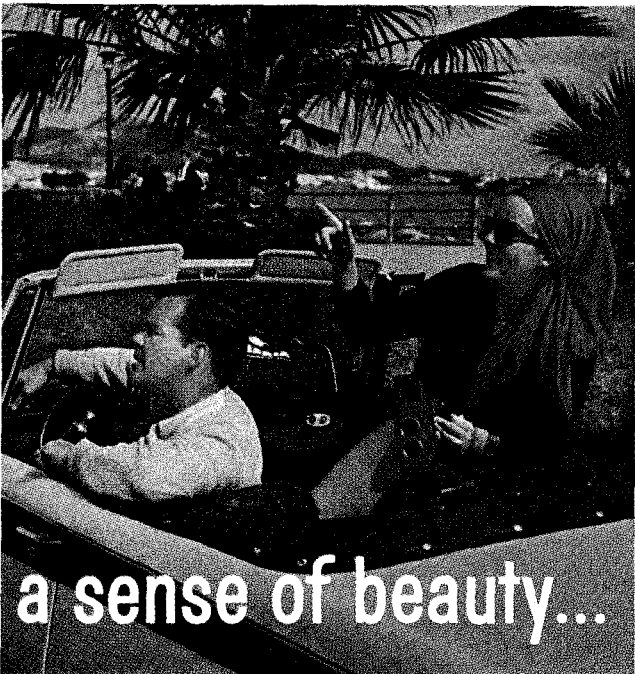


OFFICIAL TRAVELERS CHECK
NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR 1964-65
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

Things to take to Spain:



very little money...



a sense of beauty...

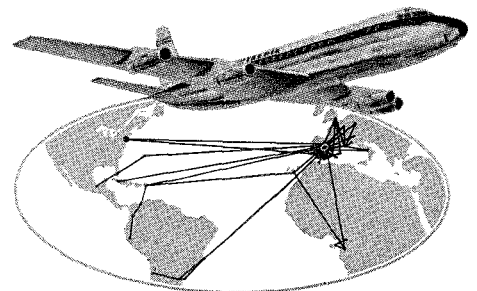


and **IBERIA** WHERE ONLY THE PLANE
GETS MORE ATTENTION
THAN YOU

SPAIN gives so much, yet takes so little. From Madrid's tempting little shops to \$5 hotel rooms on the Costa Brava, Spain offers Europe's most beautiful travel bargains.

Fly to Spain in comfort and confidence aboard Iberia Air Lines. The lavish service, luxurious surroundings and superb cuisine make you forget you're flying. Pampered as the passengers are, Iberia's meticulously-maintained DC-8 Fan Jets are even more so. Many of our pilots have a million or more flying miles behind them.

Take Iberia to Spain. You'll bring home memories to last a lifetime. For information or reservations, see your Travel Agent or contact Iberia. Ticket offices now in Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Los Angeles, Miami, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Toronto, Washington, D.C.



IBERIA
AIR LINES OF SPAIN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

night. On Thursday, May 14, he gives way to Bobby Rydell, troubadour to our youngest generation. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9-, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The world is so full of a number of things (that's one of its big troubles), and "Baker's Dozen," this season's Julius Monk revue, picks on the ones that nobody else does anything about. The picking is firm, fast, and funny; the pickers—especially Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason—are deft and daft. Carl Norman, Robert Colston, and Paul Trueblood are the pianists. Twice a night, except Sundays, is the pattern. . . . **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Orson Bean has taken to dropping in here on his way home from "Never Too Late" with the idea of delivering a number of remarks that are in equal part sagacious, sly, and sardonic; Godfrey Cambridge's topic is man's inhumanity to man, but he deals with it more in humor than in anger. Dinner and supper are part and parcel. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): After listening to "The Muffled Report," the most recent of the no-holds-barred White Papers issued by the Establishment's players on the state of Her Majesty's domain, one is not at all sure that there always *will* be an England. This brisk conningling of suavity and savagery is delivered by a cast—John Bird, Jeremy Geidt, Eleanor Bron, Carole Simpson, and David Battley—to whom deadpan farce and fantasy are not only second but first nature. Marian McPartland's progressive and powerful jazz trio is the American leavening. Steak-and-kidney pie and that sort of thing go along with the fun. The regimen: nine and eleven-thirty during the week, Sundays not at all. The McPartlands play in the bar after the second show. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is east of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "The Wrecking Ball," a new edition of the practically permanent revue put on by the Second City personnel, pays more attention to the sidewalks of New York than to the highways of the world, but its eye and tongue are in no way diminished. Severn Darden, a boon to any revue, drifts through it, and Bob Dishy, Avery Schreiber, Mina Kolb, Jack Burns, and Dick Schaal are great helps. The orchestra—Tom O'Horgan's harp and piano—uses a score by Mr. O'H. Starting time is eight-thirty, and things go on until midnight or later; Mondays are dark. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, out for an evening's turn around the plaza, simply can't help bursting into song (do or die for dear old love) and music (brass-bound). They are accompanied on their stroll by Isabella and Miguel, bent on dancing their hot little Spanish feet off, and Los Cinco Latinos, a set of hotspur Argentinians. Twice weekdays, thrice on Saturdays, only at ten-thirty on Sundays is the program. The customers, no slouches at footwork themselves, are given further time on the dance floor by a band, led by Emilio Reyes, that dines exclusively on gingersnaps. . . . ¶ After ten in the tiny alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Felicia Sanders, pillar of fire, is letting her ballads know who's boss around the house; Enid Mosier, a Caribbean from the Wayward (not the Windward) Islands, is at work on native patter and patois songs; Marc London is the middling-or-better humorist. The piano of Irving Joseph and Warren Vaughn, Miss Sanders' supporters, is sort of sumptuous. On Tuesday, May 12, a slight change of plan: Andy Thomas, a perky new singer, will replace Miss Mosier and Mr. London. Closed Mondays. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Libertad Lamarque, definitely a Presence in the Latin American world, evokes—in a voice grown old but not exhausted in its years of service—plenty of wistfulness, plenty of laughter. Spanish is the last of this stately

soprano, and she sticks to it. The accompanying revue is just so-so. Dancing every night, and from two to seven on Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The main event is Miles Davis, a shadow prime minister who sometimes stands aloof and sometimes joins with mournful bleeps in the quintet he rules. There is no music Mondays, but there are Sunday matinées, from four-thirty to seven, in compensation. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The local *Kaffeeklatsch* depends on real coffee and nothing else; the folk music—a compulsory course here—at least depends on real performers, not subdeb amateurs. Jim, Jake, and Joan, prodigies who are not only infant but infinite, do bits and pieces of great variety, all of them funny. There is also Leon Bibb, a vast improvement on nearly all of his kind. The regulars are off duty Tuesdays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Hand-to-hand and horn-to-mouth combat, beginning—early in the evening—with music to hully and gully to, and ending up with Gene Krupa's quartet and Cozy Cole's quintet, which can turn onlookers into pillars of salt. Guest performers snatch up the instruments on Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Chris Connor, who reads between the melodic lines, discovers tone clusters in her arias that the composers never dreamed of. She is surrounded by an aggregation of Middle Eastern singers, musicians, and gyrators. On Tuesday, May 12, she is to be replaced by Judy Henske, a big, rangy girl who fools around, and fools around, with folk music. Mondays are visitors' nights. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 280 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A rest home for players who like to make their public statements before an attentive audience. Clark Terry, Bobby Brookmeyer, and their group of free-speakers will give way, on Friday, May 8, to the quartet run by Zoot Sims and Al Cohn. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Hot mulled jazz, made from an old, old recipe, is dispensed through the night by Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, and Yank Lawson. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Sonny Rollins, a man of few notes, all of them carefully thought out, is now in charge. His band works every night but Monday; another group, five all told, works every night but Tuesday. There are, in addition, Sunday-afternoon sessions, from four to eight, by guest artists. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Not exactly what you'd call a listeners' post, but Jonah Jones flourishes a trumpet with sufficient authority to quell most of the din. He and his band now share the pulpit with Tessie O'Shea, the all-out London music-hall blossom who did so well for herself in the late "The Girl Who Came to Supper." Her turn comes at midnight Monday through Friday, ten-forty-five and twelve-forty-five on Saturday, and ten-thirty on Sunday, when some other band always fills in for the Jones boys. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Mary Lou Williams, an education to many a pianist and many a public, is persuading the piano inside the bar into many a mood. Two sidemen help out. No action Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The little gray home in the west of 52nd Street where so many of us were brought up is offering—on a new site—the same sort of courses as before. Cliff Jackson's riverboat piano is audible throughout the week. Mondays through Wednesdays, Marshall Brown augments Mr. Jackson; Thursdays through Saturdays, Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti sign on as his running mates. No music Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The spirit of a football rally on a coeducational campus prevails; on a shelf overlooking the young people sits a squadron of banjoists (the Banjokers) who, from nine to three or four every night, give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **RED GARTER**, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Here, too, the banjo fills the air, aided (in this instance) by washboard,

A&F the greatest sporting goods store in the world



the golf dress

that wins

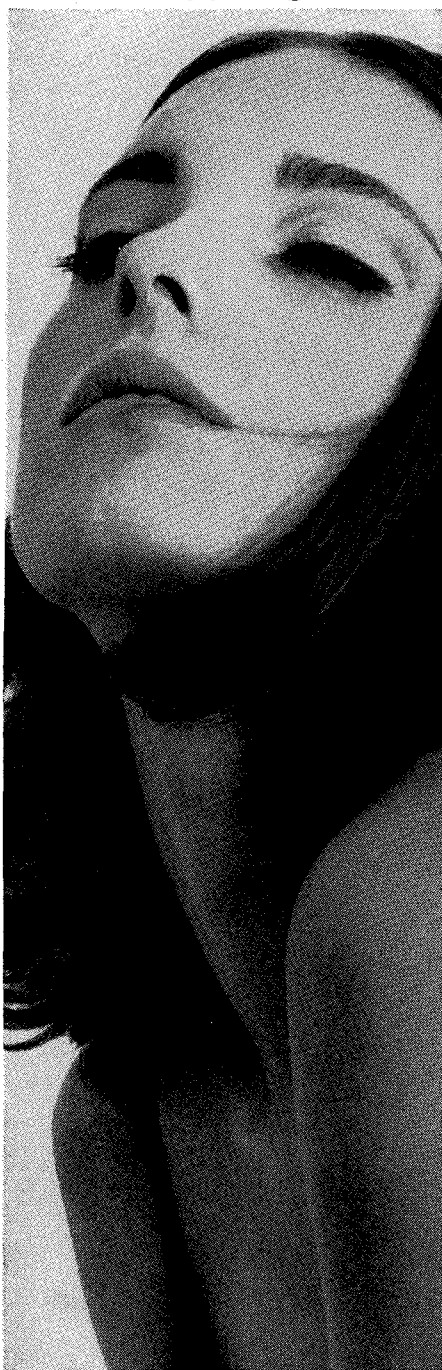
on or off the links

The silky imported cotton check, with all the action... back pleat, pockets front and back, convertible collar, elasticized waistline, contrasting web belt. A joy driving off the first tee or driving to the market. By Vin Draddy. Light blue, toast, olive, red, pink or navy, with white. 8 to 18..... **18.00**
hat to match, M or L..... **5.00**

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

Madison Ave. at 45th St., N.Y. 10017—MU 2-3600
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
COLORADO SPRINGS SHORT HILLS

dare



for the woman who
dares to be different...

EMERAUDE

parfum de COTY



IMPORTED FROM FRANCE

© COTY, 1964—ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA
PERFUME \$20.00 THE OUNCE, OTHER SIZES \$5.00 TO \$100.00

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night. **GOLD BUG**, 85 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-9654). Earnest upholders of the new order (Chico Hamilton's quartet and Jacy Parker's duet) start presenting their case as early as eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

MARY HOOVER AIKEN—Landscapes and portraits; through May 20. (Roko, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

LEONARD BASKIN—Drawings; through May 29. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL BRACH—Paintings with geometric forms; through Saturday, May 16. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

GANDY BRODIE—Cityscapes; through May 29. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

BRUCE CONNER—Assemblages and drawings; through Saturday, May 9. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

MODEST CUIXART—Paintings by a Spanish artist; through May 28. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER DEUTSCH—Collages; through Saturday, May 9. (Sherman, 306 E. 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

NORRIS EMBRY—Works in a variety of mediums; through Saturday, May 16. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

LYONEL FEININGER—Oils and watercolors, 1906-55; through Saturday, May 16. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

CECILY FIRESTEIN—Collages; through Saturday, May 9. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

SAM FRANCIS—Abstract lithographs by this American, who works in Paris; through May 23. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

TOM GARDNER—Paintings and drawings; through May 18. (D'Alessio, 8 Henderson Pl., at 86th St., east of York Ave. Daily, 2 to 7, and Friday and Sunday evenings until 11.)

JEANNETTE M. GENIUS—Paintings of Florida; through Friday, May 8. (Contemporary Arts, 40 W. 56th St.)

GRIGORY GLUCKMANN—Ballet dancers, nudes, interiors with figures, and landscapes; through Saturday, May 9. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

ESTELLE GOODMAN—Bronze figure sculptures; through Saturday, May 16. (Selected Artists, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

STEPHEN GREENE—Abstractions; through May 23. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

NATHAN CABOT HALE—Welded-bronze sculptures, watercolors, and drawings; through Saturday, May 9. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

JOHN HELIKER—Maine landscapes, still-lives, and figures; through Saturday, May 23. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ROBERT HENRI (1865-1929)—Portraits and landscapes; through Saturday, May 9. (Chapelier, 21 E. 75th St.)

MARGO HOFF—Collage paintings; through May 23. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT HUOT—Hard-edge Purist paintings; through May 30. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID JACOBS, TAL STREETER, AND BERNARD LANGLAIS—Sculptures; through May 29. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JENNETTE LAM—A new series of chair paintings, these with beach umbrellas added; through June 4. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

IBRAM LASSAW—Welded-bronze abstractions; through Saturday, May 9. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

ALBERT MARQUET—Landscapes, still-lives, and flowers; through May 29. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

MATTA—Abstract Surrealist paintings by this Chilean-born Paris artist; through Saturday, May 9. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

WALTER MEIGS—Paintings of Greece; through Saturday, May 9. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

JEAN MESSAGIER—Abstract landscapes by a School of Paris painter; through Saturday, May 16. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

PIET MONDRIAN—Previously unexhibited landscape drawings and paintings (1905-8); through May 23. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.) ... A show called "Mondrian, De Stijl, and Their Impact," consisting of nearly thirty paintings by Mondrian, together with twice as many by other members of the De Stijl group and their followers; through Friday, May 15. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

REUBEN NAKIAN—Four large sculptures; through June 30. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MIKE NEVELSON—Wood sculptures; through Saturday, May 9. (Amel, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

GEORGE ORTMAN—Paintings, painting-constructions, drawings, and prints; through May 23. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

ALLAN PORTER—Paintings, drawings, and tapes; through Saturday, May 9. (Van Bovenkamp, 18 W. 55th St.)

BERNARD REDER—A memorial show of sculptures and graphic works; through Saturday, May 9. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

EDNAH ROOT—Abstract paintings of nature; through May 29. (Pietrantonio, 26 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

LOUIS SCHANKER—Charred-wood sculptures by a painter lately turned sculptor; through May 23. (Granite, 63 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RAPHAEL SOYER, JOSEPH HIRSCH, AND JOSEPH FLOCH—Drawings; through Saturday, May 16. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GRAHAM SUTHERLAND—Semi-abstract paintings done within the past two years by this English artist; through June 5. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

PAUL SUTTMAN—Figurative bronzes; through May 23. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER TAKAL—Lithographs of nature and of man; through May 29. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORG TAPPERT (1880-1957)—A retrospective of paintings by the German Expressionist; through May 30. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

REYA AND TERRY THOMAS—Paintings, collages, and sculptures; through May 19. (Di Bellardo, 486 Sixth Ave., at 12th St. Open Thursday evenings until 9.)

GEORGE TOOKER—Paintings; through May 23. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

HUGH TOWNLEY—Wood reliefs and sculptures; through Saturday, May 16. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANDY WARHOL—Pop art; through Saturday, May 9. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

JANE WILSON—Cityscapes; through May 30. (DeNagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN XCERON—Abstract paintings and drawings; through May 23. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN ARTISTS—Selected oils, watercolors, caseins, and sculptures by the members of this organization, who are professional artists and number about seven hundred in all; through May 24. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL SCULPTURE SOCIETY—The thirty-first annual of sculptures, medals, and bas-reliefs; through May 25. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Weekdays, 10 to 10.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the BIANCHINI, 16 E. 78th St.: Paintings, objects, and so on, by Mel Ramos, Lucas Samaras, Jerry Foyster, and others; through Saturday, May 16. (Closed Mondays.) ... **CASTELLI**, 4 E. 77th St.: Pop artists Dick Artschwager (furniture),

Christo (a store), Alex Hay (appliances), and Robert Watts (food); through May 20. (Closed Mondays.)... **FEIGEN**, 24 E. 81st St.: Paintings and sculptures by Robert Indiana, Marisol, and Roy Lichtenstein (to mention a few), lent from the collections of other artists; through May 30.... **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Larry Bell, Chuck Hinman, Robert Whitman, and four other new artists; through May 29.... **LEWISON**, 50 E. 76th St.: Paintings by Ernest Lawson, George B. Luks, Theodore Robinson, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through June 27. (Closed Mondays.)... **PARSONS**, 24 W. 57th St.: Representative works by ten artists, among them Peter Agostini, Robert Rauschenberg, and Andy Warhol, whose paintings and sculptures decorate the New York State Pavilion at the World's Fair; through May 23. (Closed Mondays.)... **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Stefano Cusumano, Philip Evergood, and Thomas C. Quirk, Jr., are three of the participants in an exhibit of paintings, drawings, and collages by living artists on "Themes from Shakespeare"; through Saturday, May 9.... **SLOAN**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by members of the Hudson River School, including Albert Bierstadt, Jasper Francis Cropsey, and Homer D. Martin; through May 30.... **ZABRISKIE**, 36 E. 61st St.: Lennart Anderson, Nell Blaine, and Gandy Brodie are among the exhibitors in a showing of contemporary landscapes; through Saturday, May 9.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Oils, drawings, and watercolors of the nineteenth and early-twentieth century, and sculptures of various periods, by, for example, Frederick J. Waugh, Arthur B. Davies, and Antoine-Louis Barye; through May 30. (Black, 1062 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **GRAHAM**, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and drawings by Simeon Solomon, Lawrence Alma-Tadema, Edwin Austin Abbey, and other artists closely associated with the original Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood; through May 23. (Closed Mondays.)... **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings and drawings by such twentieth-century French masters as Picasso, Léger, and Dubuffet; through May 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **SILBERMAN**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A benefit exhibition of old-master paintings (by Titian, Caravaggio, Rembrandt, and others), mostly on loan from the Washington County Museum of Fine Arts, Hagerstown, Maryland; through May 27.... **SLATKIN**, 115 E. 92nd St.: Ladies, as depicted in eighteenth- to twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Boucher, Morisot, Degas, Rodin, and others; through July 17.

GREEK ART—Some thirty painted Greek vases, dating from the seventh to the fifth century B.C.; through May 30. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

JAPANESE ART—Old wood-block prints of Japanese theatrical subjects; through Saturday, May 16. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Rembrandt prints.... "The Trustees for Orphans in Amsterdam," a seventeenth-century group portrait by Nicolaes Eliasz. Pickenoy, lent by the city of Amsterdam, is now on view in the Great Hall. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 21 W. 53rd St.—The galleries will be closed until May 27, while the Museum completes its remodeling and building program.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Eighty watercolors by the English romantic painter Joseph Mallord William Turner, on loan from the British Museum; through May 31. (An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.)... "The fourteenth national print exhibition, consisting of a hundred and sixty-five examples by artists (among them Boris Margo, Sam Francis, and Seong Moy) from thirty states; through Aug 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"The Art of Nepal," a showing of fifth- to early-nineteenth-century sculptures, paintings, and manuscripts; through Aug. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—"Venetian Baroque Painters," a loan show of works by (for instance) Bernardo Strozzi, Domenico Fetti, and della Vecchia; through June 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—On permanent exhibition is the Huntington Hartford collection of paintings and sculptures, including pieces by Dali, Vuillard, and Jacob Epstein.... "About three hundred and fifty paintings and drawings by Pavel Tchelitchew; through May 24.... "Paintings and drawings by William Holman Hunt, John Everett Millais, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and other members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood of English painters, founded in 1848; through May 31.... "Sculptures and drawings by the French formalist artist Antoine Bourdelle; through May 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan exhibition of sixty paintings and sixty drawings by van Gogh selected from the collection of his nephew, V. W. van Gogh; through June 28.... "Environmental sculptures by the architect, designer, and sculptor Frederick Kiesler; through June 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursdays evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Thou Shalt Have No Other Gods Before Me," an archaeological exhibition containing sculptures, reliefs, and artifacts of various peoples who lived in the Near East in Biblical and pre-Biblical times; through Sept. 6.... "Studies for paintings and other drawings (1927-47) by Arshile Gorky; through June 30. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 6. During the archaeological exhibition, an admission charge of fifty cents is being made.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"A Shakespearean Tribute": Early quarto editions of the plays, the four folios, Shakespeare's source books, and forgeries of his works; through June 19.... "From Fair to Fair": An anthology of acquisitions 1939-64—illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, master drawings, historic bookbindings, literary manuscripts, and autograph letters of authors and artists; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS, 49 W. 53rd St.—Portraits, landscapes, genre scenes, weather vanes, trade signs, metal and wood sculptures, and so on, from the collection of Mrs. Edith Gregor Halpert; through Sept. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Sixty-four Treasures for the Sixty-four Fair," comprising such items as the first copy of the Gutenberg Bible brought to America, a letter written by Christopher Columbus, and a 1500 manuscript of Aesop's Fables; through July 12. (Mondays through Saturdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The twenty-fourth anniversary exhibition of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors (Milton Avery, Louise Nevelson, Sidney Gross, and others); through Aug. 2. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings purchased during the past five years by members of the Friends of the Whitney Museum for their private collections. A few of the artists are Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Andrew Wyeth, and William Zorach. Starts Friday, May 8. (Daily except Thursday, May 7, from 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Final performances of a special two-week World's Fair season—Thursday evening, May 7: "Aida," with Leontyne Price, Irene Dalis, Carlo Bergonzi, George London, and Ezio Flagello.... Friday evening, May 8: "Il Trovatore," with Gabriella Tucci, Regina Resnik, Franco Corelli, and Robert Merrill.... Saturday matinee, May 9: "Otello," with Renata Tebaldi,

B Altman & Co



Summer caviar!

Cool and elegant crepe

separates... deepest

black triacetate

and rayon... 8 to 16.

Third floor separates,

Fifth Avenue and at

suburban stores.

Skirt and jacket, each **18.00**

**I. MAGNIN & CO. SAN FRANCISCO • OAKLAND
PALO ALTO • SANTA CLARA • CARMEL • SACRAMENTO
FRESNO • PORTLAND • SEATTLE • BEVERLY HILLS
LOS ANGELES • PASADENA • SAN FERNANDO VALLEY
SANTA ANA • LA JOLLA • SANTA BARBARA • PHOENIX**



**I. MAGNIN & CO
LIKES
THIS
LOOK...**

PLEATS IN CHECK FOR SUMMER... LINED JACKET,
CAP SLEEVE DRESS BY ALPER-SCHWARTZ IN GREY
AND WHITE DACRON® POLYESTER AND COTTON, PER-
MANENT PLEATS, 8 TO 16 PETITE SIZES 60.00

MAIL ORDERS (ADD 55¢ FOR SHIPPING) TO UNION SQUARE
SAN FRANCISCO OR TO 3240 WILSHIRE, LOS ANGELES
OR TELEPHONE YOUR NEAREST I. MAGNIN CO. STORE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

James McCracken, Anselmo Colzani, and Paul Franke... ♪ Saturday evening, May 9: "La Sonnambula," with Joan Sutherland, Jeanette Scovotti, Nicolai Gedda, and Giorgio Tozzi... ♪ Sunday matinée, May 10: "Don Giovanni," with Leontyne Price, Lisa Della Casa, Roberta Peters, Cesare Siepi, Luigi Alva, Theodor Uppman, Ezio Flagello, and Justino Diaz. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

BROOKLYN OPERA COMPANY—Final performances of the season—Saturday, May 9, at 8:30: "Rigoletto."... ♪ Saturday, May 16, at 8:30: "La Forza del Destino." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

MANNES OPERA PRODUCTION WORKSHOP—Benefit performances of the American premiere of Janáček's "The Cunning Little Vixen," in English. Carolyn Lockwood is the stage director and Carl Bamberger the musical director. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday and Friday, May 7-8, at 8:30. For tickets, call RE 7-4476.)

MANHATTAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC OPERA THEATRE—Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette," produced by John Brownlee, staged by Carlton Gauld, and conducted by Emerson Buckley. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Friday through Sunday, May 8-10, at 8. For free tickets, call EN 9-2202.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, Leonard Bernstein conducting the final concerts of the season—Thursday, May 7, at 8:30; Friday, May 8, at 2:15; Saturday, May 9, at 8:30; and Sunday, May 10, at 3 (all with Zdenek Kosler, guest conductor). Performances of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony on Thursday, May 14, at 8:30; Friday, May 15, at 2:15; Saturday, May 16, at 8:30; and Sunday, May 17, at 3 (all with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Regina Sarfaty, mezzo-soprano; Nicholas DiVirgilio, tenor; Norman Scott, bass; and the Juilliard Chorus).

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting—Monday, May 11: A program of Richard Strauss music, with Rudolf Serkin, piano... ♪ Wednesday, May 13: A performance of Verdi's "Manzoni Requiem," with Janice Harsanyi, soprano; Lili Chookasian, mezzo-soprano; Richard Tucker, tenor; John Macurdy, bass; and the Westminster Choir... ♪ Friday, May 15: An all-Rachmaninoff program, with Van Cliburn, piano. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Evenings at 8:30.)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS—Peter Flanders conducting a Haydn-Rossini program. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, May 9, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

INTERRACIAL CHORALE AND ORCHESTRA—Harold Aks directing Honegger's symphonic psalm "King David," plus works by Gesualdo and Schütz, with Howard Da Silva, narrator, and soloists. (Town Hall. Thursday, May 7, at 8:30.)

DESSOFF CHOIRS—Paul Boepple directing the last in a series of programs, this one "The Twentieth Century and the Past: II," with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Lillian Garabedian, mezzo-soprano; Gene Boucher, baritone; and an orchestra. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, May 8, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA MOTET CHOIR AND WIND ENSEMBLE—Noah Greenberg directing a program of early Renaissance sacred and secular music, with the Abbey Singers. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, May 9, at 3.)

HUNTER COLLEGE CHOIRS—Ralph Hunter directing, with an orchestra and soloists. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, May 9, at 8:30.)

ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK—T. Charles Lee directing a Ralph Vaughan Williams-Randall Thompson program, with Heidi Krall, soprano; David Clatworthy, baritone; the New York University Glee Club; the New York University Junior Varsity Glee Club; and the American Symphony Orchestra. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, May 10, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

ISAAC STERN, LEONARD ROSE, and EUGENE ISTOMIN—Violin, cello, and piano, in the last in a series

of recitals. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, May 7, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

PHILIPPE ENTREMONT and ROMAN TOTENBERG—Piano and violin, in the last in a series of sonata recitals, this one an all-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, May 8, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

RUDOLF SERKIN—Piano, with a chamber ensemble. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, May 14, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

HELGE ROSVAENGE—Tenor. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Saturday, May 16, at 8:30. For tickets, call LO 4-4786.)

MISCELLANY

FOLK-BLUES and GOSPEL MUSIC—Brownie McGhee, Sonny Terry, Muddy Waters, Otis Spann, Sister Rosetta Tharpe, the Reverend Gary Davis, and others. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Friday, May 15, at 8:30.)

JAZZ CONCERTS—Nancy Wilson, Billy Taylor's orchestra, and Cannonball Adderley's sextet (with Joe Williams) in a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 8, at 8)... ♪ Woody Herman's band. (Town Hall. Sunday, May 10, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Cincinnati, Thursday, May 7, at 2... ♪ Mets vs. St. Louis, Friday, May 8, at 8; Saturday, May 9, at 2; and Sunday, May 10, at 1:05 (double-header)... ♪ Mets vs. Milwaukee, Tuesday, May 12, at 8, and Wednesday and Thursday, May 13-14, at 2... ♪ YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Kansas City, Friday, May 15, at 8, and Saturday, May 16, at 2.

BOXING—José Torres vs. Wilbert McClure, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, May 15. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

CREW—Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Cambridge. Saturday, May 9)... ♪ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Princeton. Saturday, May 9)... ♪ Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. Saturday, May 16.)

DOG SHOW—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City. Saturday, May 16.)

HORSE SHOW—Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. Friday through Sunday, May 8-10.)

HUNT RACING—Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 9)... ♪ Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, May 16.)

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 30. The Withers, Saturday, May 9, and the Acorn, Saturday, May 16... ♪ GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2:30; last day Saturday, May 30... ♪ PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 16.

TRACK MEET—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, May 16, at 1.)

TRAPSHOOTING—Amateur Championships of America, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday, May 9, at 10, and Sunday, May 10, at 10 and noon.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, May 13. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturday, at 7:06.)... ♪ YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:15, from Thursday, May 14, through Wednesday, July 29.

FOR CHILDREN

STAGE SHOWS—By the CHILDREN'S THEATRE WING: "Puss in Boots." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at

2 and 3:30.)... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1... "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30... "Cinderella," a marionette show, Saturdays at 4. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.)... **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Prince and the Pauper." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... **STAGE 75:** "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The new show, "Captives of the Planets," deals with the satellites in our solar system. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In **CENTRAL PARK:** Where the young sports may visit a pond inhabited by ducks, geese, and penguins; Jonah's whale (with an aquarium inside); a storybook castle; and so on. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.)... At the **BRONX ZOO:** Once again, the miniature menagerie is offering very small fry a bevy of animals that can be petted as well as admired. There are, for instance, lambs, ducklings, a crow, a myna bird, and an old friend, Rosebud the Skunk. (Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

OTHER EVENTS

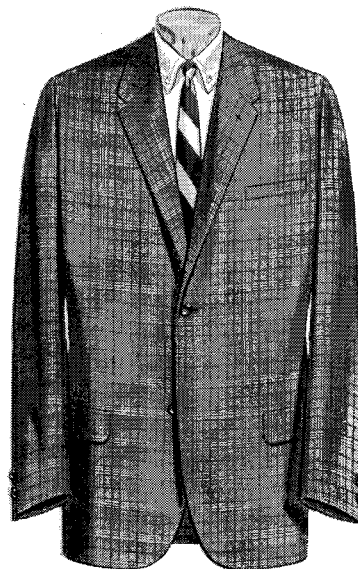
UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

PROSE READINGS—Alberto Moravia in a program called "The Contemporary Italian Literary Scene." (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Thursday, May 14, at 8:30.)

SECOND WORLD BRIDGE OLYMPIAD—Players from thirty countries competing for the Harold S. Vanderbilt Olympiad Trophy, now held by France. (Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. Thursday through Tuesday, May 7-12, at 1, 4:30, and 9.)

GARDENS—Some of the city's private gardens and penthouse terraces will be open to the public on Tuesday, May 12, from 2:30 to 6, in a benefit exhibition. Those on display on May 12 belong to Miss Amy Vanderbilt, 438 E. 87th St.; Mr. and Mrs. Harry H. Schwartz, 944 Fifth Ave.; Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Brush, 104 E. 68th St.; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Kornfeld, 105 E. 67th St.; Mrs. Mildred T. Morton, 410 E. 57th St.; and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Borden, 1 Beekman Pl. (For information about tickets, call TR 9-0173 Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, May 8-9, at 1:45: Jade, rock crystal, and other semiprecious-mineral carvings; early dynastic porcelains; Cambodian and Chinese sculptures in bronze; Japanese netsuke; and other Oriental art. From the estate of Richard C. Young and from other sources... Wednesday, May 13, at 8: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Kline, Marca-Relli, Pollock, and Bertoia; the property of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick B. McGinnis and others. Exhibition starts Friday, May 8.



\$65

outstanding for warm weather wear OUR EXCLUSIVE WASHABLE SUIT OF BLENDED DACRON® AND WORSTED

Here is a cool, lightweight suit that combines the soft hand and smartly tailored appearance of worsted with the wrinkle-resistance and wear of Dacron® polyester...and, most surprising, it's washable. It is made on our 3-button model in navy, Cambridge or oxford grey, blue-olive, medium brown or slate blue (or putty—with patch pockets—for more casual wear), and tan or light grey Glenurquhart plaids. Coat and trousers.

Illustrated catalogue upon request

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

BOSTON • PITTSBURGH • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

AMERICA AMERICA—A beautiful and touching act of family piety by Elia Kazan, whose Greek ancestors appear to have been a determined and attractive lot. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting May 13.)

... AND SUDDENLY IT'S MURDER!—An Italian suspense comedy, starring Vittorio Gassman and Alberto Sordi, and well worth a rainy afternoon. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through May 12.)

BECKET—Richard Burton as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Peter O'Toole as King Henry II, in a rousing and surprisingly witty adaptation of the Anouilh play. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE BEST MAN—A political melodrama, brilliantly written by Gore Vidal. It stars Henry Fonda, Cliff Robertson, and Lee Tracy, and Franklin Schaffner directed. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577.)

CLEOPATRA—Oh, go ahead and see it. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

THE EASY LIFE—A funny and shocking study of a charming wastrel, whose vitality brings with it death as well as joy. Starring Vittorio Gassman and directed by Dino Risi. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting May 13.)

THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE—A Western in classical dress, with Stephen Boyd, Christopher Plummer, Sophia Loren, and Alec Guinness. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Nightly at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE—Another ample chapter in the dangerous life and incessant lecherous of Secret Service Operative 007, ably embodied by Sean Connery. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. ... Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; through May 12. ... 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through May 12, tentative. ... Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through May 13.)

IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD—A Cinerama comedy. Never have so many done so little with so much. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

THE ORGANIZER—Marcello Mastroianni is oddly captivating as a modest professor bent on righting social wrongs in nineteenth-century Italy. Directed by Mario Monicelli. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535.)

THE SERVANT—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a spooky tale of corruption above stairs and below. Stylishly directed by Joseph Losey. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

SEVEN DAYS IN MAY—As thrilling a melodrama as you could hope to see, in which the country is nearly kidnapped by a Fascist-minded military cabal. Starring Fredric March, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, and Ava Gardner, and directed by John Frankenheimer. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; through May 13. ... Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-



2166; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; starting May 13.)

THE SILENCE—Ingmar Bergman sketches his dark notion of how we all fail to connect, possibly because God has given us up as a bad job. With Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom. (In English at the Rialto, B'way at 42nd, LO 5-9795. ... In Swedish at the 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

THE SUITOR—A lineal descendant of the good old days of silent American comedy, directed by and starring a bright young Frenchman named Pierre Etaix. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 8-11.)

TOM JONES—A happy-go-lucky cartwheel of a comedy, based on Fielding but owing much of its success to the skill and high spirits of its director, Tony Richardson. With Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Joyce Redman, and many others. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT—Peter Sellers in a picture, much of it filmed locally, that is ideal for children and that senior citizens will find bearable. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626; Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; and R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900.)

YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW—Vittorio De Sica puts Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni through their paces in a funny three-part comedy of high and low life in Naples, Milan, and Rome. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

REVIVALS

L'AVVENTURA (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; May 7.)

BEAT THE DEVIL (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting May 13.)

CHILDREN OF PARADISE (1947)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE (1962)—A farce, set in Sicily and featuring Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. Pietro Germi is the director.

(New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; May 7. No afternoon performances.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 8-11.)

FOLLOW THE FLEET (1936)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in an Irving Berlin musical. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; May 8-11.)

THE 400 BLOWS (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre L aud. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting May 12.)

THE GAY DIVORC E (1934)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire singing and dancing to Cole Porter's "Night and Day." (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting May 12.)

THE GOLD RUSH (1925)—Charlie Chaplin's classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

THE HORSE'S MOUTH (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; May 7. No afternoon performances.)

IT'S A GIFT (1934)—W. C. Fields as a family man with many problems. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; May 7.)

LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD (1962)—A dream, *au fond*, full of men and women moving as if drugged through baroque corridors and gardens. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; May 7.)

THE L-SHAPED ROOM (1963)—An English tale of star-crossed lovers, one of them French. Leslie Caron is the girl and Tom Bell is the boy. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through May 12.)

MAYERLING (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting May 13, tentative.)

THE MIRACLE WORKER (1962)—Opening chapters in the inspiring life of Helen Keller, acted by Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; May 8-11. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

MODERN TIMES (1936)—Chaplin, you know. Consequential, educational, essential. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

ORPHEUS (1950)—Cocteau's modern-dress interpretation of the Greek legend. In French, with Jean Marais. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through May 10.)

POTEMKIN (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 12.)

THE SEVEN SAMURAI (1956)—A kind of Oriental Western, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788.)

THE STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE (1939)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire as the ballroom dancers. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting May 12.)

SUNDAYS AND CYB LE (1962)—A French picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; May 8-11. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

TILLIE AND GUS (1933)—Fields again, this time with Alison Skipworth and a ferryboat swindle. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; May 7.)

TOP HAT (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers (What, again?) dancing to Irving Berlin's music. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; May 8-11.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—The auditorium, now closed for repairs, will reopen on May 28.

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE BEST MAN.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through May 13: SEVEN DAYS IN MAY.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

GLOBE, B'way at 43rd. (LO 5-9889)
"Weekend" (in Danish).

LOEW'S CINERAMA, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Windjammer," revival.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"A Mistress for the Summer" (in French), Pascale Petit, Micheline Presle.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
Through May 12: "The Horror of Party Beach," John Scott; and "The Curse of the Living Corpse," Helen Warren.
From May 13: "South Pacific," revival, Rosano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor.

RIALTO, B'way at 42nd. (LO 5-9795)
THE SILENCE.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BECKET.

TOHO CINEMA, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
THE SEVEN SAMURAI (in Japanese), revival.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Guest," Donald Pleasence.

NEW CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
May 7: THE HORSE'S MOUTH, revival; and DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE (in Italian), revival.
May 8-11: SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE (in French), revival; and THE MIRACLE WORKER, revival.
From May 12: "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," revival, a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT; and "The Perfect Furlough," revival, Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 12: FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE.
From May 13: SEVEN DAYS IN MAY.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through May 12 (tentative): "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala; and "The Mouse on the Moon," revival, Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins.
From May 13 (tentative): "The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through May 13: FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE; and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," revival, Jane Powell, Howard Keel.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Psyche 59," Patricia Neal, Curt Jurgens.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Weekend" (in Danish).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through May 13: SEVEN DAYS IN MAY.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Third Secret," Stephen Boyd, Richard Attenborough.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
THE BEST MAN.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Don't Tempt the Devil" (in French), Marina Vlady, Bourvil.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
MODERN TIMES, revival; and THE GOLD RUSH, revival.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
THE ORGANIZER (in Italian).

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				7	8	9
10	11	12	13			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED
ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
TOM JONES.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Cool World," Hampton Clanton, Gloria Foster.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
A program of animated films, including "Of Stars and Men."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (in Italian).

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 12 (tentative): "The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider.
From May 13 (tentative): MAYERLING (in French), revival; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Psyche 59," Patricia Neal, Curt Jurgens.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through May 12: "A Global Affair," Bob Hope; and "Gladiators Seven," Richard Harrison.
From May 13: SEVEN DAYS IN MAY; and "The Eyes of Annie Jones," Richard Conte.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
May 7: L'AVVENTURA (in Italian), revival; and LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD (in French), revival.
May 8-11: "Come Back, Africa" and "On the Bowery" (both revivals and both semi-documentary films).
From May 12: THE 400 BLOWS (in French), revival; and "Lola" (in French), revival, Anouk Aimée, Marc Michel.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through May 12: FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE.
From May 13: AMERICA AMERICA.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through May 12: "The Given Word" (in Portuguese); and "On Approval," revival, Beatrice Lillie, Clive Brook.
From May 13: BEAT THE DEVIL, revival; and "Pal Joey," revival, Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THE SILENCE (in Swedish).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through May 12: "A Global Affair," Bob Hope; and "Gladiators Seven," Richard Harrison.

From May 13: SEVEN DAYS IN MAY; and "The Eyes of Annie Jones," Richard Conte.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through May 12: ... AND SUDDENLY IT'S MURDER! (in Italian); and "I Love, You Love," revival, an episodic Italian film, with an English narration.
From May 13: THE EASY LIFE (in Italian); and "The Gentle Art of Murder," Pierre Brasseur.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through May 12: FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE; and "The Gun Hawk," Rory Calhoun.
From May 13: "Flight from Ashiya," Yul Brynner, Richard Widmark; and "The Ceremony," Laurence Harvey, Sarah Miles.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Grand Olympics," an Italian documentary on the 1960 Rome Olympics.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through May 12 (tentative): FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE.
From May 13: To be announced.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (in Italian).

57TH ST. NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through May 10: ORPHEUS (in French), revival; and "Beauty and the Beast" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.
From May 11: To be announced.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE SERVANT.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Dimka" (in Russian).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
CHILDREN OF PARADISE (in French), revival.

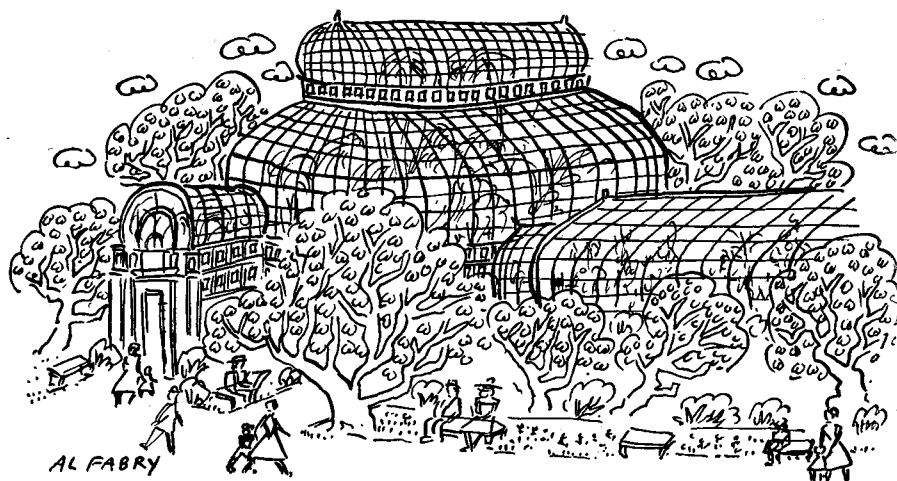
LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through May 12: "A Global Affair," Bob Hope; and "Gladiators Seven," Richard Harrison.
From May 13: SEVEN DAYS IN MAY; and "The Eyes of Annie Jones," Richard Conte.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
May 7: IT'S A GIFT, revival; and TILLIE AND GUS, revival.
May 8-11: TOP HAT, revival; and FOLLOW THE FLEET, revival.
From May 12: THE GAY DIVORCÉE, revival; and THE STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE, revival.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 12: THE L-SHAPED ROOM, revival; and "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.
From May 13: "Under the Yum Yum Tree," Jack Lemmon, Carol Lynley; and "Bye Bye Birdie," revival, Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
May 7: "The Leopard," revival, Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon; and "No Exit," revival, Viveca Lindfors, Rita Gam.
May 8-11: THE SUITOR (in French); and ½ (in Italian), revival.
From May 12: POTEMKIN (silent); and "The Inspector General" (in Russian), revival.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through May 12: ... AND SUDDENLY IT'S MURDER! (in Italian); and "I Love, You Love," an episodic Italian film, with an English narration.
From May 13: THE EASY LIFE (in Italian).



THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

HOURS—Grounds open daily at 9 A.M.; individual exhibits from 10 A.M. to at least 10 P.M. Depending on the weather and the number of people still around, some exhibits stay open later; the Fair gates are closed at 2 A.M. . . .
 ¶ Nightly fireworks-water-music mixture at Fountain of Planets at about 9 P.M.

ADMISSION—Adults \$2, children (2-12) \$1. Twenty-ticket books (adults \$30; children \$15) on sale at the Fair, and also at Chemical Banks, First National City Banks, Gertz Department Stores, Abraham & Straus, Macy's, and Gimbels.

CHILDREN—May be left in the Protestant and Orthodox Center's Children's Center (\$1 per hour, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.) or in the Pavilion's Tivoli Garden Playground (fifty cents for the first two hours, twenty-five cents each additional hour). . . . ¶ There is a maze designed for small children at the Johnson Wax Pavilion, and a diaper-changing room in the Scott Paper Enchanted Forest.

MACHINES—In addition to cigarette and candy vending machines, there are others labelled "Sundries" and offering Bromo-Seltzer, Wash-'n-Dri facecloths, and Absorbine Jr. Ovoid phone booths scattered around the Fairgrounds contain sitting room for a small family. All the Fair's phones are push-button rather than dial.

TRANSPORTATION

AUTOMOBILE—There are three Fair parking lots, with room for twenty thousand cars; \$1.50 a day, with free bus shuttle to nearest Fair gate. The Shea Stadium lot is also available when the Stadium is not in use.

TRAINS—L.I.R.R. trains from Pennsylvania Station direct to Fair, 9 A.M. to 2 A.M. daily, leaving as soon as they're full (five to fifteen minutes) from Tracks 15 and 16. Twelve-minute trip; fifty cents each way.

BOATS—Berths in Flushing Bay Marina for 865 boats; twenty-four-hour service, with Laundromat, showers, dressing rooms. . . .
 ¶ Circle Line ferries leave from Pier 80, at the foot of West 40th Street, at 10 A.M. and 2 P.M.; return at 11:45 A.M. and 4 P.M. Fare \$2.25 outward bound, \$2 inward bound; run takes about an hour and three-quarters. . . .
 ¶ Hydrofoils leave from the dock at the foot of East 26th Street every twenty minutes between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M. Fare \$6 round trip; run takes about twenty-five minutes.

SUBWAYS—Only the I.R.T. Flushing line goes directly to the Fair; frequent express trains from Times Square, Fifth Avenue, and Grand Central Station. Trip takes about twenty minutes; fifteen cents each way. World's Fair signs in all stations.

BUSES—Gray Line buses direct to the Fair hourly between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M.; from the Fair, on the half-hour between 10 A.M. and 2 A.M. They leave from 42nd Street and Tenth Avenue; Gimbels, 32nd Street and Broadway; Hotel Manhattan, 45th Street and Eighth Avenue; parking lot, 50th Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue; and Shelton Towers Hotel, 48th Street and Lexington. About a forty-five-minute trip; \$1 each way.

AT THE FAIR—Buses and three-coach tractor trains slowly traverse the Fair, stopping at frequent stations; twenty-five cents a trip. . . .
 ¶ Motorized lounge chairs, driven by guides, seat four. Fares are \$9 an hour for two people, \$10 for three, \$11 for four; minimum, \$3 for twenty minutes. . . .
 ¶ Baby strollers \$2 a day. Wheelchairs \$4.50 a day. . . .
 ¶ Helicopters taking off from the Port Authority Heliport provide six-minute sight-seeing tours of the Fair; adults \$6, children \$3.50.

SPECIAL EVENTS

NASSAU COUNTY DAY—Thursday, May 7; the South Nassau Girl Scout Choral Group will sing for twenty minutes in the New York State Pavilion, starting at 3:30.

SOCCER—Teams from the American Soccer League and the German-American Soccer League will play in the Singer Bowl on May 7, starting at 7:15 P.M.

HIGHWAYS—On May 8, celebrants of Highway Users Day will assemble at 9:30 A.M. at the General Motors Pavilion.

MOTHERS—Sunday, May 10, is Mother's Day.

MASSACHUSETTS DAY—Tuesday, May 12, from 10 A.M. to 2 P.M. in the Court of the States.

VIRGINIA DAY—Wednesday, May 13, from 10 A.M. to 1 P.M. in the Court of the States.

THE PRESIDENT—Mr. Johnson will address the Amalgamated Clothing Workers in the Singer Bowl on Saturday, May 9, at about 10 A.M.

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Some aspects of a few of the Fair's more than a hundred exhibits.)

CULTURE AND ENLIGHTENMENT

AFRICAN PAVILION—There is a camel peering over the top of a cage facing the Court of the President of the United States.

ALASKA—In the Alaskan Village, a totem pole is being carved; two sled dogs, a sled, a dugout canoe, and two small bears are on display; and jade, baskets, fifteen-cent Eskimo pies, and World's Fair souvenirs are on sale.

BELGIAN VILLAGE—A sign hung outside this uncompleted exhibit announces, "Worth waiting for; the best takes a little longer."

AUTOMOBILE COMPANIES—The Ford Pavilion features a ride in a convertible past Disney's animated cavemen and into the future. . . .

¶ General Motors provides a comfortable free ride in contour chairs past scenes on the moon, at the South Pole, and underwater, and then through jungle, mountain, desert, and metropolitan settings, where the emphasis is on modern highways. The narration, heard through speakers built into the chairs, is completely comforting. . . .
 ¶ At the Chrysler exhibit there is a half-hour show presented almost continuously on a stage that revolves through four separate auditoriums. The first act, a movie, introduces a young man named Joe Jones who thinks that carburetors talk and has dreams of designing a great car. A puppet show set in a car-assembly plant proves he is right about carburetors, and his dream car turns out to be the Chrysler Turbine Car, which appears onstage in person in the last act, along with a soft-spoken pitchman and the talking carburetor. According to a song sung throughout the show, "Imagination Is a Magic Dream," and "thinkin'" rhymes with "Abraham Lincoln."

HAWAII—At the entrance to a series of displays meant to show what Hawaii is like, a girl hands out leis and says "Aloha." Admission twenty-five cents.

INTERNATIONAL PLAZA—A bustling market place where India tea and silk, a Norwegian loganberry drink, Thai jewelry, Luxembourgian tiles, African drums, United Nations publications, German radios, Philippine beer, facts about Monaco, egg rolls, china figurines, and portraits sketched or painted in oils are available, mostly for sale.

JOHNSON WAX—A short non-commercial film called "To Be Alive!" is shown every half hour or so in the Golden Rondelle theatre. The movie, which is projected onto three screens, shows moments of pleasure and happiness in people's lives, and it is an excellent reason to come to the Fair.

MISSOURI—The exhibit includes paintings by Thomas Hart Benton, a display by the Vendo Company, of Kansas City; Charles Lindbergh's "Spirit of St. Louis;" a Gemini space capsule; and an eating place called the Missouri Snack Patio.

MONTANA—The live horses and donkeys and the lifelike buffalo have disappeared from the Montana Pavilion.

NEW YORK STATE—The Tent of Tomorrow, a circular structure with a multicolored plastic roof set on high pillars, is an ideal place for aimless wandering, and there are plenty of places to sit down and rest. In the center of a marble floor with an inlaid map of the state, there are performances by such groups as the Forest Hills folk-dancing team, and around the mezzanine are displays dealing with New York State government, industry, education, and art, along with some bears, ducks, pigs, beavers, raccoons, and a calf, as samples of state wildlife.

PAKISTAN PAVILION—In addition to a small restaurant and displays of art, carpets, shoes, and

surgical equipment, there are badminton rackets for sale, with a label explaining why they are "most suitable for Bengal climate."

PERHAPS LESS ENLIGHTENING

"AMERICA, BE SEATED"—A topical, integrated minstrel show produced by Mike Todd, Jr., and starring Ronny Graham, is starting a week of previews at the incomplete Louisiana Pavilion. Twice an evening; three times on weekends; \$2.50 to \$5.50 for a golden ringside table.

CARIBBEAN PAVILION—The three-dollar minimum will buy two Scotches, one and a half rum punches, or four Barranquitas pineapple juices. The view of the stage show and the acoustics are better outside the pavilion.

CIRCUS—A one-ring affair, assembled under a yellow-and-white striped roof in the Amusement Area. Four shows, at 1:30, 3:15, 5:30, and 7:15, on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays. Six shows, at 1, 2:10, 3:20, 5, 6:10, and 7:20, during the rest of the week; \$1.

GENERAL CIGAR—A machine (if it is fixed) blows ten-foot smoke rings, and a magic show that (unless the computers that operate the curtains break down) goes on every fifteen minutes.

PEPSI-COLA-UNICEF SMALL WORLD—A delightful boat ride past Disney-animated dolls dressed in various native costumes and singing, dancing, and playing musical instruments. Adults ninety-five cents; children sixty cents.

"TO BROADWAY WITH LOVE"—A large cast performs approximately forty-one song and/or dance numbers on a giant stage in the Music Hall of the Texas Pavilion. Allegedly saluting American musical comedy, its members, wearing blackface masks, start out by singing "The Old Folks at Home" and "Dixie." Each decade of music is announced on a moving sign over the stage and preceded by film clips intended to establish the historical background. For the First World War act, a voluptuous lady sings "Over There" while films of fighting and graveyards are projected onto the screen behind her. At 3 P.M., 7 P.M., and 9:30 P.M. Admission \$2 to \$4.80.

WALTERS WAX MUSEUM—The museum's inhabitants include Cardinal Richelieu, Dean Martin, and Polyphemus. Adults \$1; children fifty cents.

WONDERWORLD—A mammoth stage show, with music by Jule Styne and choreography by Michael Kidd, featuring a fleet of Alfa-Romeos, water lilies that turn out to be dancers, and a girl-astronaut number. Shows at 1:30, 4, 7, and 10, in the Amphitheatre; \$1 to \$3.50.

RESTAURANTS

(Most of the foreign pavilions and several of the state exhibits include at least one eating place of some kind, but it is almost impossible—except, perhaps, for the unusually efficient and farsighted—to be in the right one at the right time. Because most of the places we have tried to get into have been either too crowded or closed, the following observations are the only ones we feel qualified to make so far.)

BRASS RAIL REFRESHMENT STANDS—Unfortunately, these stands, mysteriously designed for complete chaos and discomfort, are the most likely places to get something to eat—e.g., twenty-five-cent hot dogs and thirty-five-cent hamburgers. The coffee—fifteen cents a paper cupful—is pretty good.

TOP OF THE FAIR—A large restaurant with a large bar and expensive food in the Port Authority Heliport, overlooking the entire Fairgrounds. The helicopters heading for a landing on the roof look as though they are about to come straight through the restaurant window, but though the building vibrates when they land there is not much noise.

WISCONSIN PAVILION—The \$1.19 steak-salad-potato-dessert-and-coffee dinners served at the Tad's Steak concession in this pavilion may be familiar to New Yorkers, but at least the restaurant stays open late and provides tables and chairs.

NOTE—There are benches all over the Fairgrounds and picnic tables at the Oklahoma Pavilion for those who feel like bringing their own food.

SEE WALT DISNEY'S "WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR," SUNDAYS, NBC-TV NETWORK



SEE THE "JOEY BISHOP SHOW," STARRING JOEY BISHOP, CO-STARRING ABBY DALTON, ON RCA VICTOR "LIVING COLOR" TV

Now—a new and brighter Color TV—brighter than ever before! Unsurpassed Natural Color from RCA Victor!

The Performance-Proved Color TV for '64 is New Vista® by RCA Victor. It gives you clearer, sharper pictures than ever before in *unsurpassed natural color*. It is definitely the finest color television ever designed by RCA—pioneer and developer of color television.

In 1960, when RCA introduced the High-Fidelity Color Tube, it was up to 50% brighter than any previous color tube. Now New Vista for 1964—with improved electronic circuits—brings you an even better, even brighter color picture!



VISIT THE RCA COLOR TV CENTER
AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

See the wide choice of styles and models, starting at a new low price of \$449.95—manufacturer's nationally advertised price, optional with dealer, for the Burbank, not shown. (The Sienna, shown.) UHF optional extra. Prices, specifications subject to change.

Remember—more people own RCA Victor than any other television—black and white or color!



The Most Trusted Name in Television

Tmk(s)®

La dolce feeta



Now a new sweetness of feetness from DiVina: the sweetest little shoes Italy ever sent us. See them at the tastiest stores in the country. Wear them home. The only thing that will melt is your heart. About \$15.

diVina

DiVina Footwear, Inc., Subsidiary of International Shoe Co., St. Louis



one reason Alitalia flies to Lisbon...

...is a beautiful reason.

Then, so is the whole city.

And the flight over.

People tell us that flying Alitalia on a vacation is almost as much fun as already being wherever they're going. (Syntax! Syntax!)

Part of it must be the food and wines and service and the wide seats and mahogany and leather interiors.

But just part. Mainly, people tell us about the atmosphere aboard. That it

has all the warmth and gaiety of a spring afternoon in Rome.

Very Roman. Very Italian. Very fun!

Fun — is Portugal, fun is the beach and Casino in Estoril, the bullfights, the Fado Cafes. Doesn't it sound like fun to begin your next trip to Europe in Lisbon?

This grand old city is more than beautiful. It's exciting, quaint, fascinating and, ridiculously inexpensive. Lisbon, the sunny route to Europe. Alitalia jets you there and back for an underwhelming \$300.

So, whether your next trip abroad begins in Lisbon, Rome, London or Milan — Alitalia flies non-stop to all of them — we think you'll enjoy it more flying Alitalia's Super DC-8 Jets.

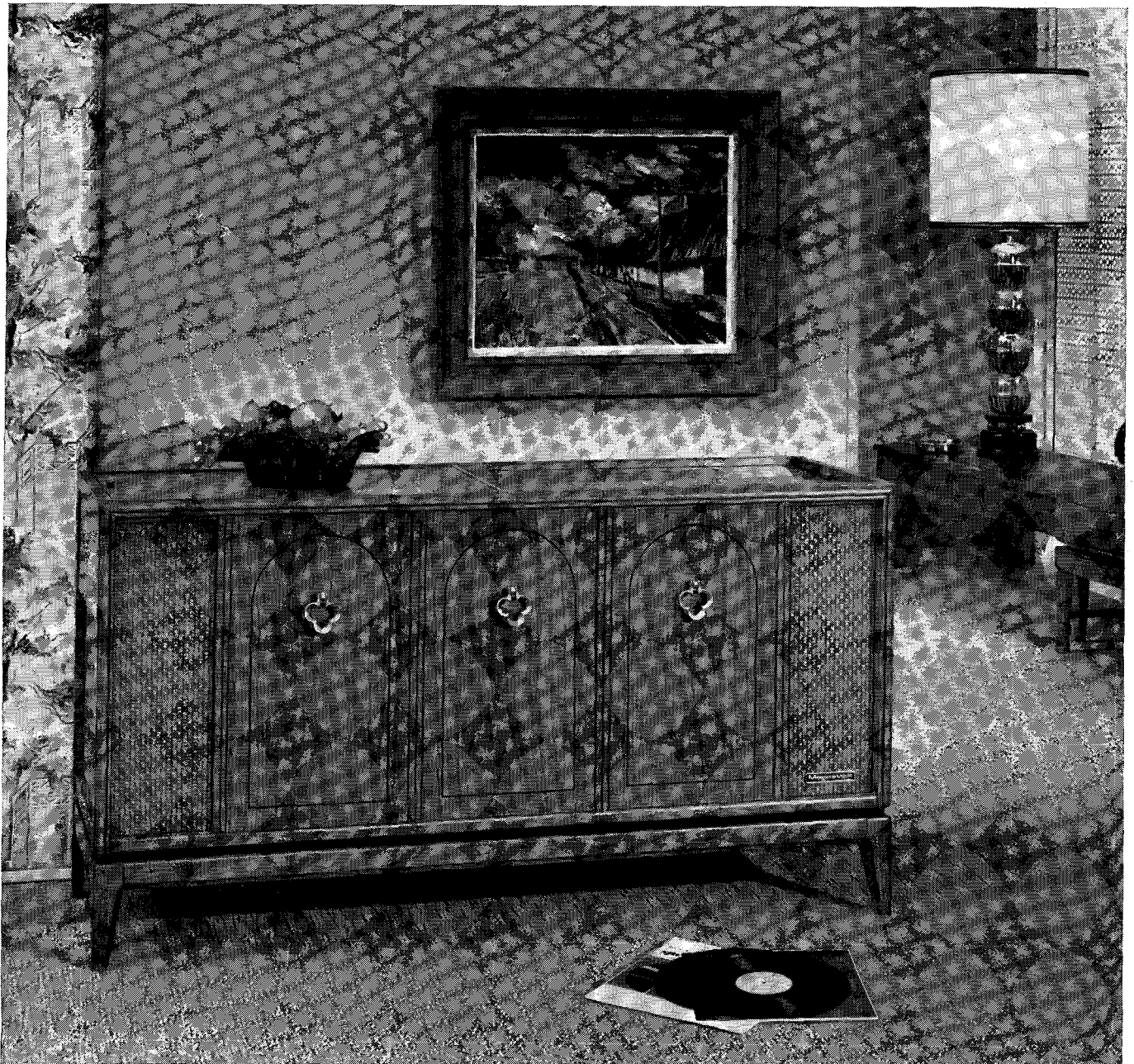
From New York, Chicago, Boston and Montreal, Alitalia flies you to 82 cities in 48 nations on 6 continents . . . in style.

Want another reason?

ALITALIA 
AIRLINES

Alitalia lowers Jet Fares ! Now, only \$300. to London. \$300. to Lisbon. \$405. to Milan. \$446. to Rome!

All prices based on 21/14 day Round-Trip Jet Economy Fare from N. Y.



Now you can enjoy the miracle of Magnavox Astro-Sonic at less cost than ordinary tube sets—only \$298.50

Using space-age solid-state circuitry, Astro-Sonic Stereo High Fidelity is ten times more efficient than comparable tube sets—and surpasses all achievements in the re-creation of music. Once you hear it, you'll know why tube sets are now obsolete.

Encased in this beautiful 50" cabinet are all the wonders of electronic science—the superb Micromatic player that lets your records last a lifetime—the thrilling dimensions of stereo from FM Radio or records—as well as Hi-Fi from regular FM/AM. Astro-Sonic eliminates component-damaging heat and is so reliable that parts are guaranteed for five years—diamond stylus ten years.

See the Contemporary 631 and a wide variety of other styles—tubeless Stereo High-Fidelity Portable Phonographs at \$99.50 and consoles from \$149.50 at your Magnavox dealer, listed in the Yellow Pages.

the magnificent
Magnavox



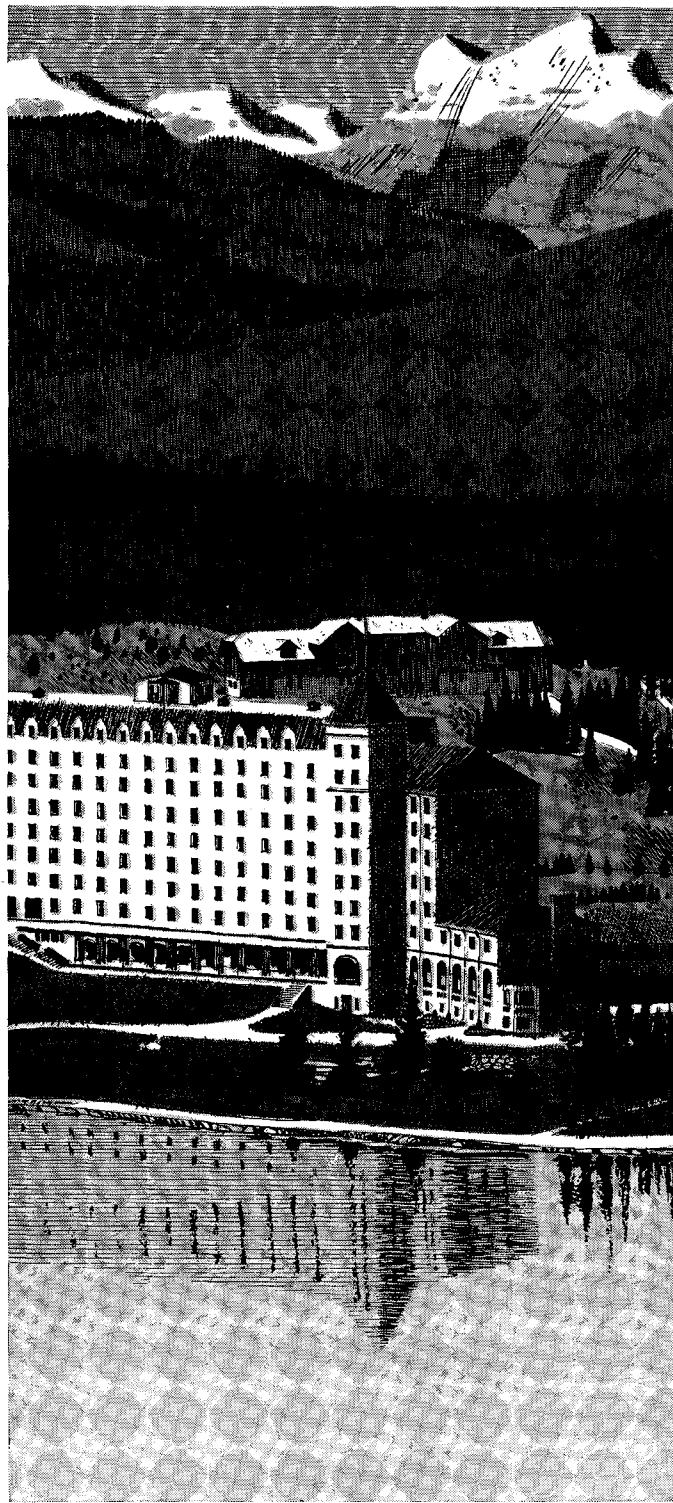
Ambush
perfume by
Dance

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Ride away

to the Canadian Rockies aboard Canada's only scenic domed streamliner, "The Canadian." Explore 2,881 miles of spectacular scenery in spectacular comfort as you cross Canada via Canadian Pacific on the Banff-Lake Louise route between Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver. Enjoy distinctive cuisine in the Dining Room cars and tasty, budget meals and snacks in the Coffee Shop cars. All accommodations, from coach, tourist, to first class drawing rooms, are reserved.



and hide away

high in the Canadian Rockies at world-famed Chateau Lake Louise. Here in the heart of unforgettable Banff National Park you can hike to the Plain of the Six Glaciers and to the Lakes in the Clouds. You can fish, swim, dance, ride. Or just rest on your mountaintop above the world. You'll enjoy gourmet cuisine, gracious surroundings, our famous service. Open June 9 through September 11. For information and reservations, contact your travel agent or Canadian Pacific.

Holiday all the way with *Canadian Pacific*

Trains/Trucks/Ships/Planes/Hotels/Telecommunications WORLD'S MOST COMPLETE TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM

Why does a publisher marry a Wragge girl?



A Wragge girl doesn't give a dinner — she gives memorable dinners. Everything from the right wine to the right conversation seems to come off effortlessly.



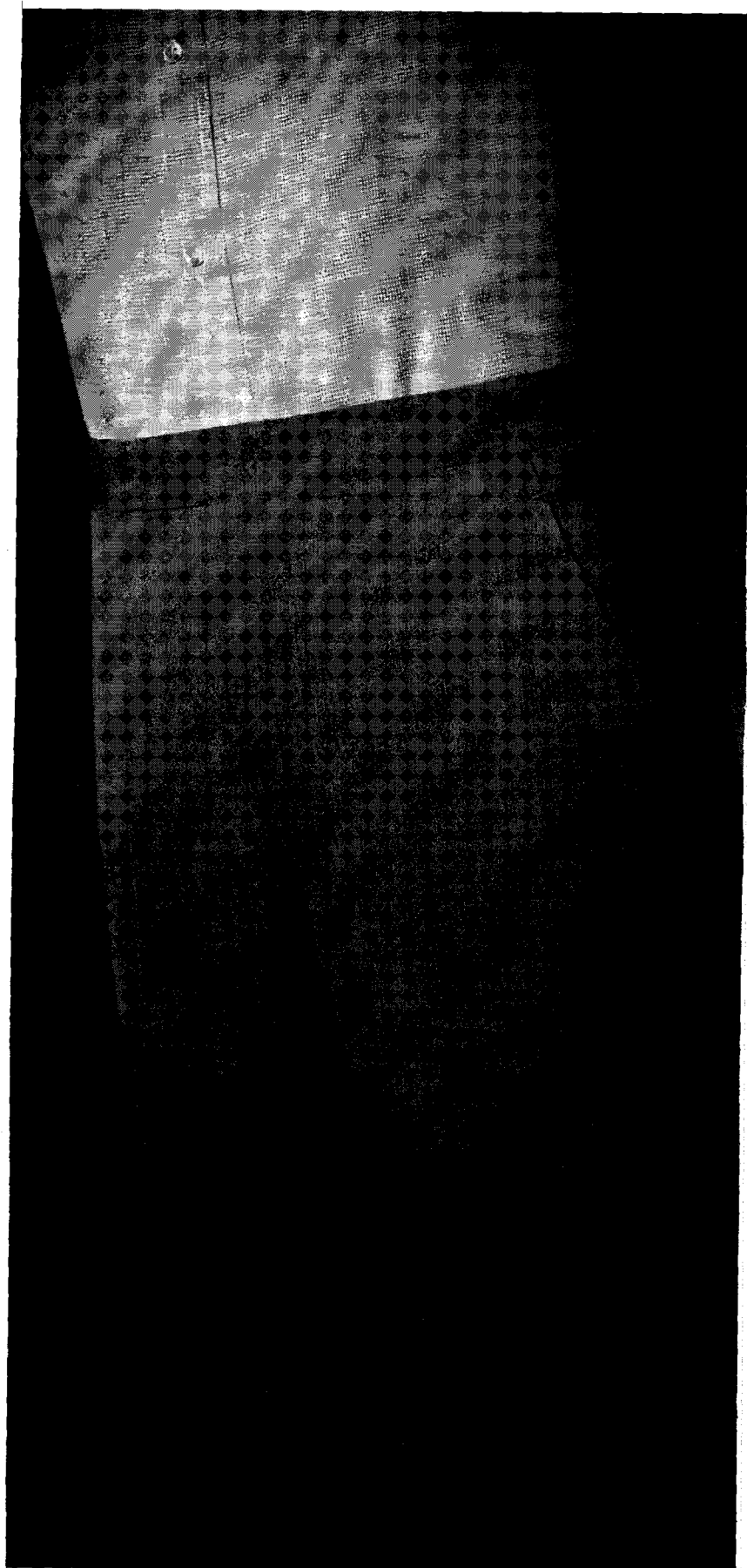
A Wragge girl has a sense of drama. Instinctively edits and ferrets out the smashing hat, the colorful scarf, the perfect lip shade.



A Wragge girl defies the idea that an author can't look like a model.

A Wragge girl wears a silk fish print top, imported linen skirt, 70.00. Imported linen dress, 70.00. Textured silk jacket over dress, 145.00. The B. H. Wragge Collection at Bonwit Teller, all stores. Rich's, Inc., Atlanta; I. Magnin & Co. stores. Prices slightly higher in the West.

We made an
extraordinary pair
of stretch slacks
from new
“Dacron^{*}” cotton
and “Lycra[†]”



The minute you wear them you'll know they're special

You'll discover that Durel stretch slacks spell comfort with every move you make. The natural flexibility of new “Lycra” spandex makes them bend, stretch and stride right along with you, then rapidly recover their original shape. You can hang them, pack them, roll them, fold them. Durel stretch slacks have new durabil-

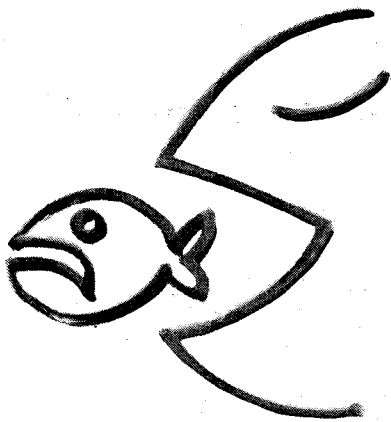
ity, new resiliency, new strength. We think you'll get the point the moment you try them on. You can, right now, at your favorite store. They come in seven shades, including black and white, about \$2

Esquire Sportswear Mfg. Co

1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York 19, New York

*DuPont's TM for its polyester fiber †DuPont's TM for its spandex fiber

When you're only No.2, you try harder. Or else.



Avis can't afford to relax.

Little fish have to keep moving all of the time. The big ones never stop picking on them.

Avis knows all about the problems of little fish.

We're only No.2 in rent a cars. We'd be swallowed up if we didn't try harder.

There's no rest for us.

We're always emptying ashtrays. Making sure gas tanks are full before we rent our cars. Seeing that the batteries are full of life. Checking our windshield wipers.

And the cars we rent out can't be anything less than lively new super-torque Fords.

And since we're not the big fish, you won't feel like a sardine when you come to our counter.

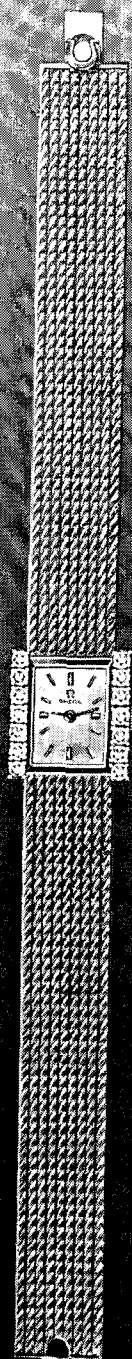
We're not jammed with customers.

© 1964 AVIS, INC.

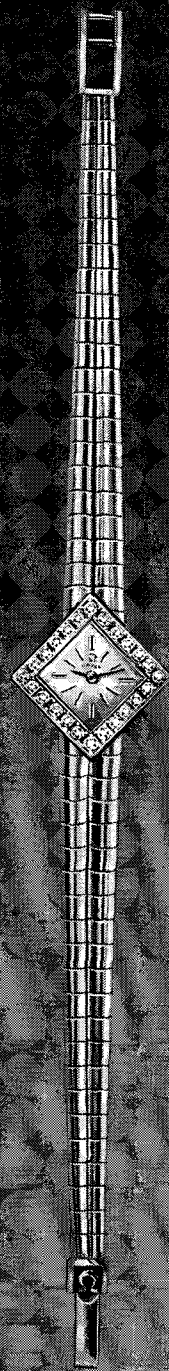
Omega accuracy... accented with fiery diamonds

*Magnificent gold bracelet
watches to eloquently
proclaim the constancy of
a man's affection...
gift supreme for an
important occasion*

Bedecked with flawless gems . . .
the new Omega bracelet watches
typify a proud marriage of the
jeweler's art and watchmaker's skill.
Hand-texturing and florentine-
finishing enhance the unusual shapes
of the 14K gold cases. The dials
are punctuated with 18K gold
hour-markers. A Lilliputian marvel
. . . the fully-jeweled Omega
mechanism has been checked at
1497 manufacturing stages and
lubricated with the world's finest oil
costing \$2000 per gallon.
A diamond-set Omega is the highest
tribute to a fortunate woman.
It will remind the one who wears it
of your thoughtfulness and good
judgment for decades.

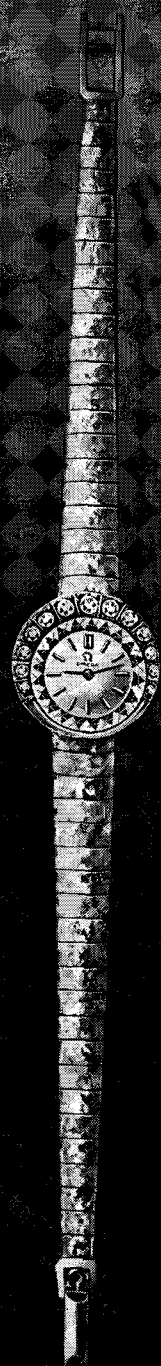


14 DIAMONDS \$600



24 DIAMONDS, \$500

13 DIAMONDS \$600



Ω OMEGA

FOR A LIFETIME
OF PROUD POSSESSION

Sold and serviced in 129 countries,
you will find Omega watches
only in fine jewelry stores and
watch departments . . . selected
because of their technical facilities
and high integrity. The complete
Omega watch collection includes
a large variety of distinctive models
for both men and women,
priced from \$65 to over \$10,000,
Federal tax included.

*For free style brochure illustrating
50 different watches and name of
nearest authorized dealer, write
Omega, 375 Park Ave., New York 22*

SEE THE OMEGA WATCH EXHIBIT
AT THE SWISS PAVILION OF
THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR



© 1961 NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR 1964-1965 CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



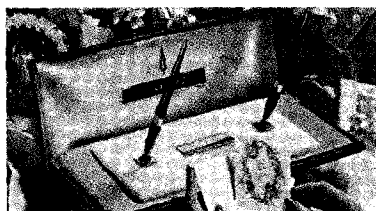
© 1964, W.A.S.P. Co.

How to make sure your wedding gift won't wind up in the attic—

(Desk set by Sheaffer)

Here's a truly personalized "his" and "hers" gift, engraved with the date of the happy occasion and packed in a handsome new gift case, a Sheaffer exclusive.

Destined for immediate use, this Sheaffer Desk Set combines a richly styled base designed to complement any writing



desk; and famous Sheaffer fountain pens with cartridge filling action, superbly crafted with 14-karat gold points, kept writing-moist in exclusive airtight sockets.

Make your gift a lasting one. Choose Sheaffer, the most-given desk set in America.



Choose from a wide variety of Sheaffer Desk Sets at your dealer's, or write for free catalog: W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company, Department NY-5, Fort Madison, Iowa. (Set shown, in Mexican marble, with fine point pen [hers] and broad point pen [his], \$45.00.)

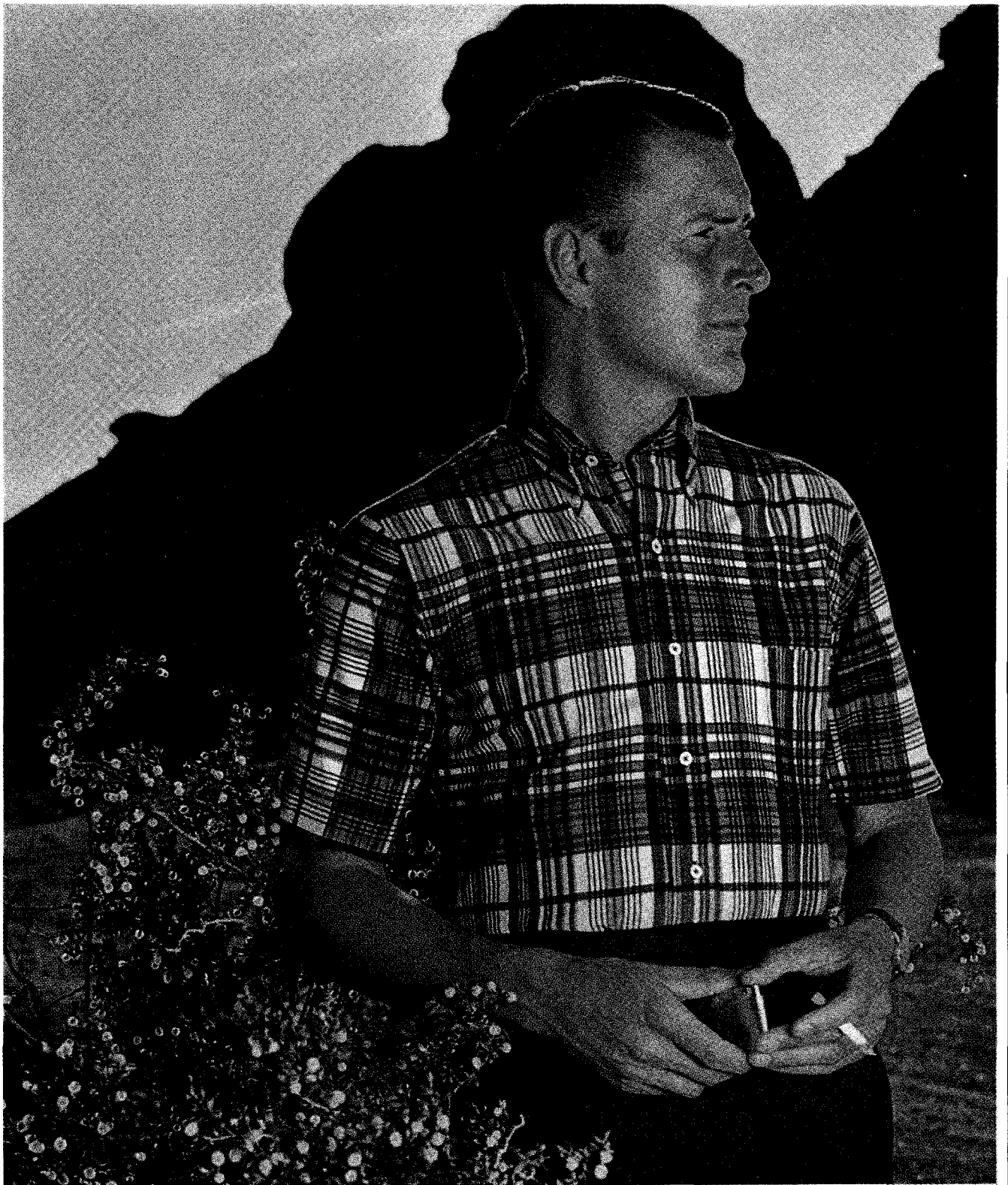
Handsome is as handsome does. And this handsome shirt does very nicely by you because it's Dan River cotton. Yarn dyed so colors stay fresh. 100% combed cotton (the very nicest kind). It's also Wrinkl-Shed with Dri-Don* which means it stays neat all day, packs superbly. And you can machine wash this shirt, even tumble dry it. There's nothing else quite like these Dan River fabrics for travel, work, play.

You don't care for Dan River fabrics.

They care for themselves.

Wash & Wear Fabrics by **DAN RIVER**

It's great country for Dan River



*Reg. TM for Dan River Mills' wrinkle-resistant wash-and-wear fabrics. All fabrics designed and woven in the U.S.A. by Dan River Mills, Inc., Danville, Virginia.



It makes your house look bigger.

Cars are getting to be bigger, so houses are getting to look smaller.

But one little Volkswagen can put everything back in its proper perspective.

A VW parked in front does big things for your house. And your garage. To say nothing of small parking spots and narrow roads.

On the other hand, a VW does make

some things smaller.

Gas bills, for instance. (At 32 mpg, they'll probably be half what you pay now.)

You'll probably never add oil between changes. You'll certainly never need anti-freeze. Tires go 40,000 miles. And even insurance costs less.

One thing you'd think might be smaller

in a Volkswagen is the inside.

But there's as much legroom in front of a VW as there is in the biggest cars.

When you think about it, you really have only two choices:

You can buy a bigger house for who-knows-how-much.

Or a Volkswagen for \$1,595.*



Peck
&
Peck



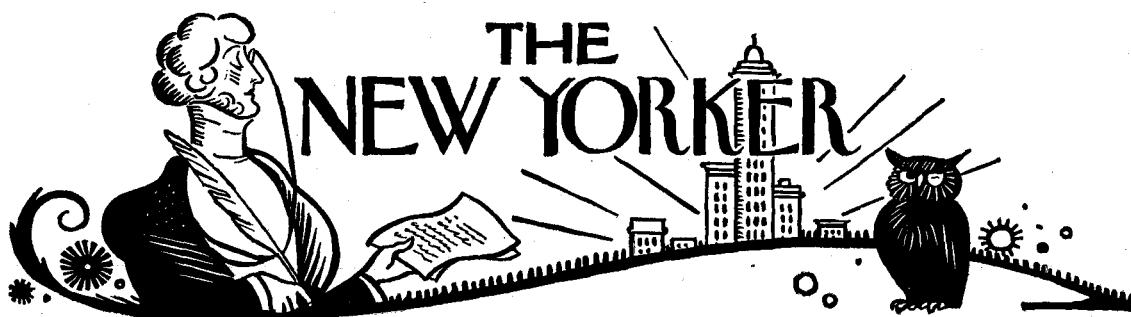
Photographed at the Gold Eagle Antique Shop in Manhattan.

The Peck & Peck Girl lives in Dacron®

More reason than ever, when Dacron predominates in the blend. Here, Dacron polyester with its lovely silkiness adds only a bit of rayon for extra softness. More reason: the Carleton dressmaker look in a beautiful design of beige on pomegranate red, or on bottle green. 8 to 16, 35.00 The chic double-pouch bag in a tweedy-look linen, 14.00

ONE OF OUR *Carletons*

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • ROCHESTER • BALTIMORE • DETROIT • CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS
TWIN CITIES • INDIANAPOLIS • WASHINGTON, D. C. • ATLANTA • CINCINNATI • KANSAS CITY • HARTFORD • BUFFALO • PROVIDENCE



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AFTER thirty-six years of being printed in Old Greenwich, Connecticut, our magazine, starting with this issue (assuming there is one), will be printed in Chicago, Illinois. Has something to do with progress. Instead of dispatching a messenger to Grand Central with a pouch of copy and with instructions to take the Stamford express, we now put him on a bus for Chicago. He gets a longer, pleasanter ride, and we get a magazine printed in a major crime center. For a writer, the changeover means that, for some reason that is supposed to be beyond his simple ken, he must henceforth use thick white copy paper instead of the flimsy yellow copy paper of old. We have just discovered, to our great satisfaction, that this new heavy white paper gives everything we write, irrespective of merit, an appearance of natural grandeur, which in the past we arrived at only by straining. The whole Chicago setup is a lot simpler, and we'll know by the end of the week whether there is anything to it.

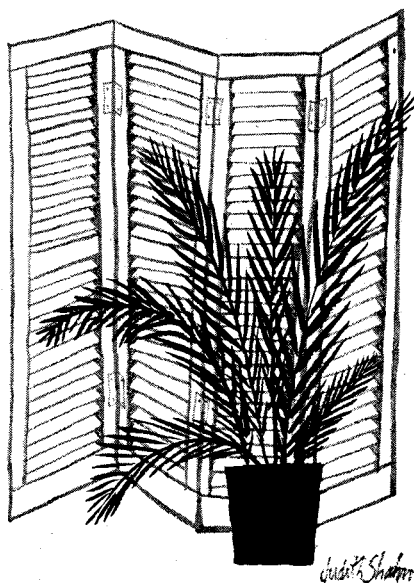
Vigil

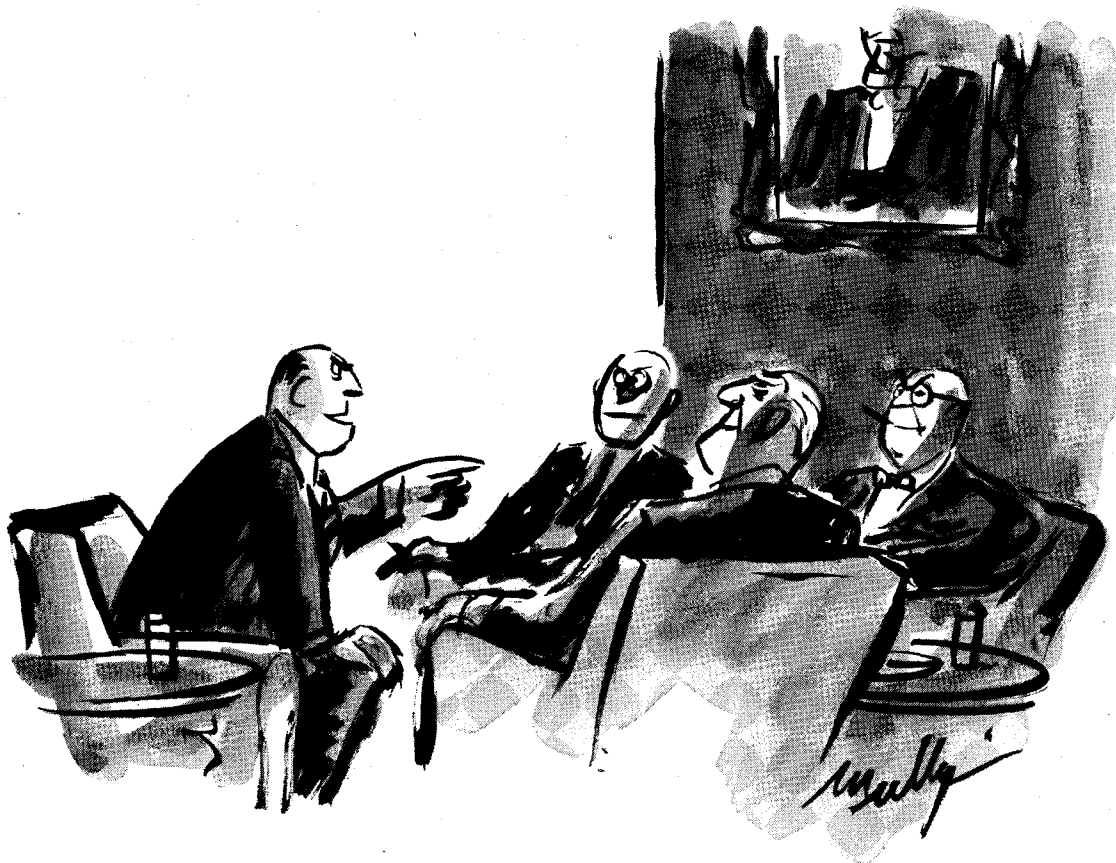
AT three-thirty every afternoon, a rented car pulls up at the corner of Broadway and 122nd Street, between the adjoining Union and Jewish Theological Seminaries, and six divinity students—three Protestants and three Jews—climb in for a ride to Washington, D.C. Approximately five hours later, they arrive at the Roman Catholic Church of the Holy Comforter, in a quiet, predominantly Negro neighborhood of Washington. Two Jews and two Protestants leave the car and enter the rectory, and a Catholic divinity student joins the pair remaining in the car for a drive to the Lincoln Memorial, where all three get out and stand in silence for a few hours, until another Catholic, another Protestant, and an-

other Jew arrive to replace them. Thus an informal organization called the Theological Students' Vigil for Civil Rights has maintained an around-the-clock interfaith vigil since April 19th. It will continue that vigil—as hand-painted signs carried by the participants put it—"Night and Day as a Witness to Our Common Effort to Help Secure Justice and Equal Rights for All Our Citizens by Passing the Civil Rights Bill As It Came from the House." When, or if, the Senate passes the bill, the vigil will cease. In the meantime, curious to see how this quiet—and, in inclement weather, arduous—demonstration was going, we drove down to the Church of the Holy Comforter ourselves a few nights ago, entered a side door leading into the basement of the rectory at about eleven, and found a number of young men, some in clerical collars, others in jackets and ties, arriving, leaving, sleeping on rubber air mattresses, or engaging in animated conversation. Folding chairs were strewn with suitcases, shaving kits, and Army blankets. The walls were lined with candles, holy pictures, and bookshelves, along with a blackboard and a little sign reading "Den-

ke." Hanging from a pipe in the ceiling was a large gray overcoat (some nights are still cool in Washington), and underneath it were a little table and a refrigerator, containing mustard, jelly, potato chips, cheese, milk, coffee, cake, fruit juice, crackers, sardines, bottles of soda pop, and one slice of rye bread. A larger table bore newspapers, copies of the *Congressional Record*, cigarettes, leaflets, and a week-old edition of the Union Theological Seminary journal, *A Grain of Salt*. In the center of the floor, which was covered with green tile, was a gray tile cross, and on a side wall hung a bulletin board covered with messages and instructions: "Students should *stand in silence* facing the monument. At midnight the group leaving the vigil should spend a few minutes standing directly before the statue of Lincoln. We are not promoting, debating, or pushing, only *witnessing*. This is basically a silent prayer vigil, conducted by theological students of all three faiths working together on civil rights." There was also a schedule of hours for the next few days of the vigil, all of which had been signed up for, and a list of alternates from each of the three faiths, in case of last-minute cancellations.

We sought out Brother Jude Molnar, a tall, blue-eyed, prematurely gray Franciscan, who, together with Jonathan Levine, a twenty-three-year-old student at the Jewish Seminary, and Tom Leatherwood, a twenty-two-year-old student at Union, had founded the vigil, and had stood the first watch in front of the Lincoln Memorial. "The idea started in New York, among the future ministers at Union," he told us. "They simply crossed the street and enlisted the future rabbis, and then they invited the candidates for the priesthood down here to join them. Now more than seventy-five seminaries, all over the country, are participating. Those in the West are trying to raise enough money to send one dele-





"... and did Barry sit around whining and doing nothing when Castro cut off the water at the Guantánamo base? No, sir! He said, 'Send in the Marines!'"

gate. They are sending resolutions of support and holding worship services everywhere."

"Anybody see the coverage we got on N.B.C. last night?" asked a tired-looking red-haired young man from New England.

"I haven't seen any television since I got here," a distinctly Southern voice replied. "I've been too busy standing around."

"How d'you do? I'm from Union, in New York," said a new arrival, shaking the nearest hand.

"They must have called off classes up there," said the Southerner.

"Wish they had," the new arrival replied.

We noticed that some younger and more secular-looking students, in khaki trousers and sneakers, were standing about, and we learned that they were members of the Student Filibuster for Civil Rights, to be held continuously for five days in Washington's Sylvan Theatre.

Suddenly, a tall, bright-eyed young man with an attaché case hurried in and leaped rather precariously onto a folding chair. "Folks, I'm Mark Juergensmeyer, from Illinois," he said, "and I just happen to have this small list of

names"—he unfurled a petition that covered the entire floor—"which we're going to give to Senator Dirksen tomorrow. Names from Georgia and from Orlando, Florida, but plenty from Illinois. And we've got thirty-five other petitions for key senators."

"Great!" somebody shouted. "Make sure Dirksen gets his picture taken with you!"

It was 2 A.M. and time for a changing of the guard, so we joined three of the vigil-keepers and Jonathan Levine, who was serving as driver, for a ride to the spot, approximately midway between the Lincoln Memorial and the pool adjoining the Washington Monument, where we found three rather pale, chilled-looking vigil-keepers waiting.

"I don't know how much this demonstration is going to accomplish for civil rights, but I know what it's doing for us," Mr. Levine told us. "The exchange of ideas is marvelous, and I think that we've all made some friends for life among people we might otherwise never have met. We were all a little troubled by the way things were going at the World's Fair, but at least *that* demonstration proved that a segment of the popu-

lation is desperate. We are attacking the problem at our own level—three at a time, quietly. It means something. The other day, Brother Jude asked me to say grace—in the *rectory*! That's important."

The signs that the fresh group of vigil-keepers were carrying had been a bit blurred by rain that had fallen earlier in the evening. "Shape up, boys," said Mr. Levine. "Stand closer together. This looks too much like an interfaith rumble." The vigil-keepers stood closer together. There was a long, dark silence.

A station wagon slowed down. "What is it?" asked the driver. "Hitchhikers?"

"No, just civil rights," said his companion, and the car zoomed off.

A park attendant appeared, hosed down the steps of the Lincoln Memorial, and disappeared. Another silence. It began to rain, and we went off to get some sleep.

At 9 A.M., we returned, to find a new shift of vigil-

keepers. This time, there was a Negro, Thomas Blackmon, of the Howard University School of Religion, among them. An elderly man arrived, bringing coffee and doughnuts. "You ought to do something illegal and get in the papers," he said.

"No," said Mr. Blackmon. "The mere fact that we're standing here speaks to the people."

At nine-thirty, a busload of ten-year-olds, both colored and white, arrived with their teacher. Most of the children walked directly to the Memorial, but there were a few stragglers, and one of them, a Negro boy, strode up to the vigil-keepers and carefully read the signs carried by Mr. Blackmon, a Methodist; the student at his left, from Hebrew Union College; and the student at his right, from St. Francis of the Oblate.

"What do the signs say?" asked a white companion.

"Man," said the little boy, "they're all three saying the exact same thing."

A SINGLE room and bath in the Sheraton-Atlantic Hotel, at Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street, will set you back nine dollars a day;

with "free parking privileges," it's eleven seventy-five.

Geological Jaunt

THE Museum of Natural History's spring season is in full swing, with Tuesday-morning and Thursday-morning nature walks in Central Park, and Saturday and Sunday day-long trips to outlying sections, all under the aegis of Miss Farida A. Wiley, whose particular passion is birds. Having sidled along on many a Wiley ornithological expedition in the past, we sought a change of ambience by joining a slightly offbeat excursion the other Sunday. "Meet at 10:30 A.M. at Fort Tryon Park for geology trip. Co-Leader Mr. Christopher Schuberth," the Museum's notice of it read. As we arrived at the 193rd Street entrance to the park, a young man who turned out to be Mr. Schuberth was inspecting a stone that a lady had handed him. "This is a conglomerate," he said. The lady's face fell (what could she have been hoping for?), and Miss Wiley, who was busy greeting old friends, told us that Mr. Schuberth is a senior geology instructor in the adult-education program at the Museum, a geology instructor at both City College and Hunter College, and a veteran geological guide.

"Now I guess we're all together," Miss Wiley continued, raising her voice, and the group entered the park, fifty strong. "The emphasis today will be on geology, but if any of you see a *bird*..." Several ladies laughed, and as we walked along, high above the Hudson, Miss Wiley pointed out purple Japanese azalea in full bloom and then said, "You all hear that towhee calling? Oh, there it is! Towhees are coming into this area from the South. They're going farther north or nesting here."

We went on, past ash trees, wild Japanese cherry, and people on benches reading the Sunday papers, to the highest point of the park, facing east. "We are standing on a ridge looking down on the Inwood flats," Mr. Schuberth said. "Another ridge is in front of you, and east of that is still another, with the Veterans' Hospital and the campus of New York University on it. Separating these ridges are two valleys—the Broadway Valley and the Harlem River Valley. The topography thus consists of long valleys and long ridges, repeating each other. Why is this so?"

Miss Wiley looked as though she knew the answer, but she didn't give it, and neither did anybody else, so Mr. Schuberth himself answered, "Topography reflects what lies below the sur-

face—the bedrock. This is extremely complex. It consists of sediments that became very hard—rock that has changed from sedimentary to metamorphic. This change is brought about by tremendous pressures. There are three specific kinds, or formations, of metamorphic rock in New York City—Manhattan mica schist, Inwood marble, and Fordham gneiss. We'll see the first two today. Schist and gneiss are quite resistant to erosion, so they hold up the ridges. Marble is less resistant, and underlies the valleys. Why are the tallest buildings in New York clustered in midtown and around Wall Street?"

"Bedrock," someone said.

Mr. S. nodded encouragingly. "Bedrock emerges to within fifty feet of the surface around Wall Street and in midtown," he said. "In between, it's three or four hundred feet down."

As the party began to move west, Mr. Schuberth dropped to the rear and began chatting with a lady who was wearing a pin in the shape of a stork.

"Let's wait till the leader goes ahead," Miss Wiley said briskly. "Never go ahead of the leader. Where's our leader? Do you all hear the junco?"

Mr. Schuberth gained the van, and presently, pausing at a parapet facing the Hudson, he said, "This magnificent bluff, the Palisades, is a ridge running from Haverstraw forty miles into Staten Island. Its rock was once in a molten stage. It is not metamorphic but igneous. Very resistant to erosion."

All walked north into a field, where Mr. Schuberth remarked, "I call your attention to this conspicuous boulder. It was transported by glacier from the Palisades. We call such boulders 'erratics.' There are hundreds of them all over the city, Central Park included."

Back on the sidewalk, we headed for The Cloisters, pausing along a wall of rock. "Finally, we see the bedrock of New York City," our co-leader said. "This was metamorphosed four hundred and fifty million years ago. It's a foliated mica schist. When foliation is not obvious, like the foliation here, we call it schistous foliation, and its rock is a schist; when foliation is very obvious, we call it gneissic foliation, and its rock is a gneiss. The predominant mineral here is mica, but this rock also contains quartz—the most abundant mineral on the face of the earth—and feldspar."

Farther along, the group was introduced to an igneous granite intrusion into a great cliff of mica schist—"granite pegmatite, not foliated, full of

tourmalines"—and to a dike, or multiple igneous intrusion. "The intrusion came *after* these rocks were metamorphosed, or *it* would have been metamorphosed," Mr. S. said, and at the base of The Cloisters he sat down on a big outcrop of bedrock and drew attention to its glacial striations. "All run from north to south," he said. "That's why the erratics have gone from New Jersey to New York, rather than the other way around. The glacier retreated from New York City, or what became the city, only eleven thousand years ago."

Inwood Park and its marble, immediately to the north, were in the offing, but we were bushed, and we erratically headed south, to home and hearth.

THE Borneo Sumatra Trading Company, of 120 Wall Street, is a distributor of nails made in Poland.

Homage

ONE recent afternoon, Sir John Gielgud, Dame Edith Evans, and Margaret Leighton met in a Columbia Records studio on Thirtieth Street near Third Avenue and spent three and a half hours making a record entitled "A Homage to Shakespeare." The record consisted of selections that they felt would give delight and so help celebrate the four-hundredth birthday of the Bard. The three actors stood side by side in front of three microphones, about eight feet apart. As seen from a glassed-

in control booth where Charles Burr, Columbia's director of special projects, was stationed, Mr. Gielgud was at the right, Miss Evans in the center, and Miss Leighton at the left. Mr. Burr, a sharp-faced man who was wearing horn-rimmed glasses, alternately sipped black coffee from a cracked white porcelain cup and

helped himself to yellow candy drops from a cellophane bag, which was labelled "Le Bon Bonbon Napoleon" and was passed around from time to time among his assistants. Mr. Burr studied the three actors with solemn approval. Mr. Gielgud was holding a pair of horn-rimmed glasses in one hand and was in his shirtsleeves, the shirt being crisp and white, with a light-blue pin stripe; his tie was crisp and dark blue, and was clipped to the shirt by a straight gold pin, and his trousers were crisp and gray and somehow or other more splendid than other gray trousers. Miss Evans, gray-haired and wearing an equally splendid gray





"It's nothing, dear. I was just tired."

wool dress and a three-strand necklace of pearls, had steel-rimmed spectacles pushed down on her nose. Miss Leighton, very, very slim and straight in a sleeveless, narrow-skirted cocoa-brown dress, wore a jewelled gold pin on one shoulder and a jewelled gold ring. Her hair was dramatically blond, and she stood with folded arms.

Mr. Gielgud started the session off by giving a Gielgud reading of Sonnet CXLIII:

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures
broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all
swift dispatch
In pursuit of the thing she would
have stay;
Whilst her neglected child holds
her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care
is bent
To follow that which flies before
her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's dis-
content:
So runn'st thou after that which
flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar
behind;

But if thou catch thy hope, turn
back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss
me, be kind;
So will I pray that thou mayst
have thy will,
If thou turn back and my loud
crying still.

Mr. Gielgud's fellow-actors regarded him with admiration, and in the control booth Mr. Burr flipped a switch and expressed his own admiration, then flipped the switch back. One of Mr. Burr's assistants tossed a Bon Bonbon Napoleon into his mouth and said, "This one will be a ball. Sir John is a one-take man." During a playback of Sonnet CXLIII, another assistant noted on a chart marked "Tape Identification Data" that it had a running time of forty-five seconds.

Miss Leighton and Miss Evans went on next, as Lady Capulet and the Nurse, respectively, in Act I, Scene 3, of "Romeo and Juliet" (running time, three minutes twenty-seven seconds), and afterward Mr. Gielgud paid them his compliments. After the playback, Mr. Gielgud took over again, giving his Introduction to "Richard II"—

"King Richard II, who has been living in a world of fantasy and self-conceit, deposed by his cousin Bolingbroke, awaits his death in Pomfret castle"—in one Gielgud voice, and then declaiming in another Gielgud voice:

I have been studying how I may compare
This prison where I live unto the world:
And for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my
soul...

(The running time was four minutes fifteen seconds.)

The actors went bounding on, with appropriate changes of voice, mood, humor, and passion, to play scenes from "Macbeth" and "Henry VIII." They listened carefully to the playbacks of their readings, the ladies usually looking to Mr. Gielgud for a final O.K. "I thought it was all right, Johnny, if you think so," Miss Evans said of her Queen Katharine in a scene from "Henry VIII" in which Mr. Gielgud played Cardinal Wolsey, and he told her he thought the scene sounded fine. All three actors were really swinging by the time they got to "King Lear."

Mr. Gielgud asked Miss Evans if she would read the introduction to the "King Lear" scene (Act IV, Scene 7): "Would you mind doing it, darling? It's only two sentences."

"No, no, of course I don't," Miss Evans said, and read, "King Lear is reunited with his daughter Cordelia. He is carried into her presence, still sleeping; after his madness."

And Miss Leighton, as Cordelia, went on:

O my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two
sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Then Mr. Gielgud came in as King Lear:

You do me wrong to take me out o' the
grave:
Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

They gave their readings plenty of action; Mr. Gielgud hugged himself as he read, and Miss Leighton raised her head and hands in pleading gestures as she implored:

O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er
me.
No, sir, you must not kneel.

And Mr. Gielgud read, in a crying, shaking voice:

Do not laugh at me,

For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

And Miss Leighton read:

And so I am.

By the time the actors had finished and were listening to the playback, Mr. Burr and his assistants had abandoned the Bon Bonbon Napoleons. They looked like an audience that had been shaken up.

At the microphone, Miss Leighton glanced at Mr. Gielgud and said, "Can we have some coffee now, Johnny?"

"Coffee time," Mr. Gielgud said.

"Jolly good!" Miss Evans said.

The actors retired to a side control room, where a small table was neatly set with a silver coffee urn and a silver tray of small sandwiches. All three of them went at the sandwiches with enthusiasm. Nothing was left of the atmosphere of "Lear."

"I saw 'Hello, Dolly!' last night," Mr. Gielgud said, pouring coffee into a cup and offering it to Miss Evans.

"Did you see 'Barefoot in the Park'?" Miss Leighton asked. "I adored that."

"I saw 'Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow,' and loved it, but I haven't been to the theatre this time here," Miss Evans said.

"I liked 'To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed,'" Mr. Gielgud said. "It was awfully funny."

"You should see 'Funny Girl,'" Miss Leighton told Miss Evans. "Do you remember Kay Medford, the one who put her head in the oven in 'Bye Bye Birdie'? She's in it, and she's marvellous."

"You know, I sort of like *not* going to the theatre," Miss Evans said.

"Yes, there's something about *not* going to the theatre that's like being on holiday," Miss Leighton said, quickly eating a cucumber-sandwich sliver and reaching for another.

"I have to keep saying what I haven't seen," Miss Evans said. "I've been over here now for six weeks—two weeks in Hollywood. I'm longing for London. I'm longing to get home to my garden."

"Did you go to Disneyland?" Mr. Gielgud asked Miss Evans.

"Oh, I loved Disneyland!" Miss Evans said.

"Didn't you adore the Alice in Wonderland things and the Snow White things and Peter Pan?" Mr. Gielgud said. "And there's a divine thing called the crocodiles. You didn't miss that, did you?"

"I went because you told me to," Miss Evans said. "I thought it would be all Donald Ducks and things."

"I suppose it's like Battersea Park in the evening, when you went with a lot of chums and you went on things and screamed," Miss Leighton said.

"Yes, but there's so much more than going on roller coasters and things," Mr. Gielgud said. "I really hate roller coasters. Disneyland is so pretty and clean, and so well arranged, and I loved talking with all the out-of-work actors there who work as spielmen."

"I started off rather cross in Disneyland," Miss Evans said. "There was a couple there. With a baby. The baby couldn't have been over three weeks. Imagine bringing a baby to see the crocodiles! It was hardly a mite." She sipped at her coffee.

"It will probably grow up and go out and conquer the world," Miss Leighton said, reaching for another small sandwich.

"A child that age ought to have peace and quiet," Miss Evans said. "It will probably have a nervous breakdown."

"I was at the Guggenheim last Sunday, looking at the van Goghs," Mr. Gielgud said. "There were at least thirty-five children there." He put down his coffee cup and brushed the palms of his hands together. "It's sonnet time!" he said happily.

"Sonnet time!" Miss Leighton sang out.

"Sonnet time it is," Miss Evans said. They went back to their micro-

phones, and Mr. Gielgud, shifting voices, launched into Sonnet XIX:

Devouring Time, blunt thou the
lion's paws

And make the earth devour her
own sweet brood;

Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce
tiger's jaws

And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in
her blood;

Make glad and sorry seasons as
thou fleet'st,

And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-
footed Time,

To the wide world and all her fad-
ing sweets;

But I forbid thee one most heinous
crime:

O, carve not with thy hours my
love's fair brow,

Nor draw no lines there with thine
antique pen!

Him in thy course untainted do
allow

For beauty's pattern to succeeding
men.

Yet do thy worst, old Time!

Despite thy wrong,

My love shall in my verse ever
live young.

Mercy

SUNDAY morning, in Washington Square, a friend of ours heard an immaculately dressed young man of about ten say to a less immaculately dressed, squirt-gun-carrying young man of about the same age, "Please don't squirt me, George. I am going to Long Island in half an hour." And George didn't.



WAS LIFTED BY EARS AS BOY, NO HARM DONE

ON several occasions as a boy, I was lifted by my ears, and as far as I know I suffered no damage from these experiences. I am now sixty-four years of age, in good health. I feel an obligation to report on my ear lifts to President Johnson, who is in a corner on account of the episode with the beagles. I have never lifted a beagle by its ears, but I once attempted to remove paint from the ears of a cocker-spaniel puppy by wiping the ears with a rag dipped in turpentine, and I have been in bad odor with the humane crowd ever since. The dog is dead, of natural causes.

I freely admit that I may not be the best judge in the world of whether I suffered harm from being lifted by the ears as a boy. Some think me a bit odd—if not actually odd, at least on the odd side—and it could be that this oddness has some connection with boyhood ear liftings. I really don't

know—it would be hard to put your finger on anything.

I can't remember the name of the man who used to lift me by the ears, but he was a coachman, and I think his name was Michael. All the coachmen in my neighborhood were Irishmen—it was simply easier to get along with the horse if you were Irish. I lived in a district of Mount Vernon called Chester Hill, and of about twenty houses in the block probably half of them had a stable out back. A stable usually consisted of two straight stalls, a box stall, a carriage room, a carriage washstand with drain in floor, a harness closet, a toilet for the coachman, a manure pit, and, up above, a loft for baled hay and an oatbin equipped with a chute to carry the grain to the ground floor. There was also the coachman's room upstairs, to which boys were seldom admitted. Everything smelled wonderfully ripe: the horses, the hay, the harness dress-

ing, the axle grease, the liniment, the coachman—everything. This was the era when the automobile hadn't quite appeared around the bend; it was there, but it was only stumbling along. The horse was the thing.

A Chester Hill boy spent a lot of his time visiting around in other boys' back yards, and he knew the coachmen well. I was well acquainted with the interiors of most of the stables on the block, even though I had never set foot, or expected to set foot, inside the houses that belonged with the stables. The best stable was Mr. Mendel's, because he was the richest. One side of his stable had outdoor cages for pet animals, just as in the zoo.

Now back to my ears. I was in the Kellys' yard one day with a friend when Michael, the coachman, said he dared me to let him lift me up by my ears. I said, oh no you don't, not me. I was a skinny little kid, not hard to get off the ground, but I was wary. The other boy became interested, though, and Michael kept teasing us along. "Come on," he said. "I wouldn't be hurting ye, ye know that." After a lot of maneuvering and backing and filling I began weakening, and I let him put his hands on me. I was scared, but I let him. He made me face away from him. He cupped his hands over my ears very hard, and as he did so I felt his pinkies hooking themselves under my jaw, and with this grip he lifted me easily off the ground. It was just a tricky grip, to fool a boy; actually, you were being lifted mostly by your jawbone, and this doesn't hurt much. In fact, they use this sort of lift in traction, for those with trouble in the cervical spine, of whom I am one.

I have told all I remember. (There were several repeat engagements when I allowed Michael to lift me; other boys did, too, but Michael was partial to me because I was a featherweight and became airborne with little effort on his part.) But I do not want to close without saying what a privilege it is to live in a country where the outcome of the Presidential election may turn on a beagle's ears. No country like this, is there? There is no record of Mr. Nixon's ever having handled Checkers roughly, and if it should come to a showdown between President Johnson and former Vice-President Nixon in the fall, people might forget all about Mr. Johnson's having settled the threatened rail strike. So I want him to have this little piece of extra ammunition. I mean, how I was lifted up by my ears as a boy, without damage. Or much damage.

—E. B. WHITE



"Come on, Harry! Let's get going!"



*"Sunny and warm tomorrow, with increasing cloudiness
in the afternoon. Scattered showers . . ."*

THE LUZHIN DEFENSE

PART I

WHAT struck him most was the fact that from Monday on he would be "Luzhin." His father—the real Luzhin, the elderly Luzhin, the writer of books—left the nursery with a smile, rubbing his hands (already smeared for the night with transparent cold cream), and with his suède-slipped evening gait padded back to his bedroom. His wife lay in bed. She half raised herself and said, "Well, how did it go?" He removed his gray dressing gown and replied, "We managed. Took it calmly. *Ouf* . . . that's a real weight off my shoulders." "How nice," she said, slowly drawing the silk blanket over her. "Thank goodness, thank goodness. . . ."

It was indeed a relief. The whole summer—a swift country summer consisting in the main of three smells: lilac, new-mown hay, and dry leaves—the whole summer they had debated the

question of when and how to tell him, and they had kept putting it off, so that it dragged on until the end of August. They moved around him in apprehensively narrowing circles, but he had only to raise his head and his father would be rapping with feigned interest on the barometer dial, where the hand always stood at storm, and his mother sailed away somewhere into the depths of the house, leaving all the doors open and forgetting the long, messy bunch of bluebells on the lid of the piano. The stout French governess, who used to read "The Count of Monte Cristo" aloud to him (and interrupt her reading in order to exclaim feelingly, "Poor, poor Dantès!"), proposed to the parents that she herself take the bull by the horns, though this bull inspired mortal fear in her. Poor, poor Dantès did not arouse any sympathy in him, and, observing her educational sigh, he merely slit

his eyes and rived his drawing paper with an eraser as he tried to portray her protuberant bust as horribly as possible.

Many years later, in an unexpected year of lucidity and enchantment, it was with swooning delight that he recalled these hours of reading on the veranda, buoyed up by the sound of the wind in the garden. The recollection was saturated with sunshine and the sweet, inky taste of sticks of licorice, bits of which she used to hack off with blows of her penknife and persuade him to hold under his tongue. And the tacks he once placed on the wickerwork seat destined, with crisp, crackling sounds, to receive her obese croup were in retrospect equivalent to the sunshine and the sounds of the garden, and the mosquito fastening onto his skinned knee and blissfully raising its rubescent abdomen. A ten-year-old boy knows his knees well, in detail—the itchy swelling that had been scabbled till it bled, the white traces of fingernails on the sun-tanned skin, and all those scratches that are the appended signatures of sand grains, pebbles, and sharp twigs. The mosquito would fly away, evading his slap; the governess would request him not to fidget; in a frenzy of concentration, baring his uneven teeth (which a dentist in St. Petersburg had braced with platinum wire) and bending his head with its heliced crown, he scratched and scraped at the bitten place with all five fingers—and slowly, with growing horror, the governess stretched toward the open drawing book, toward the unbelievable caricature.

"No, I'd better tell him myself," replied Luzhin senior uncertainly to her suggestion. "I'll tell him later. Let him write his dictations in peace." Strolling back and forth about the schoolroom, Luzhin senior dictated in an even voice: "Being born into this world is hardly to be borne. . . . Being born into this world is hardly to be borne." And his son wrote, practically lying on the table and baring his teeth in their metallic scaffolding, and simply left blanks for the words "born" and "borne." Arithmetic went better; there was mysterious sweetness in the fact that a long number, arrived at with difficulty, would at the decisive moment, after many adventures, be divided by nineteen without any remainder.

Luzhin senior was afraid that when his son learned that the time had now come for him to go to school, like other boys, and learn about the founders of Russia, the completely featureless Sineus and Truvor, also the table of Russian words taking the letter "yat," and the principal rivers of Russia, he



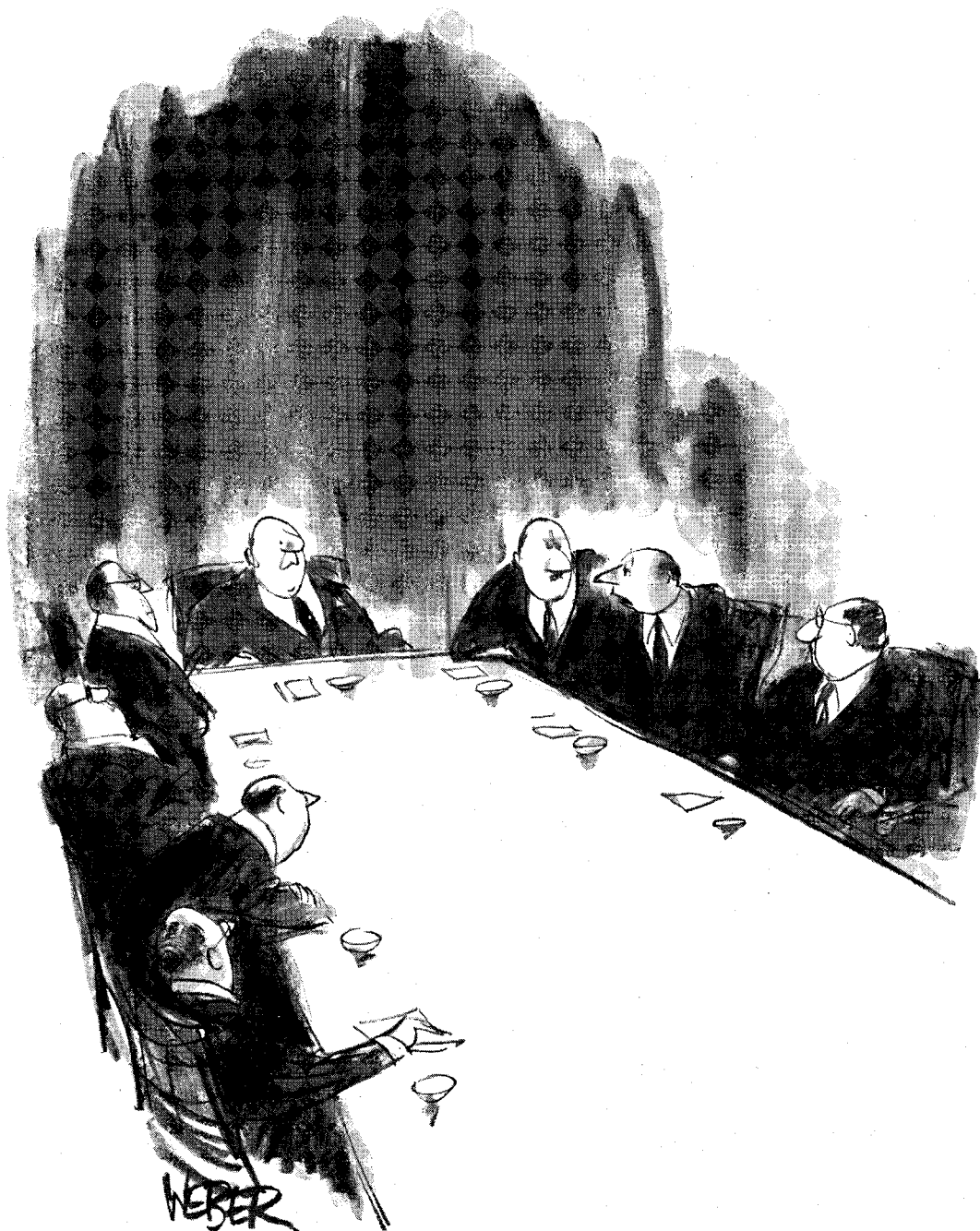
would go into a tantrum like the one he had had two years before, when, slowly and heavily, to the sound of creaking stairs, crackling floor boards, and shifting trunks, filling the whole house with her presence, the French governess first appeared. But nothing of the kind occurred; he listened calmly. And when his father, trying to pick out the most interesting and attractive details of school life, said, among other things, that he would be called by his surname, as grownups are called, the boy blushed, began to blink, threw himself supine on his pillow, opening his mouth and rolling his head ("Don't squirm like that," said his father apprehensively, noting his confusion and expecting tears), but did not break into tears and instead buried his face in the pillow, making bursting sounds with his lips into it, and, suddenly rising—crumpled, warm, with glistening eyes—asked whether at home, too, they would call him "Luzhin."

AND now, on this dull, tense day, on the way to the station to catch the St. Petersburg train, Luzhin senior, sitting next to his wife in the open carriage, looked at his son and was ready to smile immediately if the latter should turn his stubbornly averted face toward him, and wondered what had caused the boy all of a sudden to become so "stiffish," as his wife expressed it. Luzhin sat opposite them on the front seat, wrapped in a dark woollen tweed cloak, wearing a sailor cap, which was set askew but which no one on earth would have dared to straighten now, and he looked sidewise at the thick birch trunks spinning past, along a ditch that was full of their leaves.

"Aren't you cold?" asked his mother when the road turned toward the river and a gust of wind set up a downy ripple in the gray bird's wing of her hat.

"Yes, I am," he said, looking at the river.

His mother, with a mewling sound, was about to reach out and arrange his cloak, but noticing the look in his eye she snatched her hand back and merely indicated with a twiddle of her fingers in midair, "Close it up, close it tighter."



"I wonder if it strikes you fellows, as it strikes me, that all we ever seem to talk about is money."

The boy did not stir. Pursing her lips to unstick her *voilette* from her mouth—a constant gesture, almost a tic—she looked at her husband with a silent request for support. He also was wearing a woollen cloak; his hands, encased in thick gloves, rested on a plaid travelling rug, which sloped down gently to form a valley and then slightly rose again, as far as the waist of little Luzhin.

"Luzhin," said his father, with forced jollity, "eh, Luzhin?" and tenderly nudged his son with his leg, beneath the rug.

Luzhin withdrew his knees. Here come the peasant log cabins, their roofs thickly overgrown with bright moss,

here comes the familiar old signpost with its half-erased inscription (the name of the village and the number of its "souls"), and here comes the village well, with its bucket, black mud, and a white-legged peasant woman. Beyond the village, the horses climbed the hill at a walk, and behind them, below, appeared the second carriage, in which, sitting squeezed together, came the governess and the housekeeper, who hated one another. The driver smacked his lips and the horses again broke into a trot. In the colorless sky a crow flew slowly over the stubble.

The station was about a mile and a half from the manor, at a point where the road, after passing smoothly and

THEM, CRYING

In the well-fed cage-sound of diesels,
Here, in the cab's boxed wind,
He is called to by something beyond
His life. In the sun's long haul
Of light, each week at this place,
He sings to the truck's eight wheels,

But at night it is worse than useless:
The great building shoots and holds

Its rays, and he hears, through the engine,
Through the killed words of his own song,
Them: them crying. Unmarried, unchildlike,
Half-bearded and foul-mouthed, he feels
His hands lean away to the right
And bear the truck spiralling down

To the four streets going around
And around and around the hospital.

He sits, and the voices are louder,
An awakening, part-song sound
Calling anyone out of the life
He thought he led—a sound less than twelve
Years old, which wakes to the less-than-nothing
Of a bent glass straw in a glass

With small sleepless bubbles stuck to it,
Which feels a new mouth sewn shut

In a small body's back or its side
And would free some angelic voice
From the black crimped thread,
The snipped cat-whiskers of a wound—
A sound that can find no way
To attack the huge, orderly flowers.

At one-thirty he is drawn in,
Drawn in, drawn in and in,

Listening, through dozens of Bakelite floors
And walls, brogan-stepping along
Through green-tiled, nightlighted rooms
Where implements bake in glass cases,
Through halls full of cloudy test tubes,
Up and down self-service elevators

That open both sides at once,
Through closets of lubricants,

Through a black beehive of typed labels,
Through intimate theatres
Scrubbed down with Lysol and salt,
Through a sordid district of pails,
Until, on the third floor rear
Of the donated Southeast Wing,

He comes on a man holding wrongly
A doll with feigning-closed eyes,

And a fat woman, hat in her lap,
Has crashed through a chairback to sleep.
Unbelonging, he circles their circle;
Then, as though a stitch broke
In his stomach, he wheels and goes through
The double-frosted, warning-marked door.

Twelve parents at bay intone
In the brain waves that wash around heroes:

*Come, stripped to your T-shirt sleeves,
Your coveralls, blue jeans, or chains,
Your helmets or thickening haircuts,
Your white coats, your rock-pounding foreheads,
For our children lie there beyond us
In the still, foreign city of pain*

*Singing backward into the world
To those never seen before—*

*Old cool-handed doctors and young ones,
Capped girls bearing vessels of glucose,
Ginger ward-boys, panhandlers, technicians,
Thieves, night walkers, truckers, and drunkards,
Who must hear, not listening, them:
Them, crying: for they rise only unto*

*Those few who transcend themselves,
The superhuman tenderness of strangers.*

—JAMES DICKEY

resonantly through a fir wood, cut across the St. Petersburg highway and flowed farther, across the rails, beneath a barrier and into the unknown. "If you like, you can work the puppets," said Luzhin senior ingratiatingly when his son jumped out of the carriage. With his eyes fixed on the ground, moving his neck, which the wool of his cloak irritated, Luzhin silently took the proffered ten-kopeck coin. The governess and the housekeeper crawled ponderously out of the second carriage, one to the right and

the other to the left. Father took off his gloves. Mother, disengaging her veil, kept an eye on the barrel-chested porter, who was gathering up their travelling rugs. A sudden wind raised the horses'



manes and dilated the driver's crimson sleeves.

Finding himself alone on the station platform, Luzhin walked toward the glass case where five little dolls with pendent bare legs awaited the impact of a coin in order to come to life and revolve; but today their expectation was in vain, for the machine turned out to be broken and the coin was wasted. Luzhin waited awhile and then turned and walked to the edge of the tracks. To the right a small girl sat on an enor-



"Gee! We sure play against a lot of swell teams!"

mous bale, eating a green apple, her elbow propped in her palm. To the left stood a man in gaiters, with a riding stick in his hands, looking at the distant fringe of the forest, whence, in a few minutes, would appear the train's harbinger—a puff of white smoke. In front of him, on the other side of the tracks, beside a tawny, second-class car without wheels that had taken root in the ground and turned into a permanent human dwelling, a peasant was chopping firewood.

Suddenly all this was obscured by a mist of tears, his eyelids burned, it was impossible to bear what was about to happen—Father with a fan of tickets in his hands, Mother counting their baggage with her eyes, the train rushing in, the porter placing the steps against the car platform to make it easier to mount. He looked around. The little girl was eating her apple; the man in gaiters was staring into the distance; everything was calm. He strolled to the end of the station platform and then began to move very fast. He ran down some stairs, and there was a beaten footpath, the stationmaster's garden, a fence, a wicket gate, fir trees—then a small ravine and immediately after that a dense wood.

At first he ran straight through the wood, brushing against swishing ferns and slipping on reddish lily-of-the-valley leaves. His cap hung at the back of his neck, held only by its elastic. His knees were hot in the woollen stockings already donned for city wear. He cried while running, lisping childish curses when a twig caught him across the forehead. Finally he came to a halt and, panting, squatted down on his haunches, so that the cloak covered his legs.

Only today, on the day of their annual move from country to city, on a day which in itself was never sweet, when the house was full of drafts and you envied so much the gardener, who was not going anywhere—only today did he realize the full horror of the change that his father had spoken of. Former autumn returns to the city now seemed happiness. His daily morning walks with the governess—always along the same streets, along the Nevsky and back home, by way of the Embankment—would never be repeated. Happy walks. Sometimes she suggested to him they begin with the Embankment, but he always refused—not so much because he liked the habitual from earliest childhood as because he was unbearably afraid of the cannon at the Peter and

Paul Fortress, of the huge thunderlike percussion that made the windowpanes in the houses rattle and was capable of bursting one's eardrums. And he always contrived, by means of imperceptible maneuvers, to be on the Nevsky at twelve o'clock, as far as possible from the cannon (whose shot, if he had changed the order of his walk, would have overtaken him right by the Winter Palace). Finished also were his agreeable after-lunch musings on the sofa, beneath the tiger rug, and at the stroke of two his milk in a silver cup, giving it such a precious taste, and at the stroke of three a turn in the open landau. In exchange for all this came something new, unknown and therefore hideous—an impossible, unacceptable world where there would be five lessons from nine to three and a crowd of boys still more frightening than those who just recently, on a July day, here in the country, right on the bridge, had surrounded him, aimed tin pistols at him, and fired at him sticklike projectiles whose rubber suction cups had perfidiously been pulled off.

The wood was still and damp. Having cried his fill, he played for a while with a beetle nervously moving its feelers, and then had quite a time crushing

it beneath a stone as he tried to repeat the initial, juicy scrunch. Presently he noticed that it had begun to drizzle. Then he got up from the ground, found a familiar footpath, and, stumbling over roots, started to run with vague vengeful thoughts of getting back to the manor; he would hide there, he would spend the winter there, subsisting on cheese and jam from the pantry.

The footpath meandered for ten minutes or so through the wood, descended to the river, which was all covered with circles from the raindrops, and five minutes later there hove into sight the saw-mill, its footbridge, where you sank in up to the ankles in sawdust, and the path upward, and then—through the bare lilac bushes—the house. He crept along the wall, saw that the drawing-room window was open, climbed up by the drainpipe onto the green, peeling cornice, and rolled over the window sill. Once inside the drawing room, he stopped and listened. A daguerreotype of his maternal grandfather (black side

whiskers, violin in hand) stared down at him, but then completely vanished, dissolving in the glass, as soon as he regarded the portrait from one side—a melancholy amusement that he never omitted when he entered the drawing room. Having thought for a moment and moved his upper lip, which caused the platinum wire on his front teeth to travel freely up and down, he cautiously opened the door, wincing at the sound of the vibrant echo that had too hastily occupied the house upon the departure of its owners, and then he darted along the corridor and thence up the stairs into the attic. The attic had a small window through which one could look down at the staircase, at the brown gleam of its balustrade, which curved gracefully and vanished in the penumbra. The house was absolutely quiet. A little later, from downstairs, from his father's study, came the muffled ring of a telephone. The ringing continued at intervals for quite a while. Then again there was silence.

He settled himself on a box. Next to

it was a similar case, but open and with books in it. A lady's bicycle, the green net of its rear wheel torn, stood on its head in the corner, between an unplanned board leaning against the wall and an enormous trunk. After a few minutes Luzhin grew bored, as when one's throat is wrapped in flannel and one is forbidden to go out. He touched the gray dusty books in the open box, leaving black imprints on them. Besides books there was a shuttlecock with one feather, a large photograph (of a military band), a cracked chessboard, and some other not very interesting things.

In this way an hour went by. Suddenly he heard the noise of voices and the whine of the front door. Taking a cautious look through the little window, he saw below his father, who, like a young boy, ran up the stairs and then, before reaching the landing, descended swiftly again, throwing his knees out on either side. The voices below were now clear: the butler's, the coachman's, the watchman's. A minute later, the staircase again came to life; this time his mother came quickly up it, hitching up her skirt, but she also stopped short of the landing, leaning, instead, over the balustrade, and then swiftly, with arms spread out, she went down again. Finally, after another minute had passed, they all came up in a posse—his father's bald head glistened, the bird on his mother's hat swayed like a duck on a troubled pond, and the butler's gray hair bobbed up and down. At the rear, leaning at every moment over the balustrade, came the coachman, the watchman, the milkmaid, Akulina, and, finally, a black-bearded peasant from the water mill—inhabitant of future nightmares. It was he, as the strongest, who carried Luzhin down from the attic to the carriage.

LUZHIN senior, the Luzhin who wrote books, often thought of how his son would turn out. Through his books (and they all, except for a forgotten novel called "Fumes," were written for boys and youths, and came in sturdy, colorful covers) there constantly flitted the image of a fair-haired lad, "head-strong," "brooding," who later turned into a violinist or a painter, without losing his moral beauty in the process. The barely perceptible peculiarity that distinguished Luzhin junior from all those children who, in Luzhin senior's opinion, were destined to become completely unremarkable people (granted that such people exist) he interpreted as the secret stir of talent. And bearing firmly in mind the fact that his deceased father-in-law had been a composer (albeit a some-



what arid one and susceptible, in his mature years, to the doubtful splendors of virtuosity), he more than once, in a pleasant dream resembling a lithograph, descended with a candle at night to the drawing room, where a *Wunderkind*, dressed in a white nightshirt that came down to his heels, was playing on an enormous black piano.

It seemed to him that everybody ought to see how exceptional his son was; it seemed to him that strangers, perhaps, could make better sense of it than he himself. The school he had selected for his son was famous for the attention it paid to the "inner" life of its pupils, and for its humaneness, thoughtfulness, and friendly insight. Tradition had it that, during the early part of the school's existence, the teachers played with the boys during the long recess. This was no longer true, but the idyllic reputation remained. Luzhin's class master was the Russian literature teacher, an acquaintance of Luzhin the writer (and incidentally not a bad lyric poet—he had put out a collection of imitations of Anacreon). "Drop in," he had said, when Luzhin senior first brought his son to school. "Any Thursday around twelve." A month later, Luzhin senior dropped in. The stairs were deserted and quiet. Passing through the hall to the staff room, he heard a muffled, multivocal roar of laughter coming from Class 2. In the ensuing silence, his steps rang out with a stressed sonority on the yellow parquet of the long hall. In the staff room, at a large table covered with baize, the Russian literature teacher sat writing a letter.

Instead of the words of delighted amazement Luzhin senior expected (as when you wake up in a strange town, expecting, with your eyes still shut, an extraordinary, blazing morning)—instead of all those words which he himself would so willingly have provided, had it not been for the expectation that they would come anyway, without his having to utter them, he heard chilling and dull phrases that proved that the teacher understood his son even less than he did. On the subject of any kind of hidden talent not a single word was uttered. Inclining his pale, bearded face, the teacher carefully removed his tenacious pince-nez and, rubbing his eyes



"Another nice feature of this jacket—it's nationally advertised."

with his palm, said that the boy might do better than he did, that he seemed not to get on with his companions, that he did not run about much during the recess period . . . "He undoubtedly has ability, but we notice a certain listlessness." At this moment a bell was generated somewhere downstairs, and the ringing then bounded upstairs and passed shrilly throughout the whole building. After this there were two or three seconds of the most complete silence—and then everything came to life and burst into noise. Desk lids banged, and the hall filled with talking and the stamp of feet. "The long recess," said the teacher. "If you like, we'll go down to the yard."

Downstairs, amid the crowded darkness of the coat racks, the boys were changing their shoes. Some of them sat on the broad window sills, grunting as they hastily tied their shoelaces. Luzhin senior caught sight of his son, all hunched up, disgustedly taking his boots from a cloth bag. A hurrying tow-haired boy bumped into him and, mov-

ing aside, Luzhin suddenly caught sight of his father, who smiled at him, holding his tall astrakhan *shapka* and implanting the necessary furrow on top with the edge of one hand. Luzhin narrowed his eyes and turned away, as if he had not seen his father. Squatting on the floor, he busied himself with his boots. The boys stepped over him and he hunched himself up still more, as if hiding in a dark nook. When at last he went out, wearing a long gray overcoat and a little astrakhan cap (which was constantly being tipped off by the same burly boy), his father was already standing by the gate at the other end of the yard and looking expectantly in his direction. Next to Luzhin senior stood the literature teacher, and when the large gray rubber ball the boys used for soccer happened to roll up to his feet, the literature teacher, instinctively continuing that enchanting tradition, made as if he wanted to kick it, but only shifted awkwardly from foot to foot, almost lost one of his galoshes, and laughed with great good humor. The

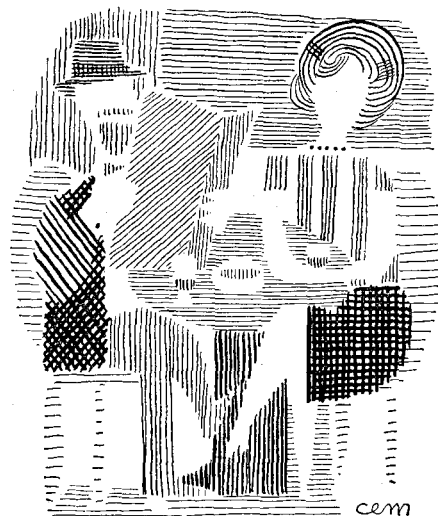
father supported him by the elbow, and Luzhin junior, grasping the opportunity, returned to the vestibule, where all was now quiet, and where the janitor, concealed by coat racks, was heard yawning blissfully. Through the glass of the door, between the cast-iron rays of the star-shaped grille, he saw his father remove his glove, take leave of the teacher, and disappear through the gate. Only then did Luzhin creep out again, and, carefully skirting the players, make his way left, where firewood was stacked under an archway. There, raising his collar, he sat down on a pile of logs.

In this way he sat through approximately two hundred and fifty long recess periods, until the year that he was taken abroad. Sometimes the literature teacher would appear from around a corner. "Why are you always sitting in a heap, Luzhin? You should run about a bit with the other boys." Luzhin would get up from the woodpile, leave the archway, trying to find a point in the yard equidistant from those three of his classmates who were especially fierce at this hour, shy away from the ball propelled by someone's resounding kick, and, having reassured himself that the teacher was far off, return to the woodpile. He had chosen this spot on the very first day, on that dark day when he discovered such hatred and derisive curiosity around him that his eyes automatically filled with a burning mist and everything he looked at—out of the accursed necessity of looking at something—was subject to intricate optical metamorphoses. The page with criss-cross blue lines grew blurry; the white numbers on the blackboard alternately contracted and broadened; the mathematics teacher's voice, as if steadily receding, got more and more hollow and incomprehensible; and his desk neighbor, an insidious brute with down on his cheeks, said with quiet satisfaction, "Now he's going to cry." But Luzhin never once cried, not even in the lavatory when they made a concerted effort to thrust his head into the low bowl with yellow bubbles in it.

"Gentlemen," the literature teacher said at one of the first lessons, "your new comrade is the son of a writer. Whom, if you haven't read him, you should proceed to read." And in large letters he wrote on the board, pressing so hard that the chalk was pulverized crunchingly beneath his fingers, "'Tony's Adventures,' Silvestrov & Co., publishers." For two or three months, his classmates called him Tony. With a mysterious air, the downy-cheeked brute brought the book to class and during the

lesson stealthily showed it to the others, casting significant glances at his victim, and when the lesson was over began to read aloud from the middle, purposely mangling the words. Petrishchev, who was looking over his shoulder, wanted to hold back a page and it tore. Krebs gabbled, "My dad says he's a very second-rate writer." Gromov shouted, "Let Tony read to us aloud!" "Better to give everybody a piece," said the clown of the class, with gusto, and took possession of the handsome red-and-gold book after a stormy struggle. Pages were scattered over the whole classroom. One of them had a picture on it—a bright-eyed schoolboy on a street corner feeding his lunch to a scruffy dog. The following day Luzhin found this picture neatly tacked to the underside of his desk lid.

Soon, however, they left him in peace. Since he stubbornly refused to answer to his nickname, that, too, finally died down. They stopped taking any



I mean
the fiddleheads have forced their babies,
blind topknots first, up from the thinking rhizomes,
and the shrew's children, twenty to a teaspoon,
breathe to their own astonishment
in the peephole burrow.

I mean
a new bat hangs upside down in the privy;
its eyes are stuck tight, its wrinkled pink mouth twitches,
and in the pond, itself an invented puddle,
tadpoles quake from the jello
and come into being.

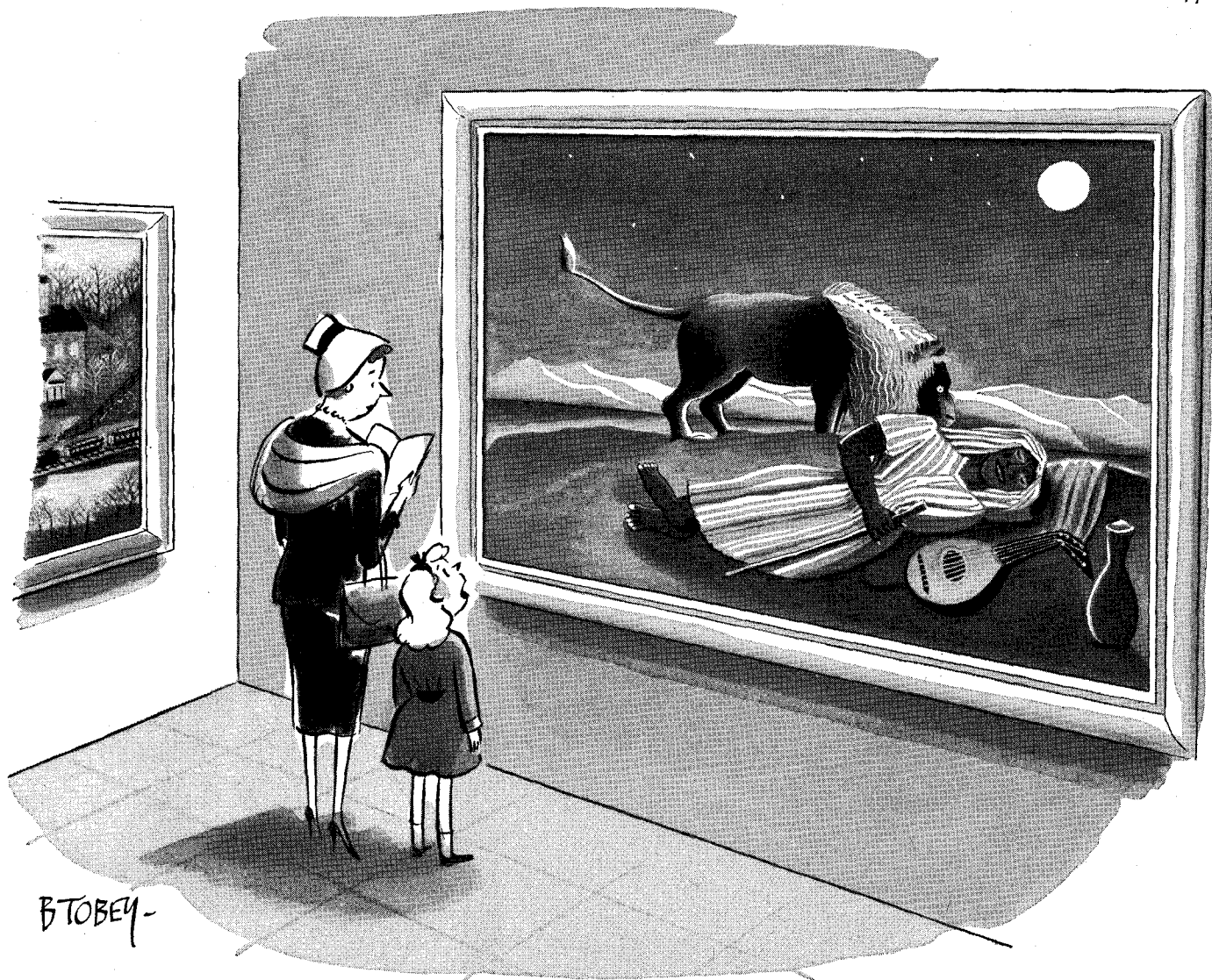
I mean walk softly.
The maple's little used-up bells are dropping
and the new leaves are now unpacking,
still wearing their dime-store lacquer,
still cramped and wet from the journey.

—MAXINE W. KUMIN

notice of Luzhin and did not speak to him, and even the one quiet boy in the class—the sort there is in every class, just as there are invariably a fat boy, a strong boy, and a wit—steered clear of him, afraid of sharing Luzhin's despicable condition. Six years later, in the beginning of the First World War, this same quiet boy received the St. George Cross for an extremely dangerous reconnaissance, and later lost an arm in the civil war. And in the twenties, seeing Luzhin's picture in a newspaper, he tried to recall what Luzhin had been like in school and could not visualize him otherwise than from the rear—Luzhin sitting in front of him in class, with protruding ears, or Luzhin receding to one end of the hall, as far away as possible from the hubbub, or Luzhin departing for home in a sleigh cab, hands in pockets, a large piebald satchel on his back, snow falling. . . . He tried to run ahead and look at Luzhin's face, but that special snow of oblivion, abundant and soundless snow, covered his recollection with an opaque white mist.

BUT Luzhin senior, peering through the window around four o'clock, would see the approaching sleigh and his son's face, like a pale spot. The boy usually came straight to his study, kissed the air as he touched his father's cheek with his, and immediately turned away. "Wait," his father would say. "Wait. Tell me how it was today. Were you called to the blackboard?"

He would look greedily at his son, wanting to take him by the shoulders, shake him, and kiss him soundly on his pale cheek, on the eyes, and on his tender, concave temple. From little Luzhin



"Then what happened?"

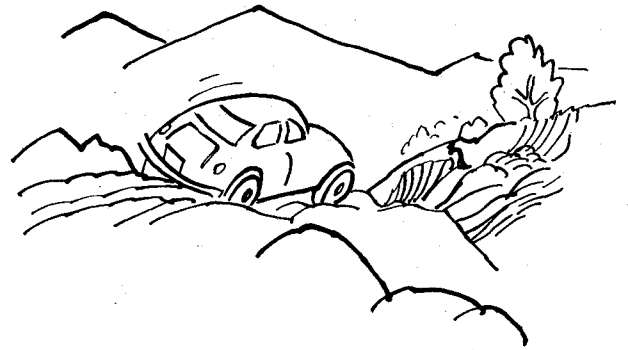
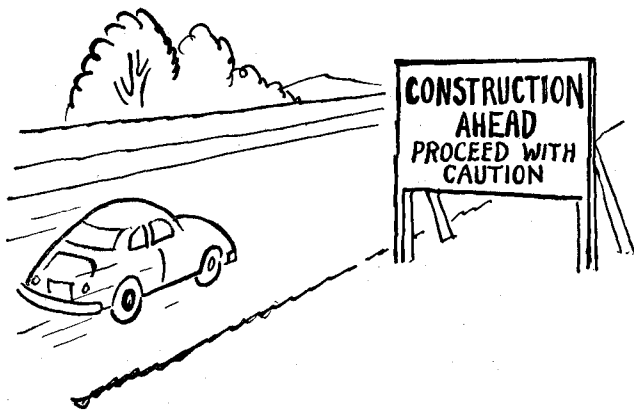
that first school winter came a touching smell of garlic as a result of the arsenic injections prescribed by the doctor because he was anemic. His platinum band had been removed, but he continued to bare his teeth and curl his upper lip, out of habit. He wore a gray Norfolk jacket with a strap at the back, and knickerbockers with buttons below the knee. He would stand by the desk, balancing on one leg, and his father did not dare to do anything against his impenetrable sullenness. Little Luzhin would go away, trailing his satchel over the carpet; Luzhin senior would lean his elbow on the desk, where he was writing one of his usual stories in blue exercise books (a whim which, perhaps, some future biographer would appreciate), and listen to the monologue in the dining room—his wife's voice persuading the silence to drink a cup of cocoa. A frightening silence, thought Luzhin senior. He's not well. He has a painful inner life of some sort. . . . Perhaps he shouldn't have been sent to school. But

on the other hand, he has to get used to being with other lads. . . . An enigma, an enigma. . . .

"Well, take some cake, then," the voice would continue sorrowfully, and again silence. But sometimes something horrible occurred: Suddenly, for no apparent reason, another voice would reply, strident and hoarse, and the door would slam as if shut by a hurricane. Then Luzhin senior would jump up and make for the dining room, holding his pen like a dart. With trembling hands his wife would be setting aright an overturned cup and saucer, and trying to see if there were any cracks. "I was asking him about school," she would say, not looking at her husband. "He didn't want to answer, and then—like a madman . . ." They would both listen. The French governess had left that autumn for Paris, and now nobody knew what he did there in his room. Its wallpaper was white, with a blue border, on which there were gray geese and ginger-colored puppies. A goose advanced on a

pup, and then another goose advanced on another pup, and so on, thirty-eight times around the entire room. An *étagère* supported a globe and a stuffed squirrel, bought on Palm Sunday at the Catkin Fair. A green clockwork locomotive peeped out from beneath the flounces of an armchair. It was a nice bright room. Gay wallpaper, gay objects.

There were also books. Books written by his father, with red-and-gold embossed bindings and a handwritten inscription on the first page: "I earnestly hope that my son will always treat animals and people the same way as Tony," and a big exclamation mark. Or: "I wrote this book thinking of your future, my son." These inscriptions inspired in Luzhin a vague feeling of shame for his father, and the books themselves were as boring as Korolenko's "The Blind Musician" or Goncharov's "The Frigate Pallas." A large volume of Pushkin with a picture of a thick-lipped, curly-haired boy on it was



never opened. On the other hand, there were two books, both given him by his aunt, with which he had fallen in love for his whole life, holding them in his memory as if under a magnifying glass, and experiencing them so intensely that twenty years later, when he read them over again, he saw only a dryish paraphrase, an abridged edition, as if they had been outdistanced by the unrepeatable, immortal image that he had retained. But it was not a thirst for distant peregrinations that forced him to follow on the heels of Phileas Fogg, nor was it a boyish inclination for mysterious adventures that drew him to that house in Baker Street where the lanky detective with the hawk profile, having given himself an injection of cocaine, would dreamily play the violin. Only much later did he clarify in his own mind what it was that had thrilled him so about these two books. It was that exact and relentlessly unfolding pattern: Phileas, the dummy in the top hat, wending his complex, elegant way, with its justifiable sacrifices, now on an elephant bought for two thousand pounds, now on a ship of which half has to be burned for fuel; and Sherlock endowing logic with the glamour of a daydream, Sherlock composing a monograph on the ash of all known sorts of cigars, and with this ash, as with a talisman, progressing through a crystal labyrinth of possible deductions to the one, radiant conclusion.

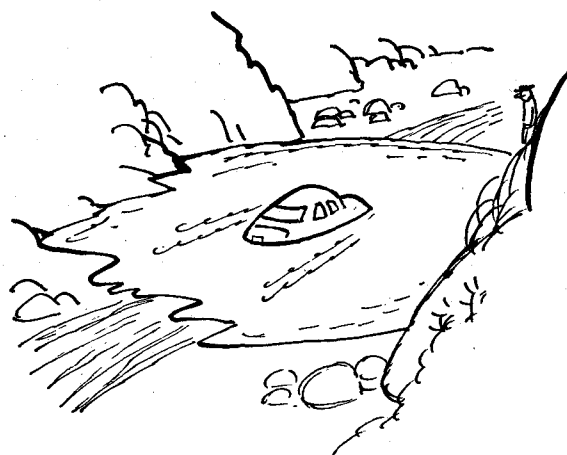
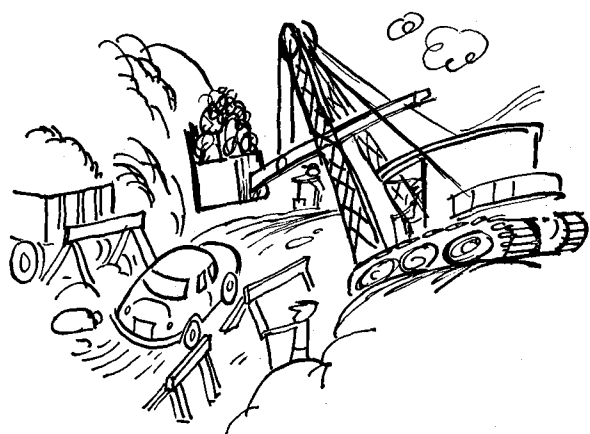
The conjurer engaged to perform at a party on Christmas Day somehow managed to blend in himself briefly both Fogg and Holmes, and the strange pleasure that Luzhin experienced on that day obliterated all the unpleasantness that accompanied the performance. Since requests (cautious, infrequent requests) to "invite your school friends" never led to anything, Luzhin senior, confident that a children's party would be both enjoyable and useful, got in touch with two acquaintances whose children attended the same school, and

he also invited the children of a distant relative—two quiet, flabby little boys and a pale little girl with a thick braid of black hair. All the boys invited wore sailor suits and smelled of hair oil. Two of them little Luzhin recognized with horror as Bersenev and Rosen, from Class 3, who at school were always dressed sloppily and behaved violently. "Well, here we are," said Luzhin senior, joyfully holding his son by the shoulder (the shoulder slowly sliding out from under his hand). "Now I'll leave you alone. Get to know one another and play for a while—and later you'll be called. We have a surprise for you." Half an hour later he went to call them. In the room there was silence. The little girl was sitting in a corner and leafing through a magazine, looking for pictures. Bersenev and Rosen were sitting self-consciously on the sofa, both very red and shiny with pomade. The flabby nephews had been wandering around the room examining without interest the English woodcuts on the walls, the globe, the squirrel, and a long since broken pedometer lying on a table. Luzhin himself, also wearing a sailor suit, with a whistle on a white cord on his chest, was sitting on a hard chair by the window, glowering and biting his thumbnail. But the conjurer made up for everything. Even when, on the following day, Bersenev and Rosen came up to him in the school hall and bowed low, broke into vulgar guffaws of laughter, and quickly departed, arm in arm and swaying from side to side—even this mockery was unable to break the spell.

Upon his sullen request—whatever he said nowadays, his brows came painfully together—his mother brought him from the bazaar a large box painted a mahogany color and a book of tricks with a bemedalled gentleman in evening dress on the cover, lifting a rabbit by its ears. Inside the box were smaller boxes with false bottoms, a wand covered with starry paper, a pack of crude cards—the

picture cards being half jacks or half kings and half sheep in uniforms—a folding top hat with compartments, and a rope with two wooden gadgets at the ends, whose function was unclear. And there also were coquettish little envelopes containing powders for tinting water blue, red, and green. The book was much more entertaining, and Luzhin had no difficulty in learning several card tricks, which he spent hours showing to himself before the mirror.

The extremely detailed written report on his progress, which the school sent at Christmas, spoke at length, pleonastically, of his lethargy, apathy, sleepiness, and sluggishness. In place of marks there were epithets: an "unsatisfactory" in Russian language and several "barely satisfactory"s—one of them in mathematics. However, it was just at this time that he had become engrossed in a collection of problems entitled "Merry Mathematics." This book, which had been given to him as a present, had to do with the fantastical misbehavior of numbers and the wayward frolics of geometric lines. He experienced both bliss and horror in contemplating the way an inclined line, in a diagram illustrating the mysteries of parallelism, rotating spokelike, slid upward along another, vertical line. The vertical one was infinite, like all lines, and the inclined one, also infinite, sliding along it and rising ever higher as its angle decreased, was doomed to eternal motion, for it was impossible for it to slip off, and the point of their intersection, together with Luzhin's soul, glided upward along an endless path. But with the aid of a ruler he forced them to unlock; he simply redrew them, parallel to one another, and this gave him the feeling that out there, in infinity, where he had forced the inclined line to jump off, an unthinkable catastrophe had taken place, an inexplicable miracle, and he lingered long in those heavens where earthly lines go out of their mind.



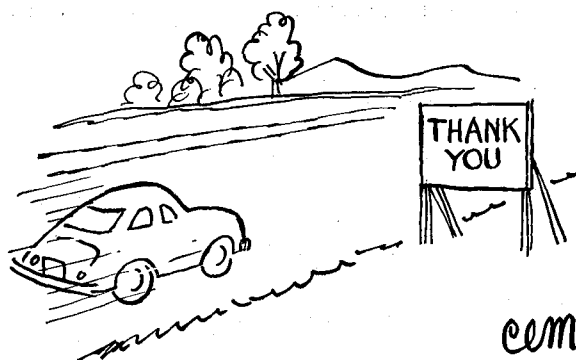
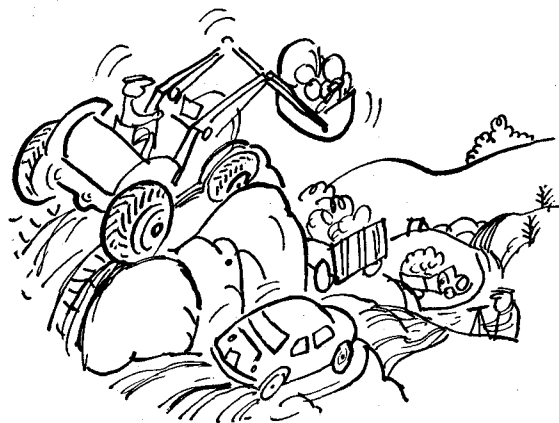
For a while he found an illusory relief in jigsaw puzzles. At first they were simple childish ones, consisting of large pieces cut out with rounded teeth at the edges, like *petit-beurre* cookies, which interlocked so tenaciously that it was possible to lift whole sections of the puzzle without their breaking apart. But that year there came from England the fad of jigsaw puzzles for adults—"poozels," as they called them at the best toyshop in St. Petersburg. These were cut out with extraordinary ingenuity: pieces of all shapes, from a simple disc (part of a future blue sky) to the most intricate forms, rich in corners, capes, isthmuses, cunning projections that did not allow you to tell where they were supposed to fit—whether they were to fill up the piebald hide of a cow, already almost completed, or whether this dark border on a green background was the shadow of the crook of a shepherd, whose ear and part of whose head were plainly visible on a more outspoken piece. And when a cow's haunch gradually appeared on the left, and on the right, against some foliage, a hand with a shepherd's pipe, and when the empty space above became built up with heavenly blue and the blue disc fitted smoothly into the sky, Luzhin felt wonderfully stirred by the precise combinations of these varicolored pieces that formed, at the last moment, an intelligible picture.

Some of these brain-twisters were very expensive and consisted of several thousand pieces. They were brought by his young aunt—a gay, tender, red-haired aunt—and he would spend hours bent over a card table in the drawing room, measuring with his eyes each projection before trying if it would fit into this or that recess, and attempting to determine in advance, by scarcely perceptible signs, the essence of the picture. From the next room, full of the noise of guests, his aunt would call to him, "For goodness' sake, don't lose any of

the pieces!" Sometimes his father would come in, look at the puzzle, and say, "This undoubtedly goes in here," and then Luzhin without looking round would mutter, "Rubbish, rubbish, don't interfere," and his father would cautiously apply his lips to the tufted top of his son's head and depart, past the gilded chairs, past the vast mirror, past the reproduction of "Phryne Taking Her Bath," past the piano—a large, silent piano shod with thick glass and caparisoned with a brocaded cloth.

IN April, during the Easter holidays, the whole world suddenly went dark for Luzhin, as if someone had thrown a switch, and in the darkness only one thing remained brilliantly lit, a newborn wonder, a dazzling islet on which his whole life was destined to be concentrated. The happiness onto which he fastened came to stay; that April day froze forever, while somewhere else the movement of seasons, the city spring, the country summer, continued on a different plane—dim currents that barely affected him.

It began innocently. On the anniversary of his father-in-law's death, Luzhin senior organized a musical evening in his apartment. He himself had little understanding of music; he nourished a secret,



shameful passion for "La Traviata," and at concerts listened to the piano only at the beginning, after which he contented himself with watching the pianist's hands reflected in the black varnish. But, willy-nilly, he had to organize that musical evening at which works of his late father-in-law would be played. As it was, the newspapers had been silent for too long—the oblivion was complete, leaden, hopeless—and his wife kept repeating with a tremulous smile that it was all intrigue, intrigue, intrigue; that even during his lifetime others had envied her father's genius; and that now they wanted to suppress his posthumous fame. Wearing

a black, open-necked dress and a superb diamond dog collar, with a permanent expression of drowsy amiability on her puffy white face, she received the guests quietly, without exclaiming, whispering to each a few rapid, soft-sounding words; but inwardly she was beset by shyness and kept looking about for her husband, who was moving back and forth with mincing steps, his starched shirt front swelling cuirasslike out of his waistcoat—a genial, discreet gentleman in the first timid throes of literary venerability. "Stark naked again," sighed the editor of an art magazine, taking a passing look at Phryne, who was particularly vivid as a result

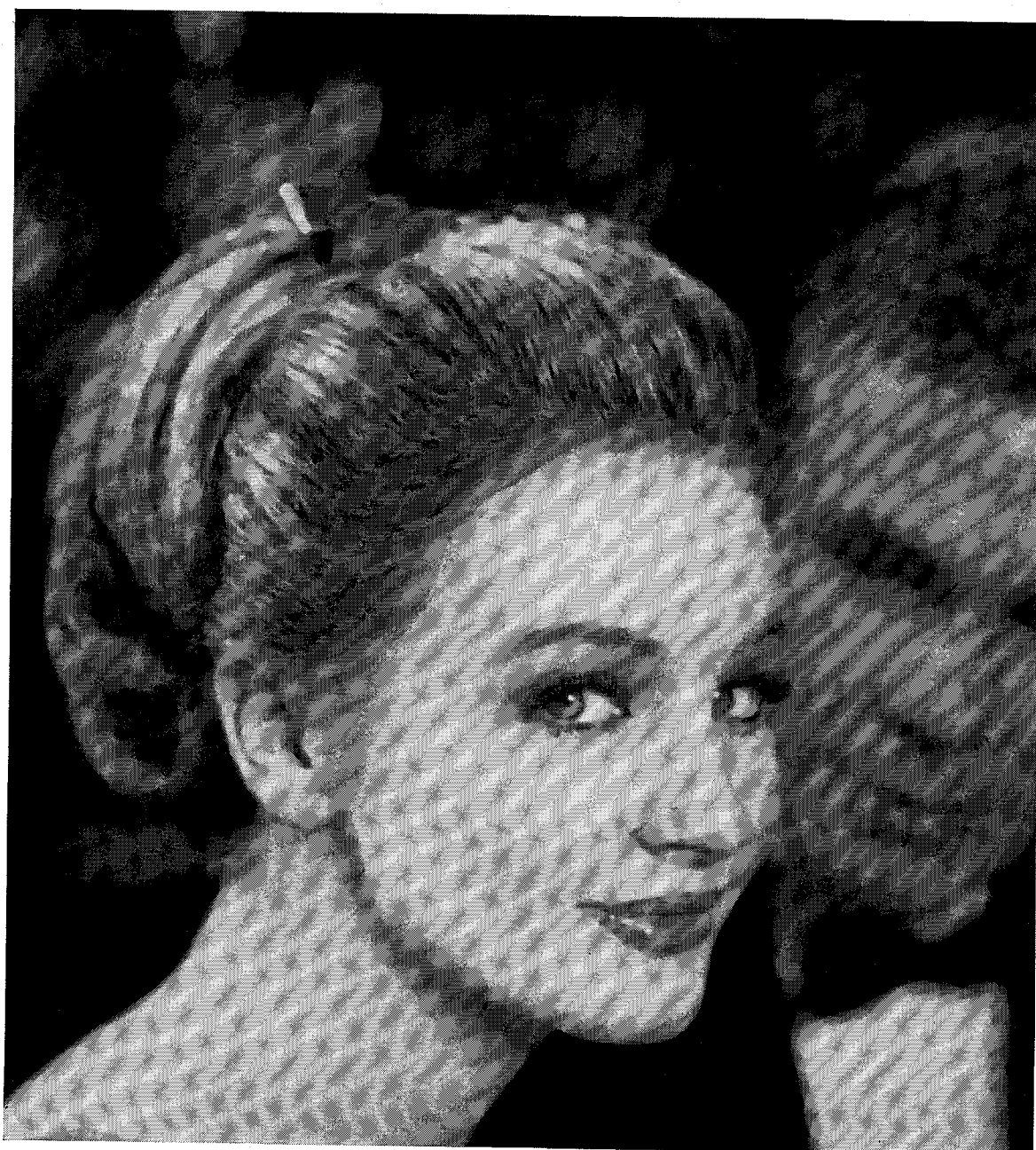
of the intensified light. At this point young Luzhin cropped up under his feet and had his head stroked. The boy recoiled. "How huge he's grown," said a woman's voice from behind. He hid behind someone's tails. "No, I beg your pardon," thundered out above his head. "Such demands must not be made on our press!" Not at all huge but, on the contrary, very small for his years, he wandered among the guests, trying to find a quiet spot. Sometimes somebody caught him by the shoulder and asked idiotic questions. The drawing room looked especially crowded, because of the gilded chairs that had been placed in rows. Someone carefully came through the door carrying a music stand.

By imperceptible stages Luzhin made his way to his father's study, where it was dark, and settled on a divan in the corner. From the distant drawing room, through two intervening rooms, came the tender wail of a violin. He listened sleepily, clasping his knees and looking at a chink of lacy light between the loosely closed curtains, through which a gas lamp from the street shone lilac-tinged white. From time to time a faint glimmer sped over the ceiling in a mysterious arc, and a gleaming dot showed on the desk—he did not know what: perhaps one facet of a paperweight in the guise of a heavy crystal egg or a reflection in the glass of a desk photograph. He had almost dozed off when he started at the ringing of a telephone on the desk, and it became immediately clear that the gleaming dot was on the telephone support.

The butler came in from the dining room, turned on, in passing, a light that illuminated only the desk, placed the receiver to his ear, and, without noticing Luzhin, went out again, having carefully laid the receiver on the leather-bound blotter. A minute later he returned, accompanying a gentleman, who, as soon as he entered the circle of



"Will you promise me one thing? Promise me you won't feel detached tonight."

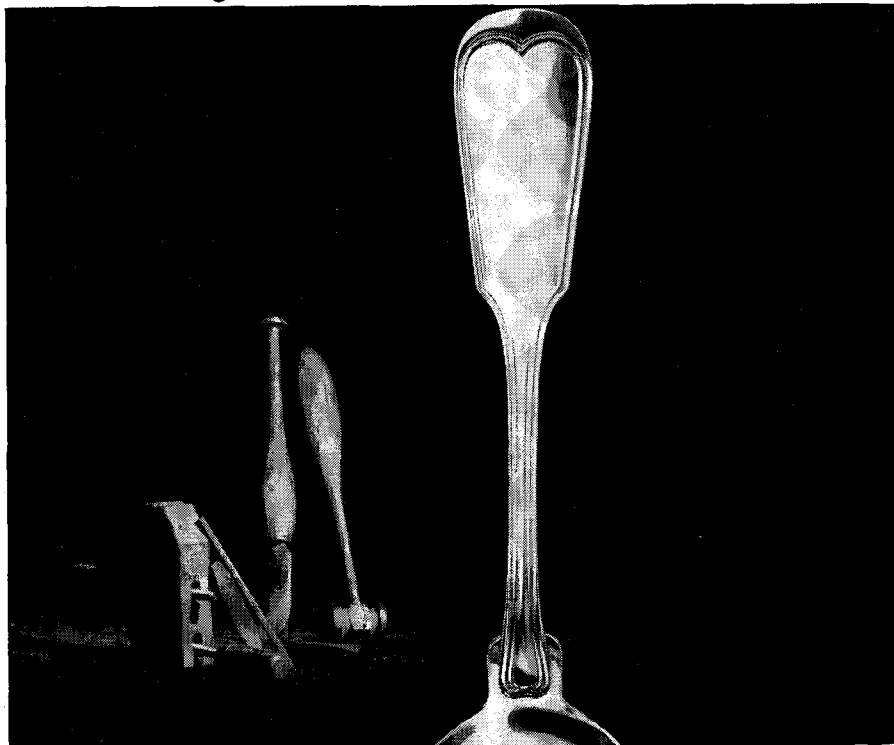


The “Miss Monteil” look

Miss Monteil wears “Cat’s-Eye Green Eye Shadow” on her eyes—
“Navy Pink” on her lips—and a handsome man wherever she goes !

Germaine Monteil

Once you had to inherit it



Today you can find the beloved form of Fiddle Thread in Frank Smith Sterling

48-pc. service for 12, \$426. At Shreve's, Boston; Peacock's, Chicago; Linz, Dallas; Hudson's, Detroit; Adler's, New Orleans; Caldwell's, Phila.; Mermod-Jaccard-King, St. Louis; Gump's, S.F.; other fine stores. Frank Smith Silver Co., Division of Webster Co., North Attleboro, Mass. Silversmiths since 1896.



THE NEW PORTFOLIO OF 500 BAKER DESIGNS. \$2.00

Baker Furniture, Inc.
CABINET MAKERS

305 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN

DISPLAYS MAY BE SEEN IN: NEW YORK • CHICAGO • PITTSBURGH • LOS ANGELES
DALLAS • PHILADELPHIA • SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS • ATLANTA • GRAND RAPIDS

light, picked up the receiver and with his other hand groped behind him for the back of the desk chair. The servant closed the door behind him, cutting off the distant ripple of music.

"Hello," said the gentleman. Luzhin looked at him out of the darkness, fearing to move and embarrassed by the fact that a complete stranger was reclining so comfortably at his father's desk. "No, I've already played," the man said, looking upward, while his white, restless hand fidgeted with something on the desk. A cab clip-clopped hollowly over the wooden pavement. "I think so," said the gentleman. Luzhin could see his profile—an ivory nose, black hair, a bushy eyebrow. "Frankly, I don't know why you are calling me here," he said quietly, continuing to fiddle with something on the desk. "If it was only to check up . . . You silly!" He laughed and commenced to swing one foot in its patent-leather shoe back and forth. Then he placed the receiver between his ear and his shoulder and, replying intermittently with "Yes" and "No" and "Perhaps," used both hands to pick up the object he had been playing with on the desk. It was a polished box that had been presented to Luzhin's father a few days before. Luzhin junior had not yet had a chance to look inside, and now he watched the gentleman's hands with curiosity. But he did not open the box immediately. "Me, too," he said. "Many times, many times . . . Good night, little girl." Having hung up the receiver, he sighed and opened the box. However, he turned in such a way that Luzhin could see nothing from behind his black shoulder.

Luzhin moved cautiously, but a cushion slid onto the floor and the gentleman quickly looked round. "What are you doing here?" he asked. "My, my, how bad it is to eavesdrop!" Luzhin remained silent. "What's your name?" asked the gentleman amiably. Luzhin slid off the divan and came closer. A number of carved figures lay closely packed in the box. "Excellent chessmen," said the gentleman. "Does Papa play?"

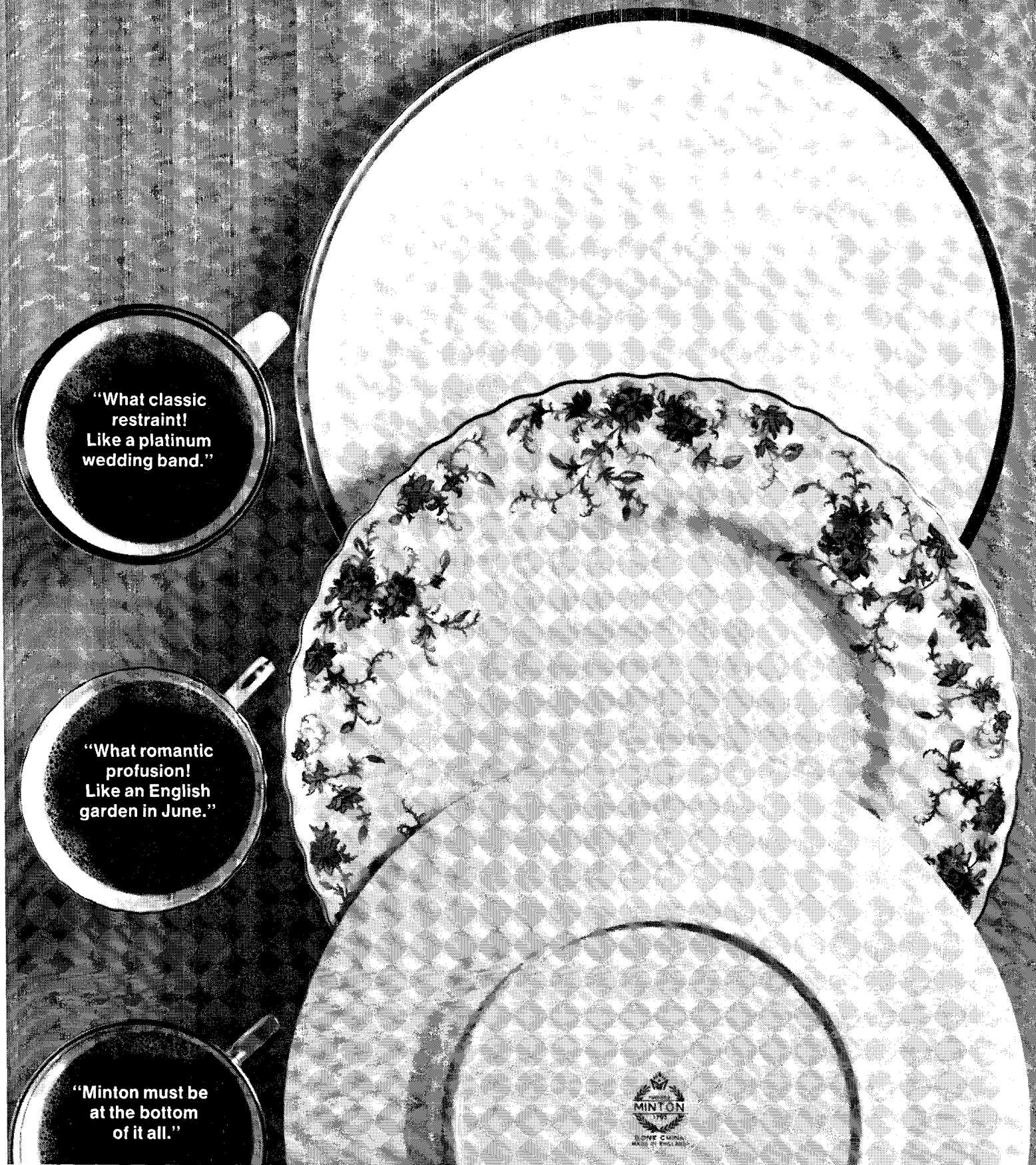
"I don't know," said Luzhin.

"And do you play yourself?"

Luzhin shook his head.

"That's a pity. You should learn. At ten I was already a good player. How old are you?"

Carefully the door was opened. Luzhin senior came in, on tiptoe. He had been prepared to find the violinist still talking on the telephone and had thought to whisper very tactfully, "Continue, continue, but when you finish, the audience would very much like



"What classic
restraint!
Like a platinum
wedding band."

"What romantic
profusion!
Like an English
garden in June."

"Minton must be
at the bottom
of it all."

You can buy a Minton place setting for \$18.75. Or order a custom design, bearing your coat of arms, for \$1,000. The china will be identical. Only the decoration varies.

All Minton china is nearly 50% bone — almost twice as much as the law requires. All is hand made and hand decorated. So translucent you can see candlelight through it. So

strong, you can put it fearlessly in a dishwasher. Minton's gold never dims. Minton's flowers never fade.

Would you like to see a Minton pattern as simple as a platinum wedding band? Or one as lyrical as an English garden? Go to one of the dominant stores. They will welcome you like a queen.

Top, Palatine, \$21.75 per place setting. Center, Ancestral, \$26.75 per place setting. May we send you a color brochure of 39 Minton patterns? Minton, Inc., 41 E. 26th Street, New York 10, N.Y.

The world's most beautiful china



MINTON English Bone China

Fables for the very rich (and those who would like to be)



THE FOX AND THE CAREER COUNSELOR

Asked what he'd like to be when he grew up, young Reynard replied, "A philanthropist. They always seem to have so much money."

Moral: better to set your sights on where you're going than look back to see where you've been.

And that's exactly what our booklet "BUILDING A 2ND INCOME" is designed to do — help you, as a forward-looking investor, chart a course today that could help toward a better financial tomorrow.

You'll find this 20-page pocket guide to sound investing well worth reading...filled with pertinent advice on how to make your money work harder.

A copy is yours at our nearest office. Or write to our main office.

Francis I. duPont & Co.

Dept. C, One Wall Street, New York, N.Y. • DIgby 4-2000
Members New York and Pacific Coast Stock Exchanges and all principal security and commodity exchanges • More than 100 offices nationwide and abroad



and collect gems of fashion, of decor, of etcetera...for him or her, you or yours, your table or home. Discover the new, exotic, classic and unique from all round the world...here at Smith's—where quality has been a tradition for over 75 years.

H. A. & E. SMITH, LTD.
HAMILTON, BERMUDA

to hear something more." "Continue, continue," he said mechanically, and was brought up short upon seeing his son.

"No, no, I've already finished," the violinist replied, getting up. "Excellent chessmen. Do you play?"

"Indifferently," said Luzhin senior. And then to the boy, "What are you doing here? You, too, come and listen to the music."

"What a game, what a game," said the violinist, tenderly closing the box. "Combinations like melodies. You know, I can simply hear the moves."

"In my opinion, one needs great mathematical skill for chess," said Luzhin senior. "And in that respect I... They are awaiting you, Maestro."

"I would rather have a game," said the violinist with a laugh, as he left the room. "The game of the gods. Infinite possibilities."

"A very ancient invention," said Luzhin senior, and looked around at his son. "What's the matter? Come with us!"

Luzhin contrived to tarry in the dining room, where the table was laid with refreshments. He took a plateful of sandwiches and carried it away to his room. He ate while he undressed, and then ate in bed. He had already put the light out when his mother looked in and bent over him, the diamonds around her neck glinting in the half-light. He pretended to be asleep. She went away and was a long, long time—so as not to make a noise—closing the door.

He woke up next day with a feeling of incomprehensible excitement. The April morning was bright and windy, and the wooden street pavements had a violet sheen. Above the street, near Palace Arch, an enormous red-blue-and-white flag swelled elastically, the sky showing through it in three different tints—mauve, indigo, and pale blue. As always on a holiday, he went for a walk with his father, but these were not the former walks of his childhood; the midday cannon no longer frightened him, and Father's conversation was unbearable, for, finding a pretext in last night's concert, he kept hinting that it would be a good idea to take up music. For lunch there was the remains of the paschal cream cheese, now a squat little cone with a grayish shading on its round summit, and a still untouched Easter cake. His aunt, the same sweet auburn-haired aunt, who was really his mother's second cousin, was gay in the extreme, threw cake crumbs across the table, and related that for twenty-five rubles Latham was

**Prenez
des vacances
à la française
au Québec!**

Le Québec  **la belle province, vous invite**  **Si vous aimez l'atmosphère historique**  **la gaieté et la joie de vivre**  **les charmes de la nature, la cuisine (ah! la bonne cuisine**  **française!) la photographie, les sports**  **...vous aimerez le Québec! Et au Québec, pas de problèmes: pas d'océan**  **à traverser, pas de passeports, pas de**  **monnaies compliquées, et tout le confort moderne**  **On parle français**  **et anglais, et partout on parle le langage de l'hospitalité**  **Pour des vacances magnifiques, visitez le Québec! Au revoir**  **et bienvenue!**

QUÉBEC

Now that you've tried your French, come visit us and give us a chance to show off our English

For more information, mail in coupon 

Provincial Tourist Bureau,
Parliament Buildings,
Québec City, Canada.

Dept. AC 4-17

Please send me FREE your new
travel folders and road map of
la Province de Québec.



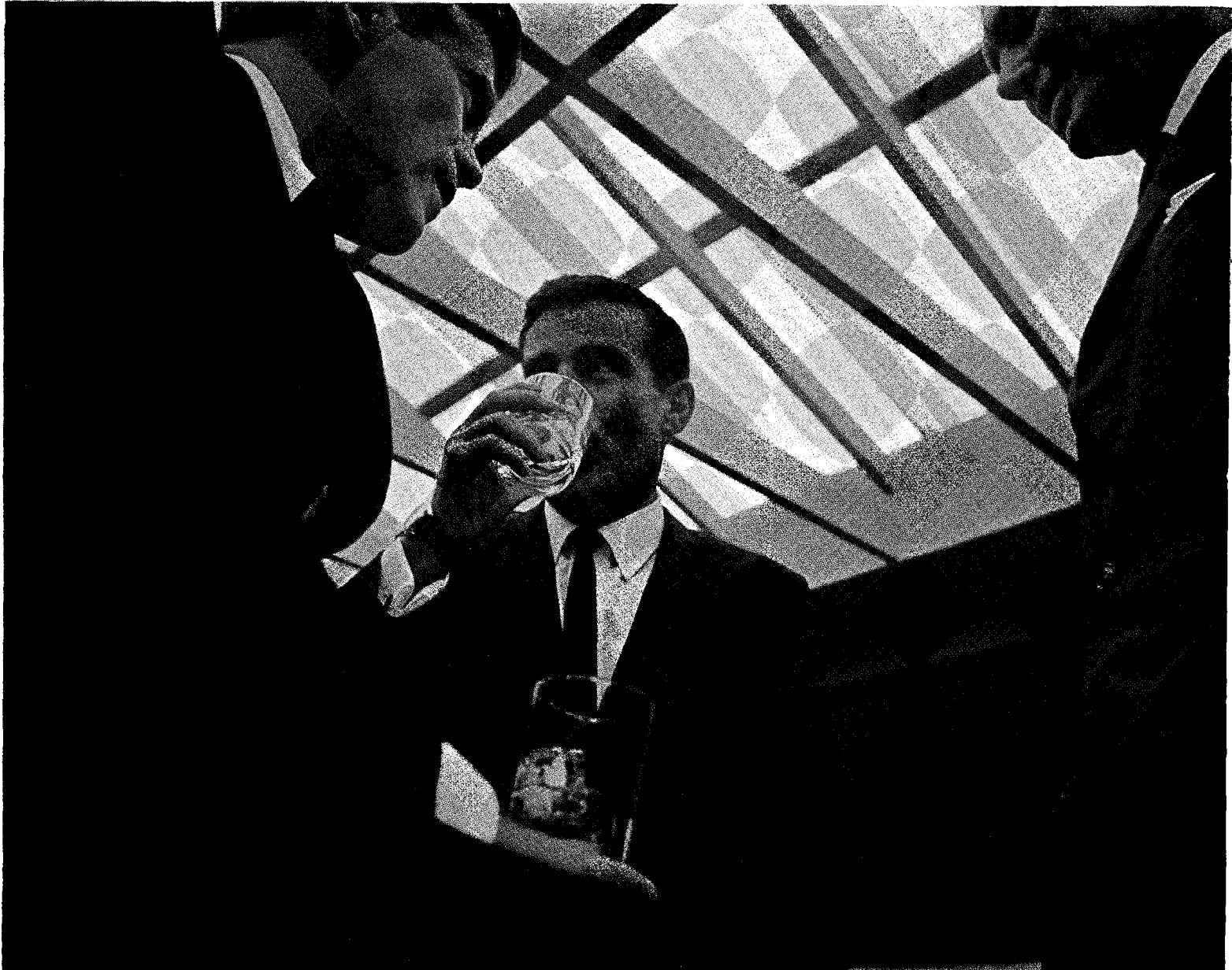
My main interest is.....

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

That great **V.O.** taste



combines brilliance of flavor and a special kind of lightness. Qualities that set V.O. apart from all other whiskies.

Known by the company it keeps...Seagram's Imported V.O.
(DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN CANADA)



CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES. SIX YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.

going to give her a ride in his Antoinette monoplane—which, by the way, was unable to leave the ground for the fifth day, while Voisin, on the contrary, kept circling the aerodrome like clock-work, and, moreover, so low that when he banked over the stands one could even see the cotton wool in his ears. Luzhin remembered that morning and that lunch with unusual brightness, the way you remember the day preceding a long journey. His father said it would be a good idea after lunch to drive to the islands beyond the Neva, where the clearings were carpeted with anemones. And while he was speaking, the young aunt landed a crumb right in Father's mouth. Luzhin's mother remained silent. Suddenly, after the second course, she got up, averting her face, which was twitching with restrained tears. Repeating under her breath, "It's nothing. Nothing. It'll pass in a moment," she hastily left the dining room. Father threw his napkin on the table and followed her.

"Let's go away somewhere," his aunt whispered in an embarrassed and nervous manner, and they left the table and went down the hall to the study, where a band of sunbeams, full of tiny spinning particles of dust, was focussed on an overstuffed armchair. She lit a cigarette, and folds of smoke started to sway, soft and transparent, in the sunbeams. This was the only person in whose presence Luzhin did not feel constrained, and now it was especially pleasant—a strange silence in the house, and a kind of expectation of something. "Well, let's play some game," she said, and took him by the neck from behind. "What a thin little neck you have; one can clasp it with one hand. . . ."

"Do you know how to play chess?" asked Luzhin stealthily, and, freeing his head, he rubbed his cheek against the delightful bright-blue silk of her sleeve.

"A game of snap would be better," she said absent-mindedly. A door banged somewhere. She winced and turned her face in the direction of the noise, listening.

"No, I want to play chess," said Luzhin.

"It's complicated, my dear. You can't learn it in an instant."

He went to the desk and found the box, which was standing behind a photograph. His aunt got up to take an ash-tray, ruminatively crooning, in conclusion of some thought of hers, "That would be terrible, that would be terrible. . . ."

"Here," said Luzhin, and put the

***In fifty years nobody
has managed to improve
on this simple blend***



Cope's very special tobacco from England

Copes perfected their Escudo blend in 1912, and in an otherwise unremarkable summer, made a bit of history.

For the blender who created Escudo created something remarkable: this wonderfully civilised tobacco is made from only two kinds of leaf. Fine Virginia and dark, luscious Perique from Louisiana. And nothing else! No scent, no flavouring: just pure tobacco—and a masterly touch of blender's magic.

Where did the name Escudo come from? Frankly we are not sure. But we believe there was a deal of to-ing and fro-ing between Britain and

Portugal about that time. And we like to think that the unusual shape of the sliced tobacco suggested the Portuguese gold escudo coin. If we're right that original blender would be pleased to know that, although the coin is now made from mere nickel, his Escudo tobacco is still pure gold. Unchanged in fifty years. Try a couple of ounces—from the best tobacconist you know.

If you have any difficulty in getting Escudo, please write for the address of your nearest stockist to the importers:

A. Oppenheimer & Co. Inc., 230 West Passaic St., Maywood, New Jersey.



A GALLAHER GROUP PRODUCT

THE BERMUDA SHOP LTD



WINNING SCORE
 well-fitting shorts of
 Moygashel Irish linen
 by Florence Walsh.
 Fly front style
 with side pockets.
 Coral, powder blue, natural
 or pale green.
 Sizes 8-16 **13.00**
 Blouse in similar shades
 of cotton. Sizes 8-16 **8.00**
 (PLEASE ADD 50¢ FOR SHIPPING)
 545 MADISON AVE., AT 55TH ST., NEW YORK 22



Why should all the medals go to men?

A charming wife, mother or friend might deserve one, too. If today's the day you feel her award is in order, may we suggest buying D'Orsay's working medal—a cloisonné French medal pin that holds a crème parfum (5 whole grams of Intoxication perfume) from France in its heart. \$7.50 p.f.t.

D'Orsay

box down on a low inlaid Turkish table.

"You need the board as well," she said. "And you know, it would be better for me to teach you checkers—it's simpler."

"No, chess," said Luzhin, and unrolled an oilcloth board.

"First let's place the pieces correctly," his aunt began with a sigh. "White here, black over there. King and queen next to each other. These, here, are the officers. These are the horses. And these, at each corner, are the cannons. Now..." Suddenly she froze, holding a piece in midair and looking at the door. "Wait," she said anxiously. "I think I left my handkerchief in the dining room. I'll be right back." She opened the door, but returned immediately. "Never mind," she said, and sat down again. "No, don't set them out without me; you'll do it the wrong way. This is called a pawn. Now watch how they all move. The horse gallops, of course."

Luzhin sat on the carpet, with his shoulder against her knee, and watched her hand, with its thin platinum bracelet, picking up the chessmen and putting them down. "The queen is the most mobile," he said with satisfaction, and adjusted the piece with his finger, since it was standing not quite in the center of the square.

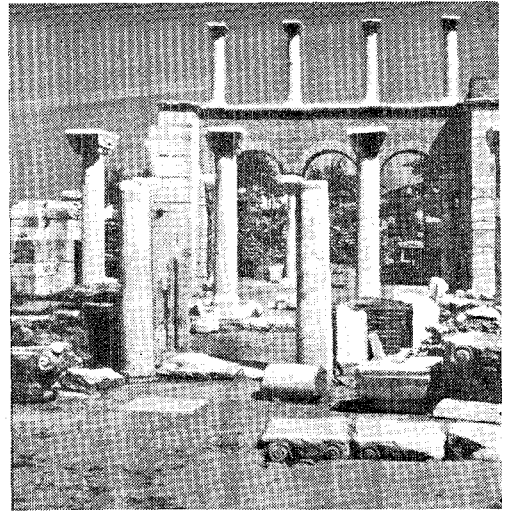
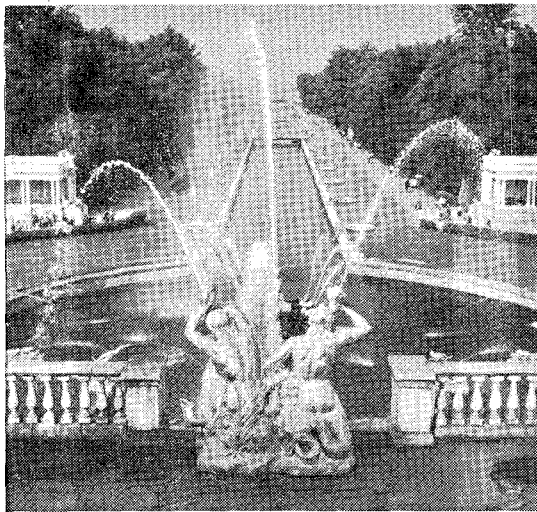
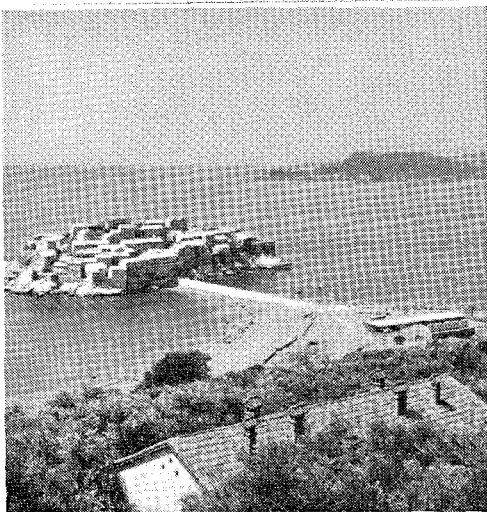
"And this is how one piece eats another," said his aunt. "As if pushing it out and taking its place. The pawns do this obliquely. When you can take the king but he can move out of the way, it's called 'check;' and when he's got nowhere to go, it's 'mate.' So your object is to take my king, and I have to take yours. You see how long it all takes to explain. Perhaps we can play another time, eh?"

"No, now," said Luzhin, and suddenly kissed her hand.

"That was sweet of you," said his aunt softly. "I never expected such tenderness. . . . You are a nice little boy, after all."

"Please let's play," said Luzhin, and, moving in a kneeling position on the carpet, reached the low table. But at that moment she got up from her seat so abruptly that she brushed the board with her skirt and knocked off several pieces.

In the doorway stood his father. "Go to your room," he said. Luzhin, who was being sent out of a room for the first time in his life, remained as he was on his knees, out of sheer astonishment. "Did you hear?" said his father. Luzhin flushed and began to look for the fallen pieces on the carpet. "Hurry up," said his father, in a thunderous



Sveti Stefan (Yugoslavia), Petrovits (Russia) and Ephesus (Turkey) are three intriguing spots you can visit with reliable KLM. For details, clip coupon.

UNDISCOVERED EUROPE

 **KLM** announces new tours and air/sea cruises that take you far off the beaten track—prices from \$827 for 3 weeks, everything included

Some of the places on these new **KLM** vacations are so unspoiled, most tourists have never heard of them. Yet you can visit them *comfortably* in three or four weeks with reliable **KLM**. Read on for highlights of these carefree **KLM** tours. Then clip coupon for full details.

1. **KLM's "Yugoslavia, Greece and Europe" Tours.** Up to 20 destinations, including some of Europe's loveliest nooks. Example: Sveti Stefan (see picture, above left)—an idyllic resort island in the Adriatic. You'll also see favorite cities, like Dubrovnik, Athens, Rome, Vienna, Nice and Amsterdam. As low as \$826.40 for three weeks, everything included. Choice of *six* itineraries.

2. **KLM's "Pearls of the Mediterranean" Tours.** For sheer escapism, fly away to Morocco, Algeria, Egypt, the Holy Land, Greece, Sardinia, Malta, Corsica. A dozen ports of call, including Ephesus where St. Paul preached (see picture, above right).

These are not group tours. Many include five-day cruises. Yet **KLM's** inclusive prices start at only \$924.90 for three

weeks. Choice of *seven* itineraries.

3. **KLM's "Soviet Union and Europe" Tours.** On these escorted tours, you visit the art treasures, citadels, cathedrals, palaces and theatres in Leningrad, Moscow and Kiev.

To complete your tour, choose from *three* itineraries: Warsaw, Berlin, Prague; or Bucharest, Sofia, Budapest; or Helsinki, Stockholm, Copenhagen. Prices start at just over \$1000 for three weeks, everything included. **KLM** will even

help you arrange passports and visas.

IMPORTANT: All tour prices listed above include **KLM's** new 21-day jet economy excursion fare from New York, hotel and cruise accommodations, travel within Europe, most meals and sightseeing.

You'll find full details in **KLM's** new catalog, "The World Is Your Vacationland." For a free copy, clip coupon below. If you can't wait for the mailman, see your travel agent.



For a free copy of KLM's 20-page brochure, "The World Is Your Vacationland," simply clip this coupon. New catalog is chockful of travel bargains in Europe, the Mediterranean and around the world.

KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, Dept. C
609 Fifth Ave., New York 17 • Tel: PLaza 9-3600

Please send me KLM's "The World Is Your Vacationland," and the following detailed KLM tour folders:

- ☐ "Yugoslavia, Greece & Europe"
- ☐ "Pearls of the Mediterranean"
- ☐ "Soviet Union and Europe"

Name _____ Phone _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____

State _____

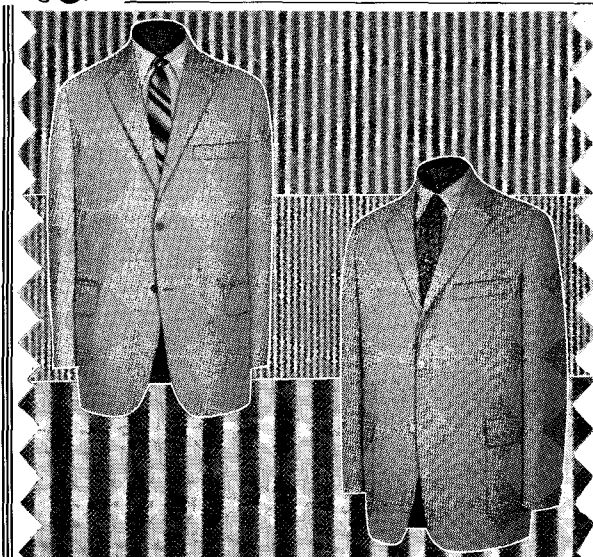


(My travel agent is) **ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES**

B-13



WASHABLE SEERCORDS AND SEERSUCKERS



Crisp, cool and comfortable — *Striped Seercords and Seersuckers* — high in demand for hot weather wear.

SUITS in Washable Cotton Seercord — Blue/White and Gray/White — in the J. PRESS model finished with ¼" raised edges and seams, and hook vent.....\$45

JACKETS in Washable Cotton Blue/White Hairline Cord — and in Washable Cotton Seersucker — Gray/White and Blue/White — detailed with patch and flap lower pockets, deep hook vent, double stitched edge trim and piped seams.....\$29.50

Mail Orders Filled. Submit height, weight, chest and waist measures. Include 75c for mailing. Sample Swatches and Brochure Sent On Request.

CURRENT EXHIBITS



Atlanta
Dinkler-Plaza Hotel
May 15th & 16th

Charlottesville
Paul's-Below-the-Steps
May 11th, 12th & 13th

Cincinnati
Netherland-Hilton Hotel
May 13th & 14th

Columbus
Deshler-Hilton Hotel
May 11th & 12th

Dallas
Hotel Adolphus
May 11th & 12th

Dayton
Van Cleve Hotel
May 15th & 16th

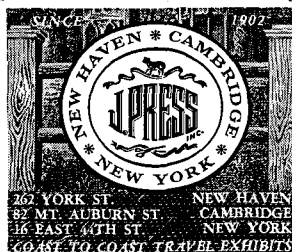
Houston
Rice Hotel
May 13th, 14th & 15th

Indianapolis
Sheraton-Lincoln Hotel
May 18th & 19th

Midland
Hotel Scharbauer
May 18th & 19th

New Orleans
Roosevelt Hotel
May 18th & 19th

Exhibit Dates For 24
Other Cities On Request.



voice such as he had never used before.

His aunt hastily began to put the pieces any which way into their box. Her hands trembled. One pawn would not go in. "Now take it, take it!" she said.

Luzhin slowly rolled up the oilcloth board and, his face darkened by a sense of deep injury, took the box. He was unable to close the door behind him, since both hands were full. His father took a swift stride and slammed the door so hard that Luzhin dropped the board, which immediately unfolded. He had to put the box down and roll the thing up again. Behind the door of the study there was at first silence, then the creak of an armchair under his father's weight, and then his aunt's breathless, interrogative whisper. Luzhin reflected disgustedly that today everyone had gone mad, and went to his room. There he immediately set out the pieces as his aunt had shown him and considered them for a long time, after which he put them away very neatly in their box.

From that day, the chess set remained with him, and it was weeks before his father noticed its absence. From that day, there was in Luzhin's room a fascinating and mysterious toy, the use of which he had still not learned. From that day, his aunt never again came to visit them.

A week or so later, at school an empty gap occurred between the first and third lesson. When five minutes after the bell no one had come in, there ensued, for everyone but Luzhin, such a premonition of happiness that it seemed the heart would not hold out should the glass door open and the geography teacher come dashing—as was his habit—almost at a run into the room. Luzhin, bent low over his desk, was sharpening a pencil, trying to make the point as sharp as a pin. An excited din swelled around him. Sometimes in place of the regular teacher the predatory little mathematics teacher would come creeping into the room and, having closed the door soundlessly, begin to select pieces of chalk from the ledge beneath the blackboard, with an evil smile on his face. But a full ten minutes elapsed and no one appeared. The din grew louder. From an excess of happiness somebody banged a desk lid. The class tutor sprang up out of nowhere. "Absolute quiet!" he said. "I want absolute quiet. Valentin Ivanovich is sick. Occupy yourselves with something. But there must be absolute quiet." He went away. Large, fluffy clouds shone outside the window; something gurgled and dripped; sparrows chirped. Blissful hour, bewitching hour. Luzhin apathetically began to

**Fresh Sensation: West Indian
LIME COLOGNE***

From the Virgin Islands comes a remarkable cologne for men: Essence of fresh West Indian limes with a dash of bitters and tropical spices. A brilliant counterpoint in aromas. Stimulating, curiously uplifting, completely masculine. For after shave or bath. 8 oz., \$7.50; 4 oz., \$4.50 plus U.S. Tax. Another of the seventeen imports of West Indies Bay Company, The Virgin Islands.

For nearest store, write U.S. agent; Myron W. McIntyre, Ltd., 292 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. *Exclusive trademark



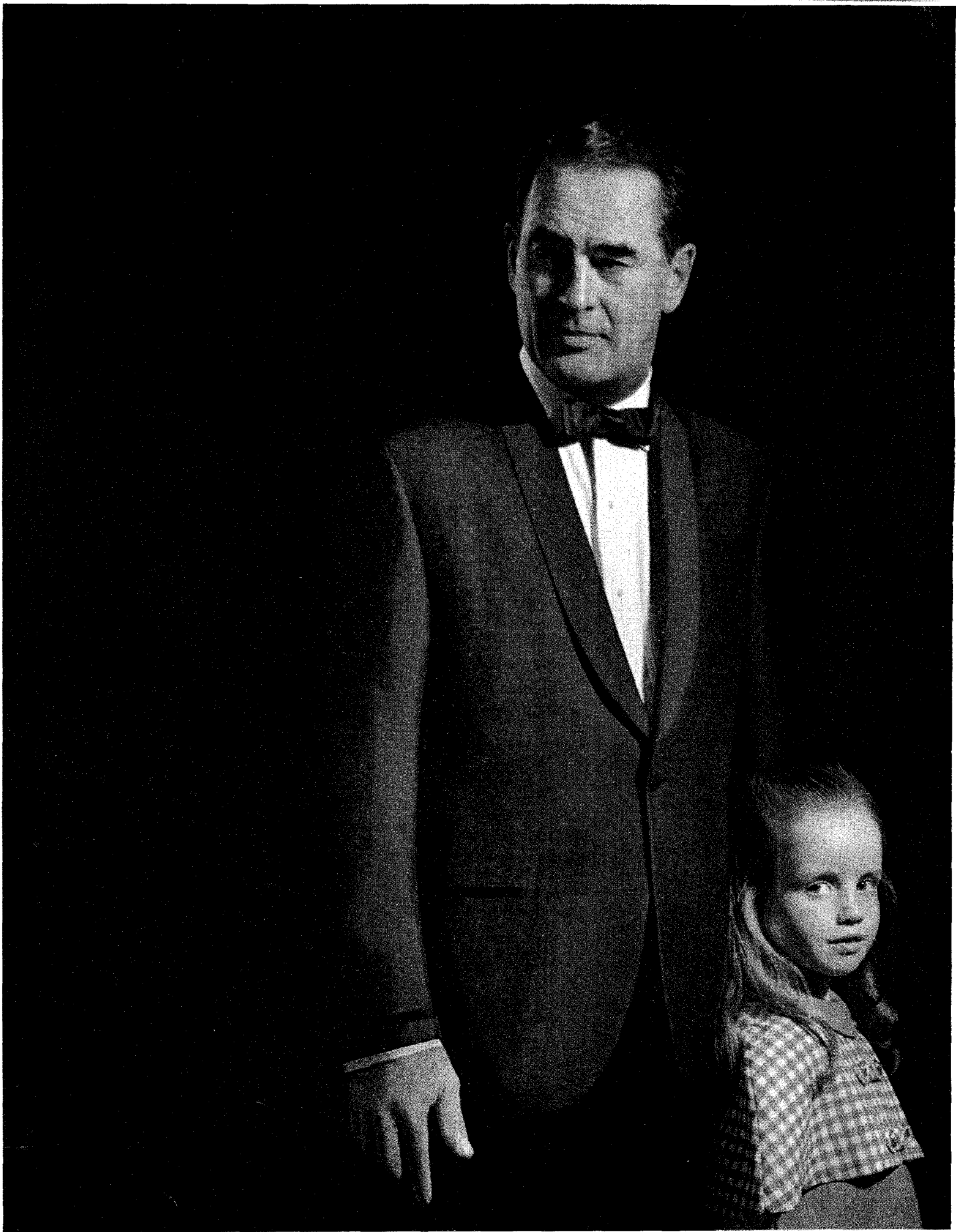
Return Match

Johnston & Murphy replays a theme from an earlier, more gracious age: the clean-cut white shoe. The "Westbury" slip-on is a natural with this summer's trend to fresh, light-tone clothing. Its lean lines recall leisurely elegance; its lack of clutter is refreshing. The supple shrunken calf is white through and through, so a quick once-over with soap and water restores the extravagant cleanliness. Crafted with traditional Johnston & Murphy skill in all white, black and white, brown and white, \$32.50.

Johnston & Murphy

GENESCO PARK, NASHVILLE 1, TENNESSEE/GENESCO  EVERYTHING TO WEAR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Look is Lord West...and the lady approves. Contemporary dinner jacket from the new Lord West spring collection. In teal blue or cranberry, fifty dollars* at finer stores.

Lord West

101 West 21 Street NYC

*slightly higher west of the Rockies.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sharpen yet another pencil. Gromov was telling some story in a hoarse voice, pronouncing strange obscene words with gusto. Petrishchev begged everyone to explain to him how we know that they are equal to two right-angled ones. And suddenly, behind him, Luzhin distinctly heard a special sound, wooden and rattly, that caused him to grow hot and his heart to skip a beat. Cautiously he turned round. Krebs and the only quiet boy in the class were nimbly setting out light little chessmen on a six-inch board. They were sitting sidewise, with the board on the desk bench, between them. Luzhin, forgetting to finish sharpening his pencil, went up to them. The players took no notice of him. The quiet boy, when trying many years later to remember his schoolmate Luzhin, never recalled that casual chess game, played during an empty hour. Mixing up dates, he extracted from the past a vague impression of Luzhin's once winning a school match. Something itched in his memory, but he could not get at it.

"There goes the tower," said Krebs. Luzhin followed his hand, thinking, with a tremor of momentary panic, that his aunt had not told him the names of all the pieces. But "tower" turned out to be a synonym for "cannon."

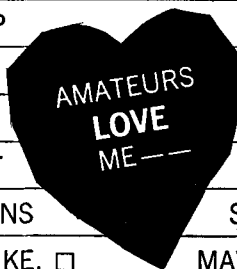
"I didn't see you could take, that's all," said the other.

"All right, take your move back," said Krebs.

With envy and frustration Luzhin watched the game, striving to perceive those harmonious patterns the musician had spoken of, and feeling that he understood the game better than these two, although he was completely ignorant of how it should be conducted, why this was good and that bad, and what one should do to penetrate the opposite king's camp without losses. And there was one kind of move that pleased him very much, amusing in its sleekness: Krebs' king slid up to the piece he called a "tower," and the tower jumped over the king. Then he saw the other king come out from behind its pawns (one had been knocked out, like a tooth) and begin to step distractedly back and forth.

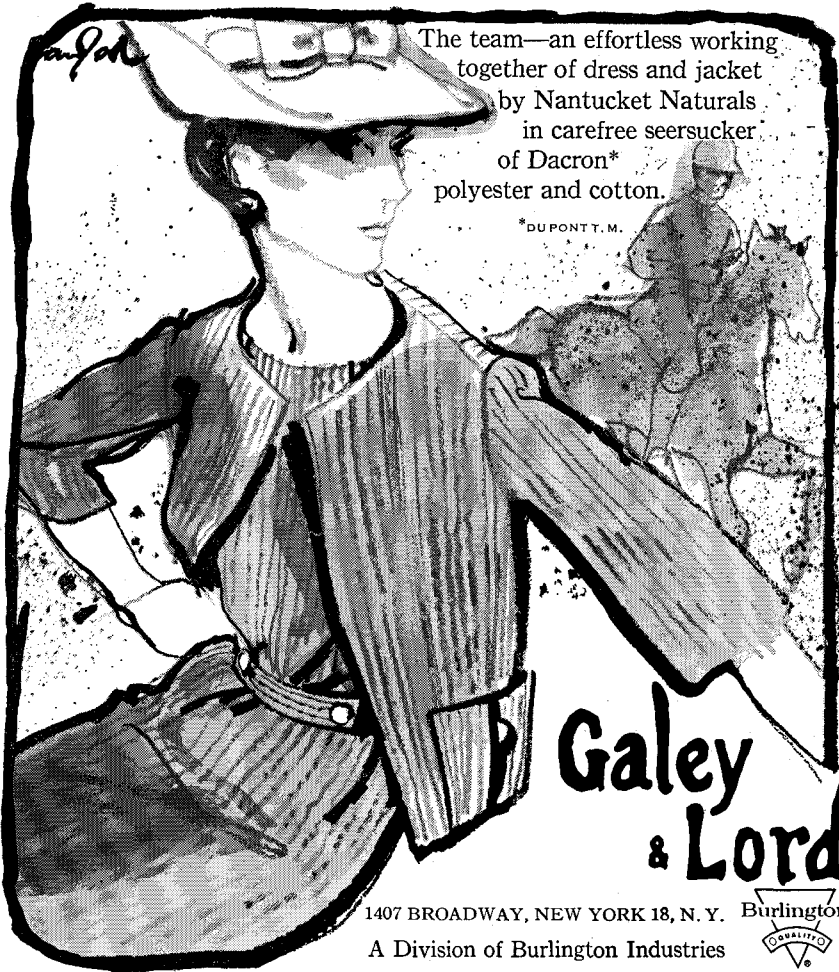
"Check," said Krebs. "Check" (and the stung king leaped to one side); "you can't go here and you can't go here, either. Check, I'm taking your queen, check." At this point he lost a piece himself and began insisting he should replay his move. The class bully filiped Luzhin on the back of the head and, simultaneously, with his other hand, knocked the board onto the floor. For the second time in his life,

—AND TO BE PERFECTLY HONEST, I LOVE THEM TOO. I'M STRICTLY FOR PEOPLE WHO ENJOY HAVING GOOD PICTURES, BUT WHO FRET ABOUT THE MECHANICAL BUSINESS OF TAKING THEM. MOST CAMERAS IN MY PEER GROUP TEND TO MAKE PEOPLE WARY, POSSIBLY EVEN NERVOUS, BUT NOT I. SIMPLY SET MY SHUTTER SPEED AND I'LL TAKE OVER THE LENS-OPENING ADJUSTMENTS, AUTOMATICALLY. THAT WAY YOU GET CRISP COLOR SLIDES OR BLACK-AND-WHITE PRINTS FROM EVERY SCENE YOU SHOOT. □ LATER ON, WHEN YOU'VE GOT THE HANG OF IT, YOU JUST RESET ME SO YOU CAN CHOOSE YOUR OWN LENS SETTINGS. I'M AUTOMATIC OR NOT, JUST AS YOU LIKE. □ MAY I GET TECHNICAL FOR A MOMENT? JUST LONG ENOUGH TO SAY THAT I HAVE A FAST f/2.8 COLOR-PANTAR LENS, AND A PRONTOR-MATIC SHUTTER (1/30 TO 1/125 SEC. AND TIME EXPOSURE). □ FOR LESS THAN \$80 I COME IN A HANDSOME KIT THAT INCLUDES AN EVEREADY CASE, IKOBLITZ 5 FLASH GUN, AND LENS SHADE. □ PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE GIVEN YOU MY NAME EARLIER. I'M THE ZEISS IKON CONTESSAMAT 35 AUTOMATIC.



WRITE DEPT. 22 FOR LITERATURE.
CARL ZEISS INC., 444 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.
IN CANADA, CARL ZEISS CANADA LTD., 60 OVERLEA BLVD., TORONTO 17, ONTARIO





The team—an effortless working together of dress and jacket by Nantucket Naturals in carefree seersucker of Dacron* polyester and cotton.

*DUPONT T.M.

Galey & Lord

1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y. 

A Division of Burlington Industries

FOR YOUR NEAREST RETAILER WRITE US AT 1407 BROADWAY, N. Y.




A CARTIER JEWEL
Sapphires and diamonds
gracefully fashioned
in a platinum
clip brooch \$6500.

ACTUAL SIZE.
FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED.

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK • PLAZA 3-0111

Luzhin noticed how unstable a thing chess was.

USUALLY he went to school in a sleigh cab, and he always made a careful study of the cab's number, dividing it up in a special way in order the better to store it away in his memory and extract it thence whole should he require it. But the next day he did not go as far as school, and he forgot, in his excitement, to memorize the number. Glancing around fearfully, he got out at Karavannaya Street and, by a circular route, avoiding the region of the school, reached Sergievskaya Street. On the way, he happened to run into the geography teacher, who, with enormous strides, a briefcase under his arm, was rushing in the direction of school, blowing his nose and expectorating as he went. Luzhin turned aside so abruptly that a mysterious object rattled heavily in his satchel. Only when the teacher, like a blind wind, had swept past him did Luzhin become aware that he was standing before a hairdresser's window and that the frizzled heads of three waxen ladies with pink nostrils were staring directly at him.

He took a deep breath and swiftly walked along the wet sidewalk, unconsciously trying to adjust his steps so that his heel always landed on a join between two paving slabs. But the slabs were all of different widths and this hampered his walk. Then he stepped down onto the pavement in order to escape temptation and sloshed on in the mud along the edge of the sidewalk. Finally he caught sight of the house he wanted—plum-colored, with naked old men straining to hold up a balcony, and stained glass in the front door. He turned in at the gate, past a spur stone showing the white marks of pigeons, stole across an inner court where two servants with rolled-up sleeves were washing a dazzling carriage, went up a staircase, and rang the bell.

"She's still asleep," said the maid, looking at him with surprise. "Wait here, won't you? I'll let Madam know in a little while."

Luzhin shrugged off his satchel in a businesslike fashion and laid it beside him on a table, which also bore a porcelain inkwell, a blotting case embroidered with beads, and an unfamiliar picture of his father (a book in one hand, a finger of the other pressed to his temple). For lack of anything better to do, he commenced to count the different hues in the carpet. He had been in this room only once before—when, at his father's suggestion, he took his aunt, for Christmas, a large

box of chocolates, half of which he had himself eaten and the remainder of which he had rearranged so that it would not be noticed. Up until just recently, the aunt had been at their place every day, but now she had stopped coming, and there was something in the air, some elusive interdiction that prevented him from asking about it at home. Having counted nine different shades, he shifted his gaze to a silk screen embroidered with rushes and storks. He had just begun to wonder whether similar storks were on the other side as well when at last his aunt came—her hair not yet done and wearing a kind of flowery kimono with sleeves like wings.

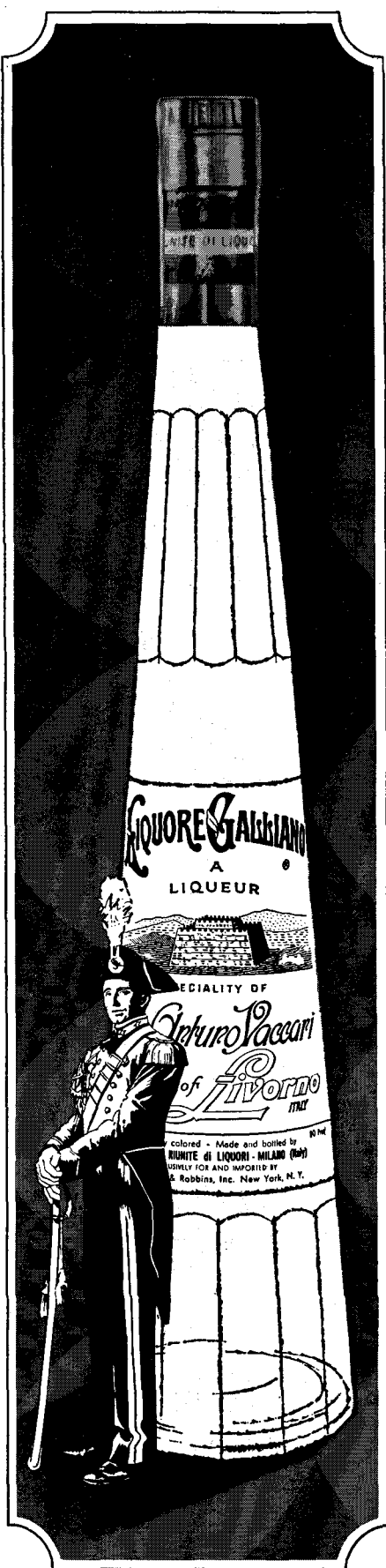
"Where did you spring from?" she exclaimed. "And what about school? Oh, what a funny boy you are. . . ."

Two hours later he emerged onto the street. His satchel, now empty, was so light that it bounced on his shoulder blades. He had to pass the time somehow until the usual hour of his return home. He wandered into Tavrishesky Park, and the emptiness in his satchel gradually began to annoy him. In the first place, the thing he had left with his aunt, as a precaution, might somehow get lost before next time, and in the second place, it would have come in handy at home during the evenings. He resolved to act differently in future.

"Family circumstances," he replied next day, when the teacher casually inquired why he had not been in school.

On Thursday, he left school early, and during the following week he missed three days in a row, explaining, when he came to school again, that he had had a sore throat. On Wednesday of the week after this, he had a relapse. On Saturday, he was late for the first lesson, even though he had left home earlier than usual. On Sunday, he amazed his mother by announcing that he had been invited to a friend's house—and he was away five hours. On Wednesday, school broke up early (it was one of those wonderful blue dusty days at the very end of April, when the end of the school term is already imminent and such indolence overcomes one), but he did not get home until much later than usual. And then there was a whole week of absence—a rapturous, intoxicating week. The teacher telephoned his home to find out what was the matter with him. His father answered the phone.

When Luzhin returned home around four o'clock in the afternoon, his father led him, without a word, into his study and there, with arms folded across his chest, requested an explana-



**Fond of things
Italiano?**

Having a party? Invite Galliano, the legendary liqueur that sparkles with Italian sunshine... and makes dazzling good cocktails. For those with an adventurous taste, the following recipes are recommended:

BOSSA NOVA SPECIAL



(Prize-Winning Recipe—Nassau Beach Hotel Competition)
1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. Light Rum

¼ oz. Apricot Flavored Brandy
2 oz. Pineapple Juice
½ oz. White of Egg ¼ oz. Lemon Juice
Shake well, pour into a tall glass with ice cubes and decorate with fruit.

SCOTCH FROG COCKTAIL



(Prize-Winning Recipe—United Kingdom Bartenders Guild)
1 oz. Vodka
½ oz. Galliano
½ oz. Cointreau

Juice of 1 Lime Dash of Angostura Bitters
1 teaspoon Maraschino Cherry Juice
Shake and strain into champagne glass.

GALLIANO MIST



Fill old-fashioned glass with cracked ice. Pour 1 oz. Galliano over ice and squeeze and drop ¼ section fresh lime into glass. Stir and serve.

ITALIAN STINGER COCKTAIL



1 oz. Galliano
1¼ oz. Brandy

Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

COCKTAIL ST. VINCENT



(Prize-Winning Recipe—Associazione Italiana Barmen e Sostenitori)
1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. Light Cream

1 oz. Gin Few drops of Grenadine
Shake with ice and serve in cocktail glass.

GOLDEN CADILLAC



1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. White Creme de Cacao
1 oz. Cream

Place in blender with small quantity of crushed ice. Use low speed for short time until creamy. Pour into champagne glass.

WHITE MINK



1 oz. Galliano
½ oz. Triple Sec
½ oz. Vodka
½ oz. Cream
½ oz. Orange Juice

Shake with ice. Strain into champagne glass.

GOLDEN DREAM COCKTAIL

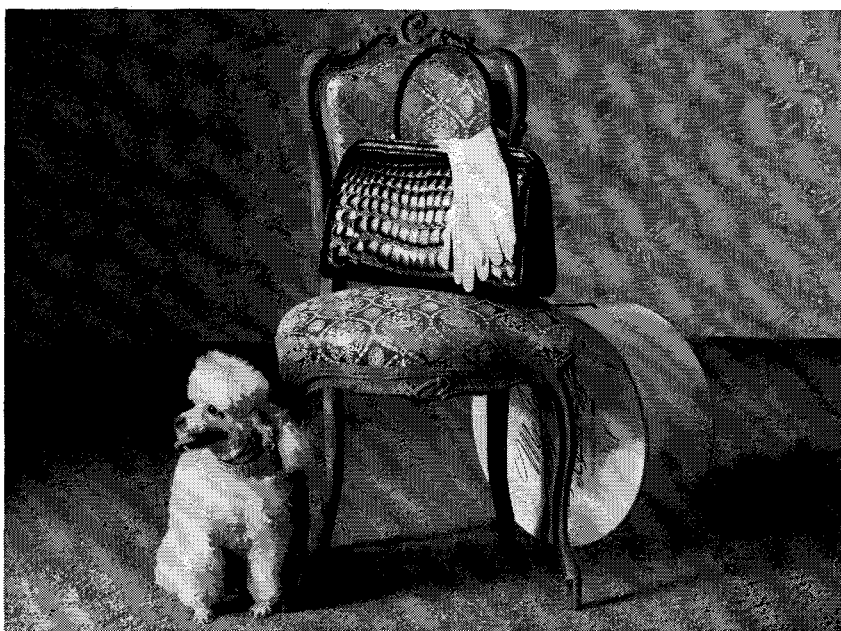


(Prize-Winning Recipe—United Kingdom Bartenders Guild)
1 oz. Galliano
½ oz. Cointreau

½ oz. Orange Juice ½ oz. Cream
Shake in cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

**Mix these drinks
with Galliano**

80 PROOF LIQUEUR, IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. © McK&R, 1964



The lady's in the fitting room—trying on Scandale®!

Busy lady. Lucky, too. Because this season, Tru Balance has so many exciting new foundation ideas to explore.

Feather-light, flattering Lycra and stretch poplin "Shape-Slimmers"... nylon-ribbed, nip-without-pinching "Satin Streamers"... low-backed, luxurious stretch strap Leotard Bras.

In a word, newness. Beauty. Elegance. And experienced flair.

Where? At fine stores everywhere. **Tru Balance®** Corsets, Inc.,

136 Madison Avenue, N.Y. 18. Scandale®, Shape Slimmers (TM applied for) and Leotard Bras®, all created by Tru Balance.



Draw a beautiful bath

It's so simply delightful when you know how. Draw your tub, float a capful of Mémoire Chérie Bath and Body Perfume over the water. Step in, bathe in the luxury of bliss-for-your-skin Mémoire Chérie Soap. After your bath, dust with gossamer fine Mémoire Chérie Dusting Powder. Mémoire Chérie Perfume for Bath and Body, 4.50, 7.50, 18.50. Soap, 3.00. Dusting Powder, 3.00 and 5.00. Plus tax.

Elizabeth Arden

tion. Luzhin, holding the precious satchel under his arm, stared at the floor, wondering whether his aunt was capable of betrayal. "Kindly give me an explanation," repeated his father. She was incapable of betrayal, and in any case how could she know he had been caught? "You refuse?" asked his father. Besides, she somehow seemed even to like his truancy. "Listen," said his father in a conciliatory tone. "Let's talk as friends." Luzhin sighed and sat on the arm of a chair, continuing to look at the floor. "As friends," repeated his father still more soothingly. "So now it turns out you have missed school several times. So *now* I would like to know where you have been and what you have been doing. I can understand that, for instance, the weather is fine and one gets the urge to go for walks."

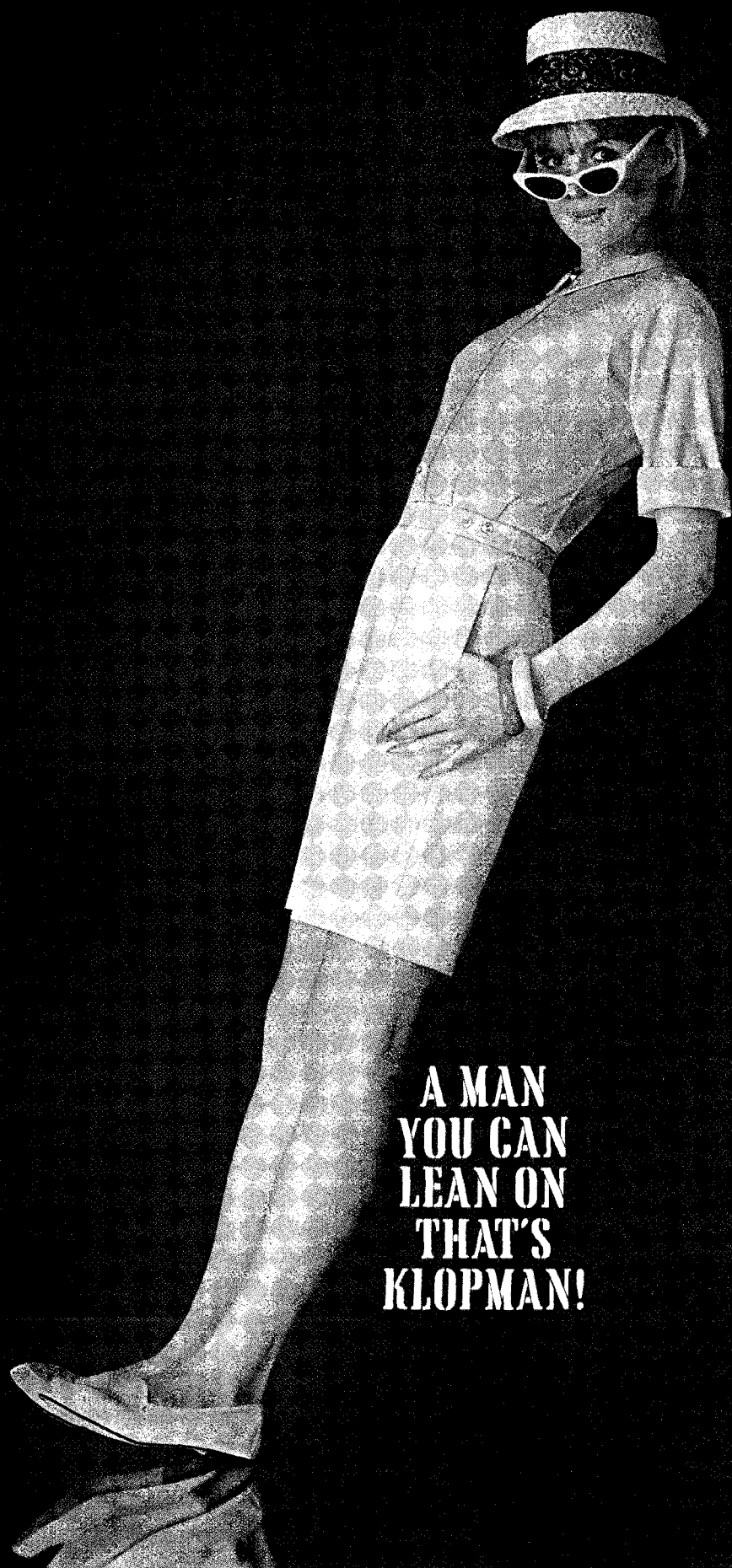
"Yes, I get the urge," said Luzhin indifferently, growing bored.

His father wanted to know where exactly he had gone for a walk and whether his need of walks was long-standing. Then he reminded Luzhin that every man has his duty as citizen, as family man, as soldier, and also as schoolboy. Luzhin yawned. "Go to your room!" his father said hopelessly, and when the boy had left, he stood for a long time in the middle of his study and looked at the door in blank horror. His wife, who had been listening from the next room, came in, sat on the edge of the divan, and burst into tears.

"He cheats," she kept repeating, "just as you cheat. I'm surrounded by cheats."

Luzhin senior merely shrugged his shoulders and thought how sad life was, how difficult to do one's duty, not to meet anymore, not to telephone, not to go where he was irresistibly drawn. . . . And now this trouble with his son . . . this oddity, this stubbornness. . . . A sad state of affairs, a very sad state. . . .

IN their country house, the uninhabited room that had been Luzhin's grandfather's study looked out on grim, dark fir trees, whose foliage was so thick and intricate that it was impossible to say where one tree ended and another began. Even on the hottest days, and no matter how much they opened the windows, it was the dampest room in the house. A bronze boy with violin stood on the bare desk, and there was an unlocked bookcase containing the thick volumes of an extinct illustrated magazine. Luzhin would swiftly leaf through them until he reached the page where, between a poem by Korinsky (crowned with a



**A MAN
YOU CAN
LEAN ON
THAT'S
KLOPMAN!**

Shapely Classic wanted a great fabric for these sports separates, so they came to Klopman. We gave them the best—Klopman's 65% Dacron® polyester and 35% combed cotton—in Sportsman™ batiste for the blouse and Whirlaway® poplin for the pants. They'll

take long summer days in stride without wilting or mussing. Even in the warmest weather. Even after countless washings. Those are the virtues you can take for granted in every Klopman fabric. You can discover the difference. Blouse in pastel, bright and dark

shades. About \$4. Bahama-length shorts in coordinating colors. About \$7. Sizes 8 to 18. At better stores everywhere. Fabric by Klopman Mills, Inc., 450 Seventh Ave., New York 1. A division of Burlington Industries, Inc.



Strawberries Romanoff, page 17, "The Gourmet's Guide"

The delightful *difference* is Cointreau!

Take this recipe, for example. It is Strawberries Romanoff, a delightful yet simple dessert. On page 17 of our "Gourmet's Guide" you find that the magic touch is your use of Cointreau Liqueur. Do write us for a free copy and look at the other 48 recipes for main dishes, desserts and drinks. Cordials by Cointreau—all 20 of them, will open up for you a new approach to entertaining. Cordials by Cointreau, 50 to 80 proof, produced and bottled by Cointreau Ltd., Pennington, N. J.



harp-shaped vignette) and the miscellany section (containing information about shifting swamps, American eccentrics, and the length of the human intestine), there was the woodcut of a chessboard. Not a single picture could arrest Luzhin's hand as it leafed through the volumes—neither the celebrated Niagara Falls, nor starving Indian children (potbellied little skeletons), nor an attempted assassination of the King of Spain. The life of the world passed by with a hasty rustle, and suddenly stopped—the treasured diagram, problems, openings, entire games.

At the beginning of the summer holidays, Luzhin had sorely missed his aunt and the old gentleman with the bunch of flowers—especially that fragrant old man, smelling at times of violets and at times of lilies of the valley, depending upon what flowers he had brought to Luzhin's aunt. Usually he would arrive just right—a few minutes after Luzhin's aunt had glanced at her watch and left the house. "Never mind, let's wait awhile," the old man would say, removing the damp paper from his bouquet, and Luzhin would draw up an armchair for him to the table where the chessmen had already been set out. The appearance of the old gentleman with the flowers had provided him with a way out of a rather awkward situation. After three or four truanancies from school, it became apparent that his aunt had really no aptitude for chess. As the game proceeded, her pieces would conglomerate in an unseemly jumble, out of which there would suddenly dash an exposed, helpless king. But the old gentleman played divinely. The first time, his aunt, pulling on her gloves, said rapidly, "Unfortunately I must leave, but you stay on and play chess with my nephew. Thank you for the wonderful lilies of the valley." And the old man sat down, and sighed and said, "It's a long time since I touched... Now, young man—left or right?"

After a few moves, Luzhin's ears were burning and there was nowhere to advance, and it seemed to him he was playing a completely different game from the one his aunt had taught him. The board was bathed in fragrance. The old man called the officer a "bishop" and the tower a "rook," and whenever he made a move that was fatal for his opponent, he would immediately take it back, and then, as if disclosing the mechanism of an expensive instrument, he would show the way his opponent should have played in order to avert disaster. He won the first fifteen

**If you are
popular,
athletic, sexy
and author of
a best-seller,
do you need
PBM clothes?**



In a word—yes. Even with all this going for you, it's wise to stack the cards even more in your favor with PBM.

Take the Dacron and worsted model here. Our slim friend wears it around his shoulders to expose the paisley lining and the matching pull-out paisley pocket handkerchief.

The paisley waistband doesn't show...at least not from here.

© 1964 Pincus Brothers-Maxwell, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York

Rogers Peet Co

The Label of Character

THE SEMINOLE

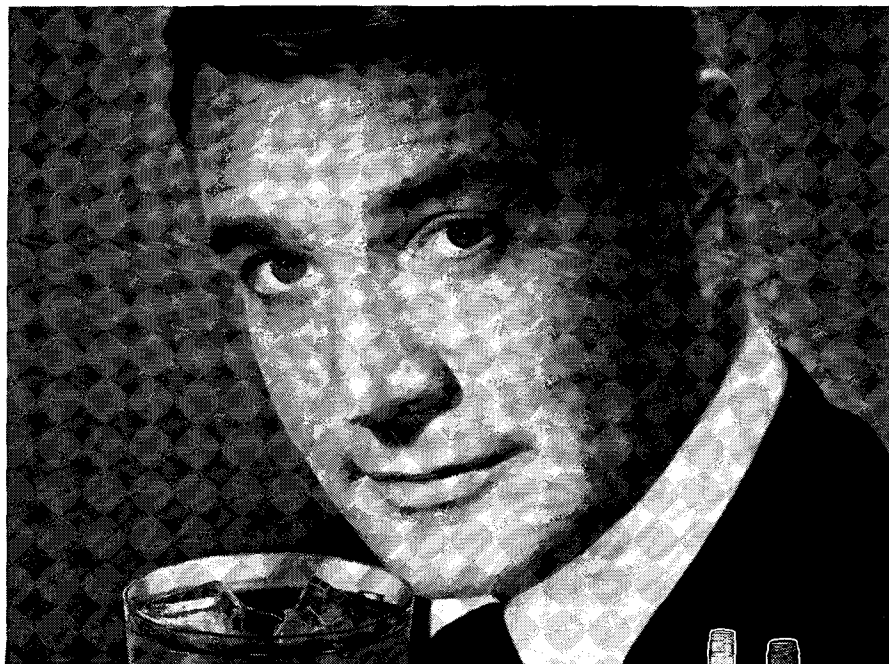
Our Exclusive Golf Shirt



With its distinctive emblem, our own cotton mesh pullover has long been a golfer's favorite. Full swing shoulder construction — extra long tail — and rib fashioned collar. In vat-dyed solid colors: navy, beige, light blue, canary, grey, red or white. S.M.L.XL. . . . \$7.50.

By mail — Personal Shopper, 479 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017

NEW YORK • BOSTON • WASHINGTON



Dubonnet—the man's drink!

GENE BARRY, famous star of "Burke's Law" on ABC-TV Friday nights, enjoys Dubonnet on-the-rocks. There's nothing in the world like Dubonnet.

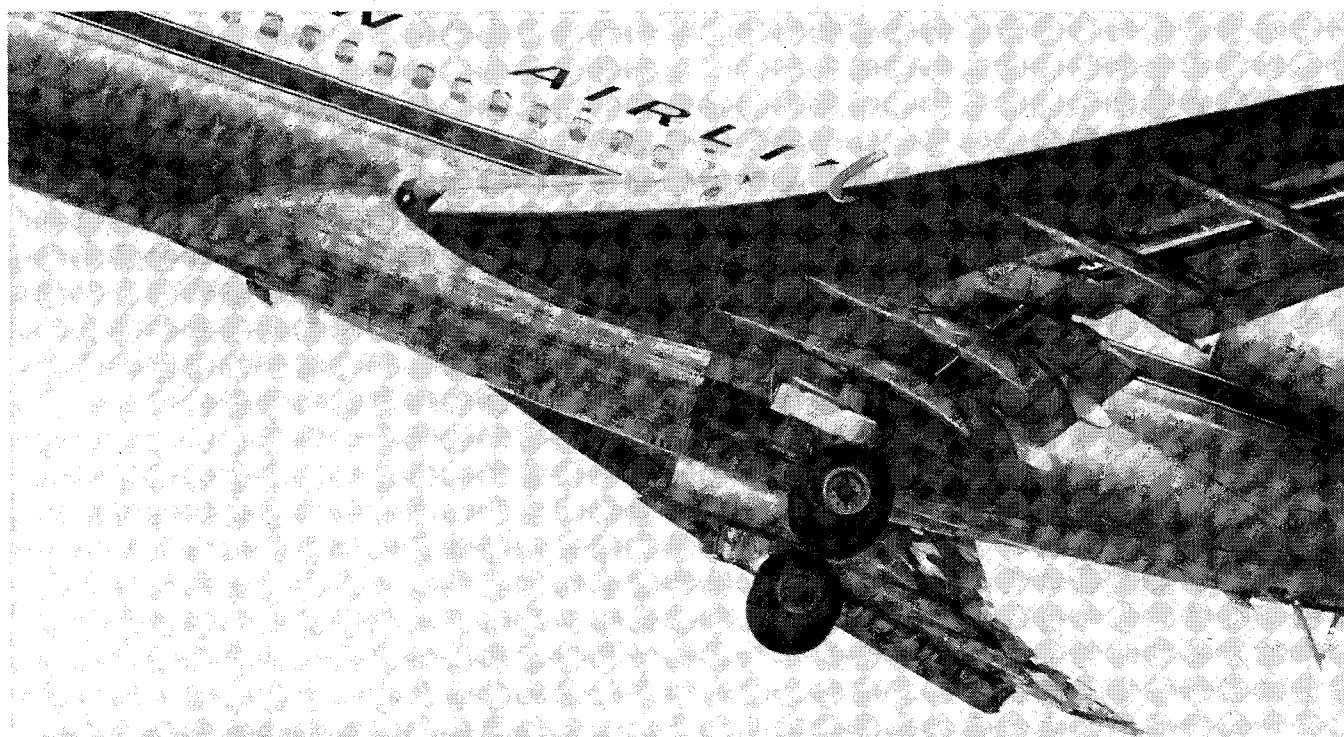


DUBONNET APERITIF WINE, PRODUCT OF U.S.A., ©1964 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y.C.

games without the slightest effort, not pondering his moves for a moment, but during the sixteenth game he suddenly began to think, and he won with difficulty. On the last day, the day he drove up with a whole bush of lilac, for which no place could be found, and the boy's aunt darted about on tiptoe in her bedroom and then, presumably, left by the back door—on this last day, after a long, exciting struggle, during which the old man revealed a capacity for breathing hard through the nose, Luzhin perceived something; something was set free within him, something cleared up, and the mental myopia that had been painfully beclouding his chess vision disappeared. "Well, well, it's a draw," said the old man. He moved his queen back and forth a few times, the way you move the lever of a broken machine, and repeated, "A draw. Perpetual check." Luzhin also tried the lever to see if it would work, wiggled it, wiggled it, and then sat still, staring stiffly at the board. "You'll go far," said the old man. "You'll go far if you continue on the same lines. Tremendous progress! Never saw anything like it before. . . . Yes, you'll go very, very far. . . ."

It was this old man who explained to Luzhin the simple method of notation in chess, and Luzhin, replaying the games given in the magazine, soon discovered in himself a quality he had once envied when his father used to tell somebody at table that he personally was unable to understand how his father-in-law could read a score for hours and hear in his mind all the movements of the music as he ran his eye over the notes, now smiling, now frowning, and sometimes turning back like a reader checking a detail in a novel—a name, the time of the year. "It must be a great pleasure," his father had said, "to assimilate music in its natural state." It was a similar pleasure that Luzhin himself now began to experience as he skimmed fluently over the letters and numbers representing moves. At first he learned to replay the immortal games that remained from former tournaments—he would rapidly glance over the notes of chess and silently move the pieces on his board. Now and then this or that move, provided in the text with an exclamation or a question mark (depending upon whether it had been beautifully or wretchedly played), would be followed by several series of moves in parentheses, since that remarkable move branched out like a river and every branch had to be traced to its conclusion before one returned to the main channel. These possible continuations that explained the essence of blunder or fore-

If you have a choice, take a fan-jet.



ASTROJET IS A SERVICE MARK OF AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC.

Just when you want power, we pour it on.

It's the moment you start down
the runway.

You feel the wheels rumbling on
the concrete.

You see the hangars going by.

And suddenly you want to
get off the ground.

That's when we give her the gun—
and get you into the air a full

third of a mile before
an ordinary jet could do it.
This surge of extra power comes
from our fan-jet engines.

We have them on every Astrojet
we fly. American Airlines has the
largest fan-jet fleet in the world.

In fact, we haven't taken anybody
up in an ordinary jet in years.

Nice thing to know if you're
taking a trip.

American Airlines and its fan-jet engine.

THE CENTAUR...YOUR SYMBOL OF QUALITY



Only V.S.O.P.
Fine Champagne Cognac
can bear this label

REMY MARTIN



Connoisseurs know it
as the world's finest
V.S.O.P. Cognac

REMY MARTIN



The largest shippers of
V.S.O.P. quality cognac
in the world

REMY MARTIN



REMY MARTIN



REMY MARTIN

PRIDE OF COGNAC SINCE 1724 • 80 PROOF
RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.

sight Luzhin gradually ceased to reconstruct on the board, and he contented himself with perceiving their melody mentally, through the sequence of symbols and signs. Similarly, he was able to "read" a game already perused once without using the board at all; and this was all the more pleasant in that he did not have to fiddle about with chessmen while constantly listening for someone coming. The door, it is true, was locked, and he would open it unwillingly, after the brass handle had been jiggled many times. Luzhin senior, coming to see what his son was doing in that damp, uninhabited room, would find the boy restless and sullen, with red ears. On the desk lay the bound volumes of the magazine. Had he been looking for pictures of naked women?

"Why do you lock yourself up?" Luzhin senior would ask, and little Luzhin would draw his head into his shoulders and with hideous clarity imagine his father looking under the sofa and finding the chess set. "The air in here is really icy. And what's so interesting about these old magazines? Let's go and see if there are any red mushrooms under the fir trees."

Yes, they were there, those edible red boletes. Green needles adhered to their delicately brick-colored caps, and sometimes a blade of grass would leave on one of them a long narrow trace. Their undersides might be holey, and occasionally a yellow slug would be sitting there—and Luzhin senior would use his pocketknife to clean moss and soil from the thick speckled-gray root of each mushroom before placing it in the basket. His son followed behind him at a few paces' distance, with his hands behind his back like a little old man, and not only did he not look for mushrooms but he even refused to admire those his father, with little quacks of pleasure, unearthed. And sometimes, plump and pale in a dreary white dress that did not become her, Luzhin's mother would appear at the end of the avenue and hurry toward them, passing alternately through sunlight and shadow, and the dry leaves that never cease to occur in northern woods would rustle beneath the slightly skewed high heels of her white slippers. One July day, she slipped on the veranda steps and sprained her foot, and for a long time afterward she lay in bed—either in her darkened bedroom or on the veranda—wearing a pink negligee, her face heavily powdered, and there would always be a small silver bowl with *boules-de-gomme* standing on a little table beside her. The foot was soon better, but she continued to recline, as if having made up her

Southwick

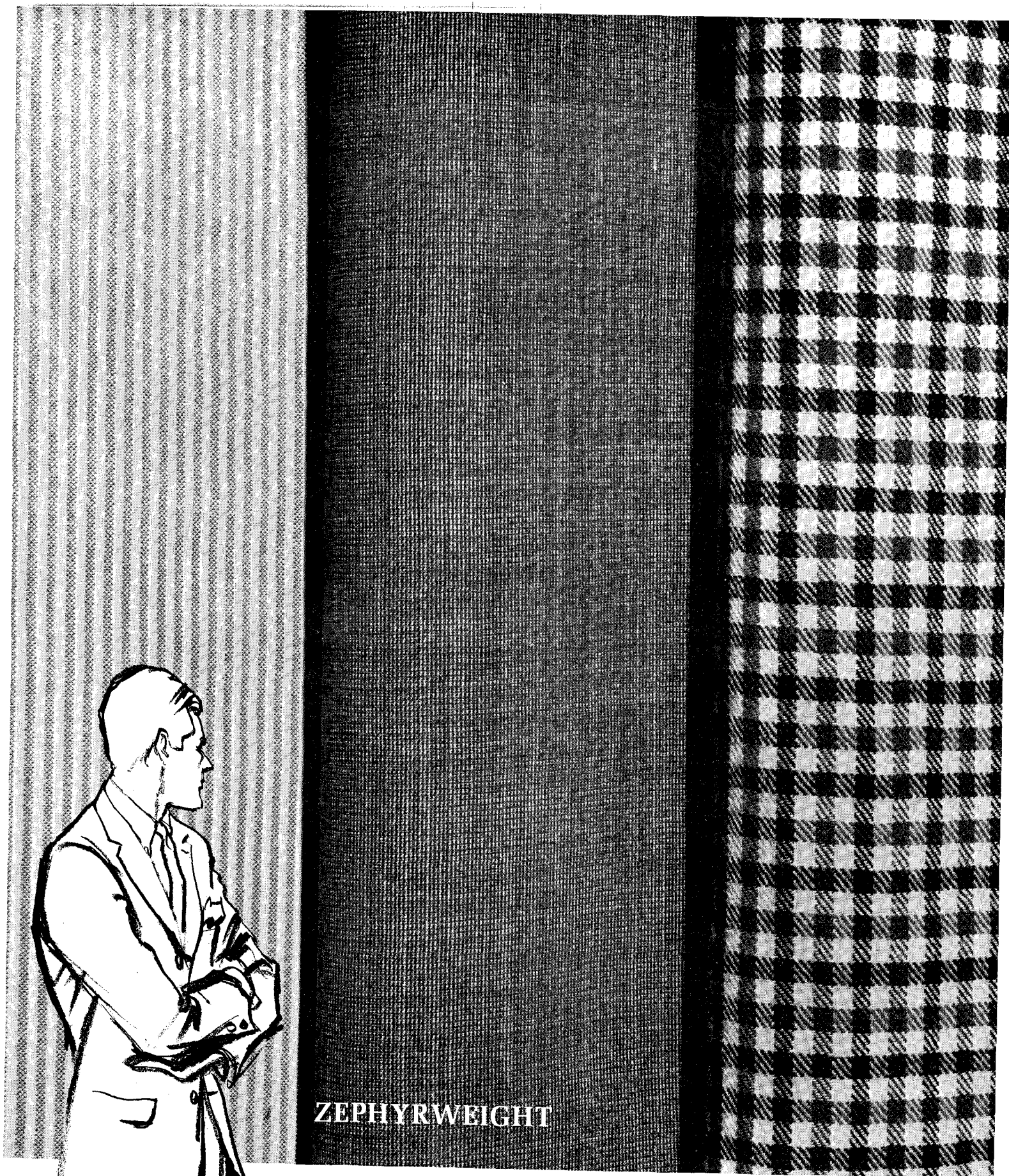
DIRECTORY OF STORES

NEW YORK, N.Y.	Paul Stuart
Amherst, Mass.	House of Walsh
Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's Career Shop
Augusta, Ga.	The Oxford Shop
Bethlehem, Pa.	Tom Bass
Boston, Mass.	File's
Boston, Mass.	Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Boulder, Colo.	Kinsley & Co.
Buffalo, N.Y.	Peller & Mure
Cambridge, Mass.	J. August Co.
Charleston, S. C.	Jack Krawcheck
Charleston, W. Va.	Frankenberger's
Charlotte, N. C.	Jack Wood, Ltd.
Charlottesville, Va.	The Young Men's Shop
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Davidson's
Chicago, Ill.	Brittany, Ltd.
Cincinnati, O.	Burkhardt's
Clayton, Mo.	Boyd's
Cleveland, O.	The Halle Bros. Co.
Columbia, S. C.	Did-Treadaway
Columbus, O.	The Union
Dayton, O.	The Metropolitan Co.
Denver, Colo.	Homer Reed, Ltd.
Des Moines, Iowa	Reichardt's
Eugene, Ore.	Hill Baker
Fort Wayne, Ind.	Patterson-Fletcher
Geneva, Ill.	Robertson's
Grand Rapids, Mich.	MacKenzie-Bostock-Monroe
Greensboro, N. C.	Younts-DeBoe Co.
Greenville, S. C.	Rush Wilson, Ltd.
Greenwich, Conn.	Van Driver
Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.	Carl Stern
Hackensack, N. J.	Bloomington's
Harrisburg, Pa.	C. J. Crego & Son
Hempstead, N.Y.	Edw. Miller
Houston, Texas	Norton Dittio
Hyannis, Mass.	Puritan Clothing Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. Strauss & Co.
Jackson, Miss.	Owens, Ltd.
Jacksonville, Fla.	Rosenblum's
Kansas City, Mo.	Jack Henry
Lake Forest, Ill.	Robertson's
Lexington, Ky.	Meyers
Lincoln, Neb.	Ben Simon & Son
Little Rock, Ark.	Bauman's
Los Angeles, Cal.	Lew Ritter
Louisville, Ky.	The Fashion Post
Lynchburg, Va.	S. H. Franklin
Lynn, Mass.	Judd, Inc.
Memphis, Tenn.	Alfred's
Minneapolis, Minn.	Sims Ltd.
Morganton, N. C.	Lazarus
Nashville, Tenn.	Mallernce's
Newport, R. I.	Narragansett Clo. Co.
New Britain, Conn.	N. E. Mag & Sons
New Orleans, La.	Terry & Juden Co., Ltd.
Norfolk, Va.	Fishback & Lea, Ltd.
Norwood, Mass.	Joseph of Norwood
Omaha, Neb.	Nebraska Clothing Co.
Orlando, Fla.	Rutland's
Parkersburg, W. Va.	Stern Brothers
Pasadena, Cal.	Bayne-Williams
Peoria, Ill.	Howard A. Heller
Philadelphia, Pa.	Morville
Philadelphia, Pa.	John Wanamaker
Phoenix, Ariz.	Hanny's
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Hughes & Hatcher
Pittsfield, Mass.	Rosenfeld's
Portland, Me.	Kenneth Aherne
Providence, R. I.	Hillhouse, Ltd.
Reading, Pa.	John Mazzo
Richmond, Va.	Nelson & Gwaikin
Ridgewood, N. Y.	MacHugh, Inc.
Roanoke, Va.	Davidsons
Rochester, N.Y.	Robert F. Ryan, Ltd.
St. Louis, Mo.	Boyd's
San Diego, Cal.	The Oxford Shop
San Francisco, Cal.	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Savannah, Ga.	Men's Quality Shop
Schenectady, N.Y.	Dall's
Scranton, Pa.	C. Robert Casey
Seattle, Wash.	Albert, Ltd.
Spokane, Wash.	Klothes Klost
Springfield, Ill.	Roberts Brothers
Springfield, Mass.	Hillhouse, Ltd.
Stamford, Conn.	Bloomington's
State College, Pa.	Jack Harper
Summit, N. J.	Root's
Syracuse, N.Y.	Lund's
Toledo, O.	B. R. Baker
Torrington, Conn.	The Oxford Shop
Tucson, Ariz.	Mills-Touche
Washington, D. C.	Arthur A. Adler
West Hartford, Conn.	Allen V. Collins
Westfield, N. J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Williamstown, Mass.	House of Walsh
Wilmington, Del.	Mansure & Prettyman
Wilton, Conn.	The Suburbanite
Winston-Salem, N. C.	Bocock-Stroud Co.

For stores in other cities write

TAILORED BY
Southwick

1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York 19, New York



ZEPHYRWEIGHT

Southwick Suits, Sport Jackets, Slacks

Southwick has combined the finest tropical worsteds from the British Isles and the best from our domestic mills with the original natural shoulder tailoring. The result is a wide and varied selection of suits, sport jackets, and slacks. Visit your Southwick store now and discover the unusual lightness and comfort of fine tailoring. Suits from \$90; sport jackets from \$65; slacks about \$28.

Prices Higher in the West.

Southwick
Clothes

BY GRIECO BROTHERS

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

©THE VILLAGER INC., 1944 • MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



Dark Garden

No botanical law decrees that all flowers must be wishy-washy.

Some are, some aren't.

These aren't. They're small, but potent. Dark Red, Strong Gold, Teal Blue, and Jungley Greens . . . sharp on Ice-White.

A flowered, but not flowery, dress. VILLAGER's® unquenchable shirtdress is the basis, and Olive, Teal, or Gold Predominate. Sizes 6 to 16.

About eighteen dollars at good stores and college shops



1407 Broadway, New York

mind that this was to be her lot, that this precisely was her destiny in life. Summer was unusually hot, the mosquitoes gave no peace, all day long the shrieks of peasant girls bathing could be heard from the river, and on one such oppressive and voluptuous day, early in the morning, before the gadflies had yet begun to torment the black horse daubed with pungent ointment, Luzhin senior stepped into the calash and was taken to the station, to spend the day in town. "At least be reasonable—it's essential for me to see Silvestrov," he had said to his wife the night before, pacing about the bedroom in his mouse-colored dressing gown. "Really, how queer you are. Can't you see this is important? I myself would prefer not to go." But his wife continued to lie with her face thrust into the pillow, and her fat, helpless back shook with sobs. Nonetheless, in the morning he left—and his son, standing in the garden, saw the top part of the coachman and his father's hat skim along the serrated line of young firs that fenced off the garden from the road.

That day, Luzhin junior was in low spirits. All the games in the old magazines had been studied, all the problems solved, and he was forced to play against himself, but this ended inevitably in an exchange of all the pieces and a dull draw. And it was unbearably hot. The veranda cast a black triangular shadow on the bright sand. The avenue was paved with sun flecks, and these spots, if you slitted your eyes, took on the aspect of regular light and dark squares. An intense latticelike shadow lay flat beneath a garden bench. The urns that stood on stone pedestals at the four corners of the terrace threatened one another across their diagonals. Swallows soared; their flight recalled the motion of scissors swiftly cutting out some design.

Not knowing what to do with himself, he wandered down the footpath by the river, and from the opposite bank came ecstatic squeals and glimpses of naked bodies. He stole behind a tree trunk and with beating heart peered at these flashes of white. A bird rustled in the branches, and, taking fright, he quickly left the river and went back. He had lunch alone with the housekeeper, a taciturn, sallow-faced old woman who always gave off a slight smell of coffee. Afterward, lolling on the drawing-room couch, he drowsily listened to all manner of slight sounds—to an oriole's cry in the garden, to the buzzing of a bumblebee that had flown in the window, to the tinkle of dishes on a tray being carried down from his mother's bedroom—and these limpid sounds



ALMADÉN

California

BLANC DE BLANCS

Champagne

Here is the only Blanc de Blancs champagne produced in the United States. It is made exclusively from the rare, shy-bearing Pinot Chardonnay grape, grown by Almadén at its famed Paicines vineyards in the cool coastal Gavilan Mountains of California. Bottle-fermented in the traditional French "methode champenoise," this 1959 cuvee is a truly historic wine.

Captain Auke de Jong of the s.s. Nieuw Amsterdam greets several passengers.



Does First Class to Europe have to be pretentious?

Captain Auke de Jong says: "Absoluut niet!"

Captain Auke de Jong of the s.s. Nieuw Amsterdam speaks perfect English. But when he answers a question like this, he's apt to prefer the more forceful Dutch.

"Absoluut niet!" he says. "There's no place for pretension on Holland-America.

"Yes, we like to pamper our First Class passengers. We like to surround them with every elegance and comfort. Feed them gourmet meals. But too many people think that stuffy formality is all part of the First Class package. It isn't—not on a 'happy' ship."

"Happy," of course is a nautical term. It sums up the entire atmosphere of a ship. Its crew. Its service. Its outlook.

Holland-America pretentious? Absoluut niet. Holland-America First Class has more gala parties, more festivity, more friendship-making moments than you might enjoy on a month-long holiday.

Holland-America formal? No again. Even at dinner, black tie if you like (it can be fun). But the choice is yours. A dark suit and tie for a man is fine. A cocktail dress for a woman.

But don't think the "happy" outlook means anything less in sheer luxury. For these are the ships with a *continental* reputation for magnificence.

Your stateroom is beautiful, spacious, and air-conditioned. You have two cabin stewards to attend to every want. In the First Class dining room, your table captain offers you a marvellously mixed menu of international specialties. (Some people call Holland-America's ships the "world's finest floating restaurants.")

Everything is special, from your First Class private night club to the first-run movies in the Cinemascope theatre. Your world is uncrowded, unhurried, and unequalled by any travel experience you've ever known.

Ask your travel agent about accommodations—First Class, One Class or Tourist Class aboard the s.s. Rotterdam, Nieuw Amsterdam, Statendam or other happy ships sailing to Southampton, Le Havre, Rotterdam, Cobh, Galway or Bremerhaven. And mail this coupon right now for very interesting literature about ships, Europe and you.

SAIL A HAPPY SHIP 

Holland-America Line

Pier 40-North River, New York 10014

Please send me a batch of brochures including "True or False about Holland-America First Class"

Name _____

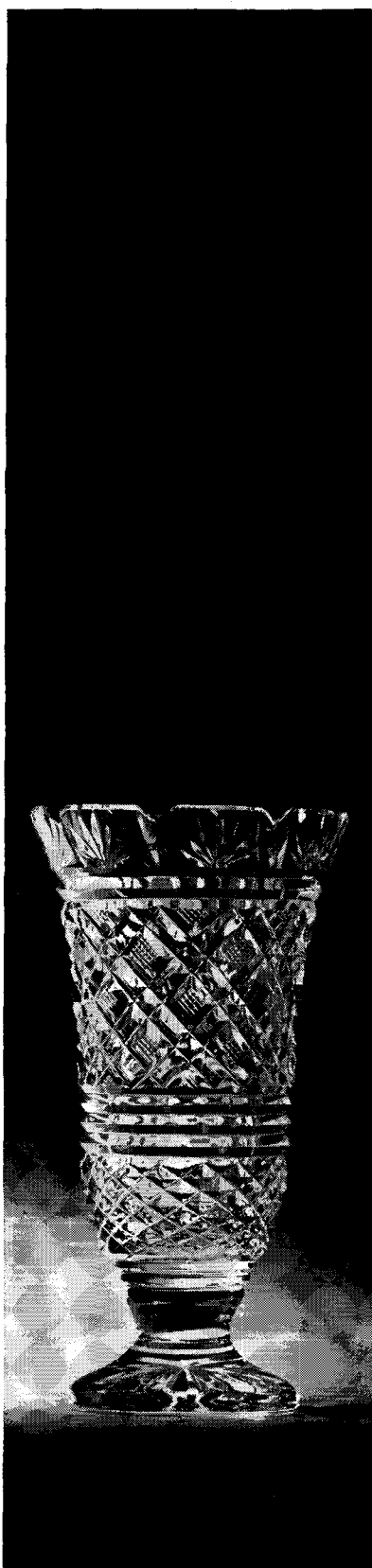
Address _____

City _____

State _____

Travel Agent _____

25T41



**Tugaim an gloinne
seo ó Port Láirge
duit le gai grá.**

I give thee Waterford with every love.

The Gaelic gift of love: Waterford Crystal, every bit of it handmade in Ireland. Seven inch vase, \$16. For complimentary brochure and name of nearest store, write to Waterford, 225 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

were strangely transformed in his reverie and assumed the shape of bright intricate patterns on a dark background, and in trying to unravel them he fell asleep.

He was wakened by the steps of the maid, dispatched by his mother. . . . It was dim and cheerless in the bedroom. His mother drew him to her, but he braced himself and turned away so stubbornly that she had to let him go. "Come, tell me something," she said softly. He shrugged and picked at his knee with one finger. "Don't you want to tell me anything?" she asked still more softly. He looked at the bedside table, put a *boule-de-gomme* in his mouth, and began to suck. He took a second, a third, another, and another, until his mouth was full of sweet thudding and bumping balls. "Take some more—take as many as you

wish," she murmured, and, stretching one hand from under the bedclothes, she tried to touch him, to stroke him. "You haven't got tanned at all this year," she said after a pause. "But perhaps I simply can't see; the light here is so dead, everything looks blue. Raise the Venetian blinds, please. Or no, wait, stay. Later." Having sucked his *boules-de-gomme* to the end, he inquired if he could leave. She asked him what he would do now, and would he not like to drive to the station and meet his father off the seven-o'clock train.

"Let me go," he said. "It smells of medicine in here."

He tried to slide down the stairs the way they did at school—the way he himself never did it there—but the steps were too high. Beneath the staircase, in a cupboard that had still not been thoroughly explored, he looked for magazines. He dug out one and found a checkers section in it—diagrams of stupid, clumsy round blobs on their boards—but there was no chess. As he rummaged on, he kept coming across a bothersome herbarium album with dried edelweiss and purple leaves in it and with inscriptions in pale-violet ink, in a childish, thin-spun hand that was so different from his mother's present handwriting: "Davos 1885;" "Gatchina 1886." Wrathfully he began to tear out the leaves and flowers, sneezing from the fine dust as he squatted on his haunches amid the scattered books. Then it got so dark beneath the stairs that the pages of the magazine he was again leafing through began to merge into a gray blur, and sometimes a small picture would trick him, because it looked like a chess problem, in the diffuse darkness. He thrust the books back

anyhow into the drawers and wandered into the drawing room, thinking listlessly that it must be well past seven o'clock, since the butler was lighting the kerosene lamps. Leaning on a cane and holding on to the banister, his mother, in a mauve peignoir, came heavily down the stairs, a frightened look on her face.

"I don't understand why your father isn't here yet," she said, and, moving with difficulty, she went out onto the veranda and began to peer down the road between the fir trunks that the setting sun banded with bright copper.

Luzhin senior arrived at around ten, said he had missed the train, had been extremely busy, had dined with his publisher—no, no soup, thank you. He laughed and spoke very loudly, and ate noisily, and Luzhin had the feeling that his father was continually looking at him.

Dinner graded into late-evening tea. Mother, her elbow propped on the table, was silent, and slitted her eyes at her plate of raspberries, and the gayer her husband's stories became, the narrower her eyes grew. Then she got up and quietly left, and it seemed to Luzhin that all this had happened once before. He remained alone on the veranda with his father and was afraid to raise his head, feeling that strange searching stare on him the whole time.

"How have you been passing the time?" his father asked suddenly. "What have you been doing?"

"Nothing," replied Luzhin.

"And what are you planning to do now? Do you want to go to bed, or do you want to sit here with me?"

Luzhin killed a mosquito and cautiously glanced up at his father. There was a crumb on his father's beard, and an unpleasantly mocking expression gleamed in his eyes.

"Do you know what?" his father said, and the crumb jumped off. "Do you know what? Let's play some game. For instance, how about me teaching you chess?"

Luzhin senior saw his son slowly blush and, taking pity on him, immediately added, "Or cabala—there is a pack of cards over there in the table drawer."

"But no chess set—we have no chess set," Luzhin said huskily.

"The good ones remained in town," said his father placidly, "but I think there are some old ones in the attic. Let's go take a look."

And, by the light of the lamp that his father held aloft, among all sorts of rubbish in a case, Luzhin did indeed find a chessboard, and again he had the feeling that all this had happened before—that open case with a nail sticking out of its



**Next time you have people over, bring
out the new Polaroid Color Pack Camera.
It's better than spiking the punch.**

**Everyone wants a crack at making color
pictures in a minute. And everybody
unbends. Even the stuffed shirts.**

**It's fun to look over the pictures the next
morning, too. If they've left any.**





She's got two more cases of Schweppes Bitter Lemon stashed away in the trunk.

Is it cricket to hoard new **Schweppes Bitter Lemon**?

(No—but it's smart. Last year Schweppes almost ran out of the stuff.)



COMMANDER
WHITEHEAD

YOU are looking at a *practical* girl. Last year, during the Bitter Lemon drought, even Commander Whitehead could spare her only a six-pack.

This year, she isn't taking chances. As you can see above, she's hoarding cases of Schweppes Bitter Lemon.

Bitter Lemon is the newest triumph of the House of Schweppes. It was an immediate sensation in England. In America, connoisseurs are drinking it as if there were no tomorrow.

Schweppes Bitter Lemon is a great *mixer*. You'll get a remarkably good drink when you mix it with gin, vodka, bourbon, rum—you name it.

Schweppes Bitter Lemon is also

the first *adult* soft drink. It has a tart, lemony taste. So sophisticated that it's the only soft drink children *don't* like. All the more for *you*.

The extraordinary demand for Schweppes Bitter Lemon goes on and on. So rush to your store now!

Caution: To get the real thing—make sure the label on every bottle reads "Schweppes Bitter Lemon."



side, those dust-powdered books, that wooden chessboard with a crack down the middle. A small box with a sliding lid also came to light; it contained puny chessmen. And the whole time he was looking for the chess set and then carrying it down to the veranda, Luzhin tried to figure out whether it was by accident his father had mentioned chess or whether he had noticed something—and the most obvious explanation did not occur to him, just as sometimes in solving a problem its key turns out to be a move that seemed barred, impossible, excluded quite naturally from the range of possible moves.

When the board had been placed on the illuminated table, between the lamp and the raspberries, and its dust wiped off with a bit of newspaper, his father's face was no longer mocking, and Luzhin, forgetting his fear, forgetting his secret, felt permeated all at once with proud excitement at the thought that he could, if he wanted, display his art. His father began to set out the pieces. One of the pawns was replaced by a tiny purple bottle; in place of one rook there was a checker; the knights were headless, and the one horse's head that remained after the box had been emptied (leaving a small die and a red counter) turned out not to fit any of them. When everything had been set out, Luzhin suddenly made up his mind and muttered, "I already can play a little."

"Who taught you?" asked his father, without lifting his head.

"I learned it at school," replied Luzhin. "Some of the boys could play."

"Oh, fine," said his father, and added (quoting Pushkin's doomed duellist), "Let's start, if you are willing."

He had played chess since his youth, but not very often, and sloppily, with haphazard opponents—on serene evenings aboard a Volga steamer, in the foreign sanatorium where his brother was dying years ago, here in the country with the village doctor, an unsociable man who periodically ceased calling on them. And all these chance games, full of oversights and sterile meditations, were for him little more than a moment of relaxation or simply a means of decently preserving silence in the company of a person with whom conversation kept petering out—brief, uncomplicated games, remarkable neither for ambition nor inspiration, which he always began in the same way, paying little attention to his adversary's moves. Although he made no fuss about losing, he secretly considered himself to be not at all a bad player, and told himself that if ever he lost it was through absent-mindedness, good nature, or a desire to enliven the

80 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N.J.



Gordon's holds the patent on the smoothest, clearest vodka made!

Every drop of Gordon's Vodka is screened 15 times by an exclusive U.S. patented process, using an agent that is actually cleaner than the air you breathe. The Gordon's process produces the smoothest, clearest, most mixable vodka you can buy. Try it soon in your favorite vodka drink. **\$3.99** And look at the price for Gordon's quality. N. Y. and Calif. price 4/5 Qt.

Prices may vary according to local taxes.



express yourself

in our distinctive sport coat lavishly hand-customized by Hickey-Freeman craftsmen. A fine mohair loop blended with a crisp, resilient worsted combines a subtlety of colorwork, lustrous texture, lightweight comfort. Natural, navy, black, burgundy or sailing blue. \$125

wallachs

15 Fine Men's Stores
In Greater New York

FLEX-WEIGHTS

By
FRENCH SHRINER



Enjoy these handsome, feather-light slip-ons . . . while your feet relax in the luxurious comfort of soft and supple leather. Expertly crafted by the leaders of fashionable footwear. \$24.95 at better stores coast to coast.

Superb flexibility
. . . they follow your
feet in action!

French Shriner, 443 Albany Street, Boston, Massachusetts

game with daring sallies, and he considered that with a little application it was possible, without theoretic knowledge, to refute any gambit out of the textbook. His son's passion for chess so astounded him, seemed so unexpected, and at the same time so fateful and inescapable—so strange and awesome was it to sit on this bright veranda amid the black summer night, across from this boy whose tensed forehead seemed to expand and swell as soon as he bent over the pieces—that Luzhin senior was incapable of thinking of the game. And while he feigned concentration, his attention wandered from vague recollections of his illicit day in St. Petersburg (which left a residue of shame it was better not to investigate) to the casual, easy gestures with which his son moved this or that piece.

The game had lasted but a few minutes when his son said, "If you do this, it's mate, and if you do that, you lose your queen," and Luzhin senior, confused, took his move back and began to think properly, inclining his head first to the left and then to the right, slowly stretching out his fingers toward the queen and quickly snatching them away again, as if burned, while, in the meantime, his son calmly, and with uncharacteristic tidiness, put the taken pieces into their box. Finally, Luzhin senior made his move, whereupon there started a devastation of his positions, and he laughed unnaturally and knocked his king over in sign of surrender. In this way, he lost three games, and realized that should he play ten more the result would be just the same, and yet he was unable to stop. At the very beginning of the fourth game, Luzhin pushed back the piece moved by his father and with a shake of his head said, in a confident, unchildlike voice, "The worst reply. Chigorin suggests taking the pawn." And when Luzhin senior had lost this game as well, he again laughed, and with trembling hand began to pour milk into a cut-glass tumbler, on the bottom of which lay a raspberry stem, which now floated to the surface and circled, unwilling to be extracted. His son put away the board and the box on a wicker table in the corner and, having blurted a phlegmatic "Good night," softly closed the door behind him.

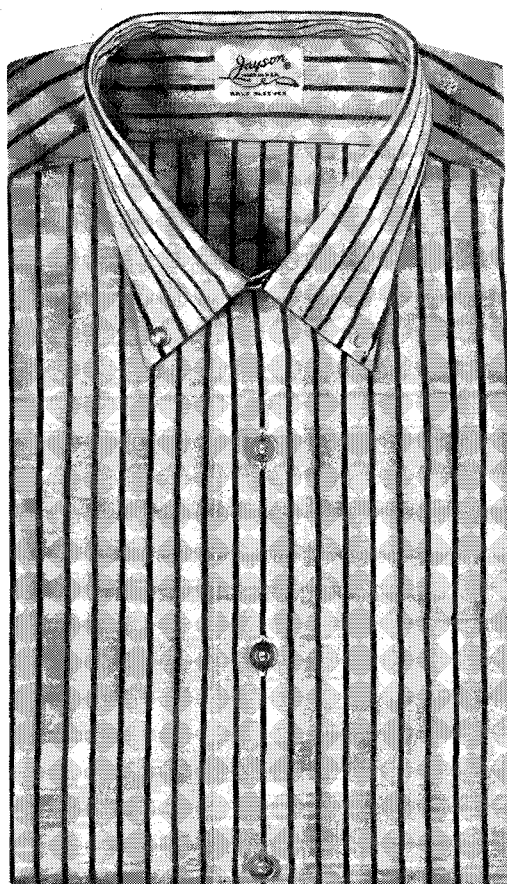
"Oh, well, I should have expected something like this," said Luzhin senior, wiping the tips of his fingers with a handkerchief. A fat-bodied, fluffy moth with glowing eyes fell on the table after colliding with the lamp. A breeze stirred lightly through the garden. The clock in the drawing room started to chime daintily and struck twelve. "Nonsense," he

Don't buy another five dollar shirt until you know what single needle tailoring is about.

It isn't easy to take perfectly styled shirts in fine fabrics and make them better. We did, though. We added single needle sleeving. This means we use two threads and one needle for a single row of neat stitches and every stitch is locked in the fabric. Tailoring like this pays off. There are no pulled threads, no chain reactions on the seam. Seams are smoother (for neater appearance) and very strong.

Single needle tailoring makes a smoother fitting, better looking shirt. People who make shirts know this and usually charge a bit more for it. We don't. This Jayson shirt costs about \$5. It's made of Madras and is available with blue, black, wine or olive stripes. You'll find this Jayson Single Needle, and others, at fine stores.

Jayson®



For the store nearest you, write to: Jayson, Inc., 390 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, New York. Another fine product of Kayser-Roth.



Have You Ever Tasted Cafe' Brulot Brewed in the Manner of Talleyrand?

"Noir comme le diable, chaud comme l'enfer, pur comme un ange, doux comme l'amour". Exhilarating when made with 5 pieces of orange peel, 2 sticks cinnamon, 10 cloves, 1½ demi-tasse cups Cognac, 7 lumps sugar. Flame 2 minutes, add 5 cups hot demi-tasse. Serves six. Unusual service group includes our classically beaded, heavy silverplated Cafe' Brulot bowl and tray, \$56*; and wooden handled Cafe' Brulot ladle, \$19.

*plus tax

Ellis-Barker

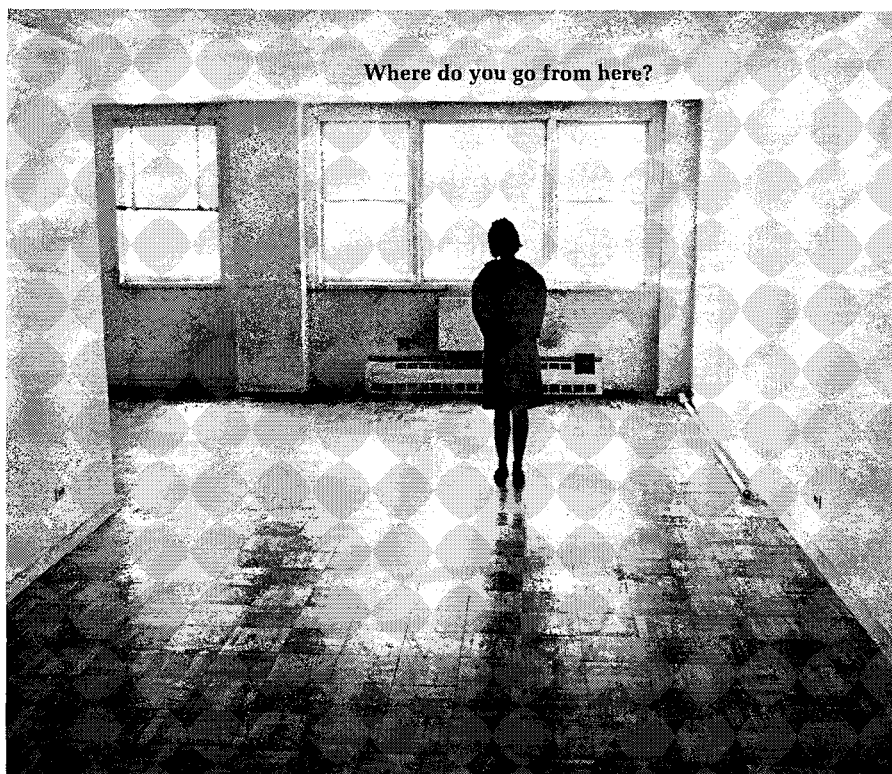
SILVER COMPANIES

LEGENDARY ENGLISH SILVERSMITHS

Visit our showrooms
or write for
illustrated folder.

1107 Broadway,
New York 10,
New York

S. Wyler Inc., New York, N.Y. / Pound & Moore Co., Charlotte, N. Car. / Gift & Art Shop, Clarksdale, Miss. / Byron Cade Inc., St. Louis, Mo. / Maurine Haas, Mobile, Ala. / Coleman E. Adler & Sons, New Orleans, La. / Maier & Berkele, Atlanta, Ga. / Jaccard Jewelry Corp., Kansas City, Mo. / Hodnett & Speer Co., Danville, Va. / Linz Jewelers, Dallas, Texas / Fowler Brothers, Chattanooga, Tenn. / Klein & Son, Montgomery, Ala. / Underwood Jewelers, Jacksonville, Fla.



Straight to the Decorative Arts Center where Baker-Manor House, Camer Glass, Dunbar, Dux, Ficks Reed, Fritz Hansen, Kent-Costikyan, Kittinger, Mason-Art, Mel-dan House, Herman Miller, Milling Road Shop, Nadler, Romweber, Scalia-Schmiege & Kotzian, George Tanier, Unika Vaev, Richard Wheelwright and Woodard are all housed under one roof. It's the one place where the best of home furnishings is all in one place. Come browse. Only when you buy do you have to work with a trade source.

Decorative Arts Center, 305 East 63 Street, N. Y.

Bldg. Management: HARRY G. SILVERSTEIN & SONS

said. "Stupid imagination. Many youngsters are excellent chess players. Nothing surprising in that. The whole affair is getting on my nerves, that's all. Bad of her—she shouldn't have encouraged him. Well, no matter. . . ." He thought drearily that in a moment he would have to lie, to remonstrate, to soothe, and it was midnight already. "I want to sleep," he said, but remained sitting in the armchair.

Early next morning, in the darkest and mossiest corner of the dense cop-pice behind the garden, little Luzhin buried his father's precious box of chess-men, assuming this to be the simplest way of avoiding any kind of complications—for now there were other chess-men that he could use openly. His father, unable to suppress his interest in the matter, went off to see the gloomy country doctor, who was a far better chess player than he, and in the evening after dinner, laughing and rubbing his hands, doing his best to ignore the fact that all this was wrong—but why wrong he could not say—he sat his son down with the doctor at the wicker table on the veranda, himself set out the pieces (apologizing for the purple thingum), sat down beside the players, and avidly followed the game.

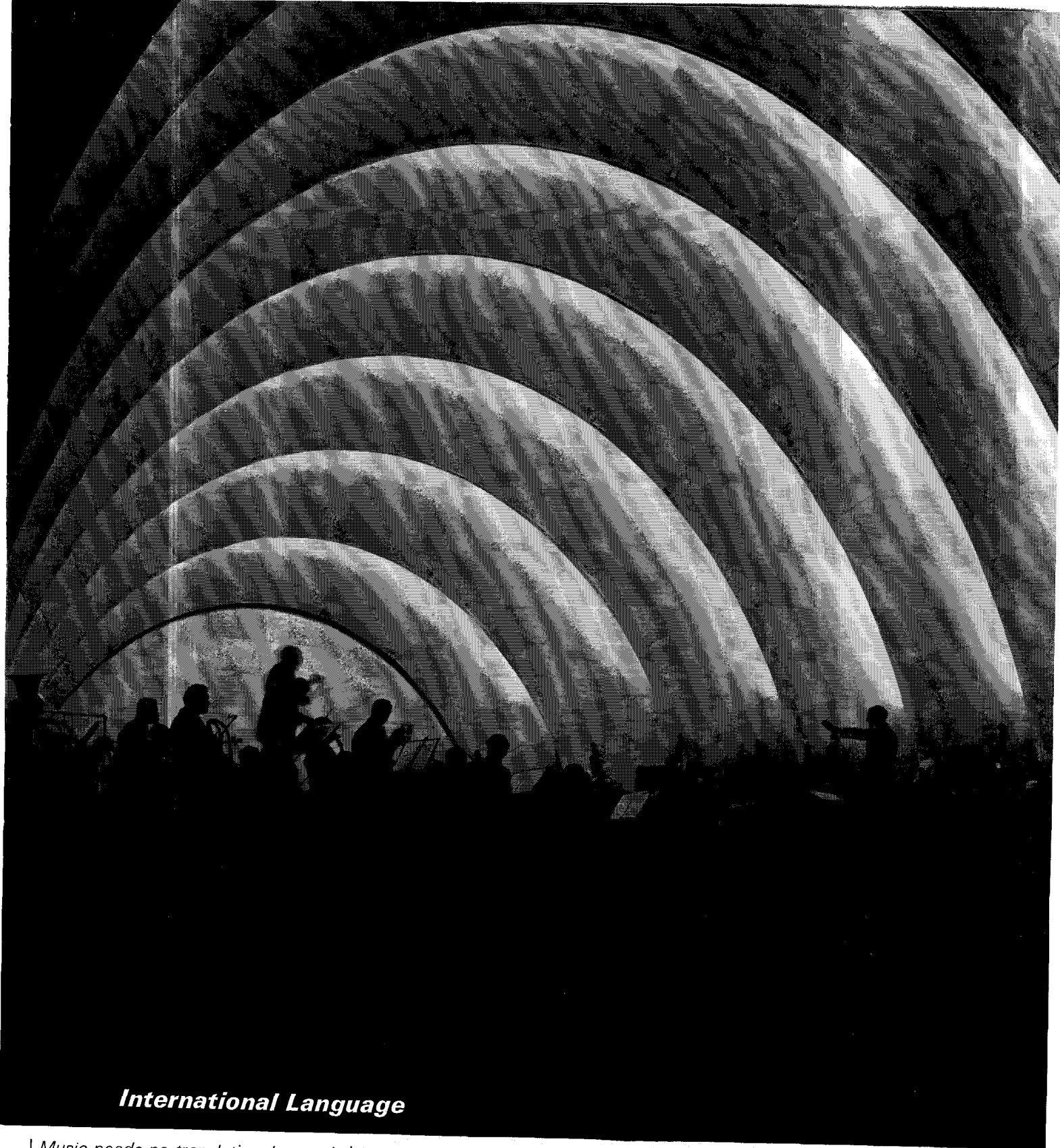
Twitching his bushy eyebrows and tormenting his fleshy nose with a large, hairy fist, the doctor thought long over every move, and from time to time would lean back in his chair, as if able to see better from a distance, and make big eyes, and then lurch heavily forward, his hands braced against his knees. He lost—and grunted so loudly that his wicker armchair creaked in response.

"But look, look!" exclaimed Luzhin senior. "You should go this way and everything is saved—you even have the better position."

"Don't you see I'm in check?" growled the doctor, in a bass voice, and he began to set out the pieces anew.

When Luzhin senior went out into the dark garden to accompany the doctor as far as the footpath, with its border of glowworms, leading down to the bridge, he heard the words he had once so thirsted to hear, but now these words weighed heavily upon him—he would rather not have heard them at all.

The doctor started coming every night, and since he was really a first-rate player, he derived enormous pleasure from these incessant defeats. He brought Luzhin a chess handbook, advising him, however, not to get too carried away by it, not to tire himself, and to read in the open air. He spoke about the grand masters he had had the occasion to see, about a recent tournament,



International Language

Music needs no translation. Its magic transcends boundaries of time and place to speak with universal meaning to all people everywhere.

This month, "International Hour: Music from Hollywood" inaugurates the fourth annual international program exchange. A unique adventure in global television, the exchange was created by the CBS Owned television stations to bring audiences in five major U.S. communities fine cultural programs from abroad. And at the same time, to make possible the free exchange of

International Hour programs among all of the participating nations. (This year, by special arrangement with the CBS Owned television stations, the series will also be seen on ten stations of the Eastern Educational Network).

"International Hour: Music from Hollywood," the American contribution to the exchange, presents a concert of memorable music composed for motion pictures, performed at the famed Hollywood Bowl by Mel Tormé and the 100-man Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra. Academy Award-winner

Ray Milland hosts this special hour-long program produced by CBS Owned KNXT in Los Angeles. In weeks to come, the distinguished actor E. G. Marshall will introduce programs of music and dance originated by broadcasters in such diverse nations as France, Peru, Canada, Argentina, Italy, Australia, Japan, Yugoslavia and West Germany. Thus, once more, International Hour will serve to sound a chord of understanding among people of manylands. Plan to be watching each week during the series. And let the music speak for itself.

CBS TELEVISION STATIONS

© A Division of Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc., operating WCBS-TV New York, KNXT Los Angeles, WBBM-TV Chicago, WCAU-TV Philadelphia and KMOX-TV St. Louis. "International Hour: Music from Hollywood" will be broadcast as follows (times listed are local): Channel 2, WBBM-TV Chicago, 7 pm, Thursday, May 14; Channel 2, KNXT Los Angeles, 9 pm, Sunday, May 17; Channel 4, KMOX-TV St. Louis, 9 pm, Monday, May 18; Channel 10, WCAU-TV Philadelphia, 8 pm, Wednesday, May 20; Channel 2, WCBS-TV New York, 8 pm, Thursday, May 21.

Distinguished Furniture for Distinctive Offices



*Probably you spend the most effective hours of your life in your office.
Stow & Davis furniture can make those hours pleasanter, more productive.**

stow & davis

MANUFACTURER AFFILIATE: THE CENTER FOR ENVIRONMENTAL
STUDY & DEVELOPMENT

*It will be a pleasure to send you our brochure. Please write 12 Summer, N.W., Grand Rapids 2, Mich.

**Not every man
who wears
GGG clothes
is invited
to the
Inaugural Ball.**

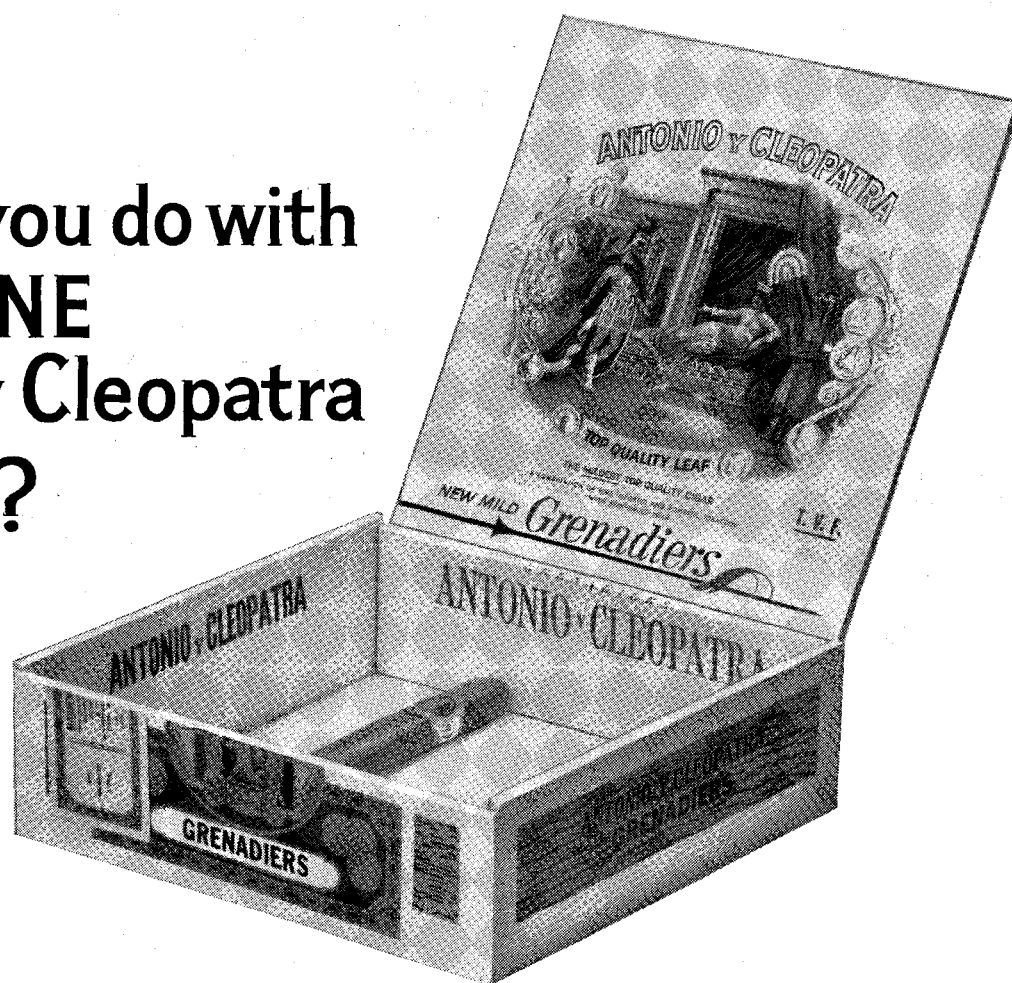


For free style booklet and name of nearest store, write to Wm. P. Goldman & Bros., Inc., Dept. T., 12 E. 14th St., N.Y. 3. In Chicago: 14 E. Jackson Blvd. In Los Angeles: 608 S. Hill St.

and also about the past of chess—about a somewhat doubtful rajah, and about the great Philidor, who was also an accomplished musician. At times, grinning gloomily, he would bring what he termed “a sugarplum”—an ingenious problem cut out of some periodical. Luzhin would pore over it awhile, finally find the solution, and, with an extraordinary expression on his face and radiant bliss in his eyes, would exclaim, “How glorious, how glorious!” But the notion of composing problems himself did not entice him. He dimly felt that they would be a pointless waste of the militant, charging, bright force he sensed within him whenever the doctor, with strokes of his hairy finger, removed his king farther and farther, and finally nodded his head and sat there quite still, looking at the board, while Luzhin senior (who was always present, always craving a miracle—his son’s defeat—and when he won was both frightened and overjoyed, and suffered from this complicated mixture of feelings) would seize a knight or a rook, crying that everything was not lost, and would himself sometimes play to the end a hopelessly compromised game.

THUS it began. Between this sequence of evenings on the veranda and the day when Luzhin’s photograph appeared in a St. Petersburg magazine, it was as if nothing had been—neither the country autumn drizzling on the asters, nor the journey back to town, nor the return to school. The photograph appeared on an October day soon after his first, unforgettable performance in a chess club. And everything else that took place between the return to town and the photograph—two months, after all—was so blurry and so mixed up that later, in recalling this time, Luzhin was unable to say exactly when, for instance, that social evening had taken place at school (in a corner, almost unnoticed by his schoolfellows, he had quietly beaten the geography teacher, a well-known amateur) or when, on Luzhin senior’s invitation, a gray-haired Jew came to dinner, a senile chess genius who had been victorious in all the cities of the world but now lived in idleness and poverty, purblind, with a sick heart, having lost forever his fire, his grip, his luck. . . . But one thing Luzhin remembered quite clearly—the fear he experienced in school, the fear they would learn of his gift and ridicule him. And consequently he judged that after the game played at the social evening he must not have gone to school anymore. After his picture appeared, he refused to go to school, but it was impossible to

What do you do with ONE Antonio y Cleopatra ?



You let it remind you to buy more.

After that, savor it. The last AyC...just like the first. The taste is so good it never lasts long enough.

AyC—something special. And for 85 years an appreciative, happy (perhaps self-indulgent) band of loyal smokers went for them.

Now, suddenly, men everywhere are smoking AyC. Sales have increased by many millions of cigars in just the last few years. Why?

We think it's because of AyC's unique new blend—fine leaf imported from the West Indies and Latin America, plus choice domestic tobaccos, which give AyC its rare good taste.

Why not have one? By the way, if you're on your last AyC, remember to get more. If you forget, you'll hate yourself later. Eleven shapes and sizes, 15¢ to 30¢ price range.



ANTONIO Y CLEOPATRA

THE CIGAR THAT NEVER LASTS LONG ENOUGH

Product of *The American Tobacco Company* © A. T. Co.

BONE CHINA
GREEN GARLAND
PLACE SETTING, \$34.80



Don't wait to inherit Spode

Copied to the stroke from 18th Century Spode pattern documents, Green Garland points up the appropriateness of good traditional design to today's taste. A chain of leaves in two shades of green intertwine rosettes of gold. The lining and edging bands are also of gold. Write for Booklet 71.

wholesale distributors

COPELAND & THOMPSON, INC. / 206 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N.Y.

Spode
THE FINE ENGLISH
DINNERWARE

ELIZABETH VASE, EXQUISITELY SCULPTURED IN FRENCH LEAD CRYSTAL. 6" HIGH, \$55.



LALIQUE

WRITE FOR BROCHURE & NAME OF NEAREST STORE • 225 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 10, N.Y.

untangle in his memory the knot in which the social evening and the photograph were joined; it was impossible to say which came first and which second. His father brought him the magazine with the photograph in it, taken the previous year, in the country: a tree in the garden and he next to it, a pattern of foliage on his forehead, a sullen expression on his slightly inclined face, and those narrow white shorts that always used to come unbuttoned in front. Instead of the joy his father expected, he expressed nothing—but he did feel a secret joy: now this would put an end to school.

They pleaded with him during the course of a week. His mother cried. His father threatened to take away his new chess set—enormous pieces on a morocco board. And suddenly everything was decided, of itself. He ran away from home—in his autumn coat, since his winter one had been hidden after a previous unsuccessful attempt to run away—and not knowing where to go (a stinging snow was falling and settling on the cornices, and the wind would blow it off, endlessly reenacting this miniature blizzard), he wandered finally to his aunt's place, not having seen her since spring. He met her as she was leaving. She was wearing a black hat and holding flowers wrapped in paper, and she was on her way to a funeral. "Your old partner is dead," she said. "Come with me."

Angry at not being allowed to warm himself, angry at the snow falling and at the sentimental tears shining behind his aunt's veil, he turned and walked away. After walking about for an hour, he set off for home. He did not remember the actual return, and, even more curiously, was never sure whether things had happened thus or differently; perhaps his memory later added much that was taken from his delirium—for he was delirious for a whole week, and since he was extremely delicate and high-strung, the doctors presumed he would not pull through. The gray-haired Jew who used to beat Chigorin, the corpse of his aunt's admirer muffled in flowers, the sly, gay countenance of his father bringing a magazine, and the geography teacher petrified with the suddenness of the mate, and the smoke-filled room at the chess club where he was closely surrounded by a crowd of university students, and the clean-shaven face of the musician holding, for some reason, the telephone receiver, like a violin, between shoulder and cheek—all this participated in his delirium and took on the semblance of a kind of monstrous game on a spectral, wob-



Never serve the coffee without the Cream...Harvey's Bristol Cream



An after-dinner drink should be sweet...but it shouldn't get sticky about it. Harvey's Bristol Cream doesn't. The sweetness of this rare

imported sherry is subtle, its lightness is refreshing. Small wonder so many people enjoy it before the meal as well. For the perfect

after-dinner drink, never serve the coffee without Harvey's Bristol Cream®. Just chill before serving. **John Harvey and Sons, Ltd.**

© 1963, HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT. SOLE IMPORTER, U.S.A.



PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

You're not the only one who'll like the way your Pontiac is built. So will the next owner.

Who'd ever think about selling his 1964 Pontiac now? Still, it's nice to know that the way we build a Pontiac for you is what makes it worth more to the one who buys it next. Look at styling. (Beautiful.) Pontiacs no more go out of fashion than money. Consider engineering. (Superb.) Pontiac's the car with Wide-Track ride, which flattens bumps as neatly as it unwinds curves. Then there's Trophy V-8 power. (Strong. Very strong.) It's better to think about all this coolly, beforehand. Once you see and drive the Pontiacs, things get somewhat emotional. (Fun.) Try it, at your Pontiac dealer.

WIDE-TRACK PONTIAC

bly, and endlessly disintegrating board.

Upon his recovery, a taller and thinner boy, he was taken abroad, at first to the Adriatic coast, where he lay on the garden terrace in the sun and played games in his head, which nobody could forbid him, and then to a German resort, where his father took him for walks along footpaths fenced off with twisted beech railings. Sixteen years later, when he revisited this resort, he recognized the bearded earthenware dwarfs between the flower beds, and the garden paths of colored gravel before the hotel that had grown bigger and handsomer, and also the dark damp wood on the hill, and the daub of paint on the trunk of a beech tree or on a rock, where the path divided, so that the stroller should not lose his way. The same paperweights (bearing emerald-blue views touched up with mother-of-pearl beneath convex glass) were on sale in the shops near the spring, and no doubt the same orchestra on the stand in the park was playing potpourris of opera, and the same maples were casting their lively shade over small tables where people drank coffee and ate wedge-shaped slices of apple tart with whipped cream.

"Look, do you see those windows?" he said, pointing with his cane at the wing of the hotel. "It was there we had that pretty little tournament. Some of the most respectable German players took part. I was a boy of fourteen. Third prize; yes, third prize."

He replaced both hands on the crook of his thick cane with that sad, slightly old-mannish gesture that was natural to him now, and bent his head as if listening to distant music.

"Put on my hat? Why? We are sitting in the shade."

Nevertheless he took the straw hat extended to him across the little table, drummed on the bottom, where there was a blurred dark spot over the hat-maker's name, and donned it. His right cheek and the corner of his mouth went up slightly, exposing bad, tobacco-stained teeth; he had no other smile. And one would never have said that he was only beginning his fourth decade. From the wings of his nose there descended two deep, flabby furrows; his shoulders were bent; in the whole of his body one remarked an unhealthy heaviness; and when he rose abruptly, with raised elbow defending himself from a wasp, one saw he was rather stout. Nothing in the little Luzhin had foreshadowed this lazy, unhealthy fleshiness.

"But why does it pester me?" he cried in a thin, querulous voice, continu-



Mirror, Mirror

This fair lady meets Spring in Williamsburg; one of the fairest cities of colonial America. And today it is just as lovely as ever. You can walk today down streets flanked by eighteenth-century homes, browse in shops that show the wares of yesteryear, greet

the ladies in farthingales and gentlemen in knee breeches. You may live, too, amid the quiet charm and historical echoes of Williamsburg—when you stay at The Inn, Lodge, or Motor House. *Come soon and see.*

Where to Stay

WILLIAMSBURG INN
from \$16 double

COLONIAL HOUSES
from \$12 double

WILLIAMSBURG LODGE
from \$12 double

THE MOTOR HOUSE
\$14 double

For reservations, free color folder, other information, write Box CN, Williamsburg, Va. 23185, or call Reservation Offices—New York, Circle 6-6800. Washington, Federal 8-8828. Baltimore, ENTERprise 9-8855.

COLONIAL
Williamsburg
VIRGINIA

There will always be an English chintz



... And what is more, it manages to look so right in Mayfair, some way out outpost, or right here in Manhattan. We have one English chintz with the durability of a Gibraltar—we've been selling it steadily for forty odd years. So, when you are trying to create a mood of high tea, hot scones and the Manor House—think English chintz—think Thorp.

J. H. Thorp FABRICS
W.H.S. LLOYD WALLPAPERS

425 E. 53 St. / 171 E. 56 St., N. Y.

ing to lift his elbow and endeavoring with his other hand to get out his handkerchief. The wasp, having described one last circle, flew away, and he followed it with his eyes for a long time, mechanically shaking out his handkerchief; then he set his metal chair more firmly on the gravel, picked up his fallen cane, and sat down again, breathing heavily. "Why are you laughing? Wasps are extremely unpleasant insects." Frowning, he looked down at the table. Beside his cigarette case lay a handbag, semicircular, made of black silk. He reached out for it absently and began to click the lock. "Shuts badly," he said without looking up. "One fine day you'll spill everything out." He sighed, laid the handbag aside, and added in the same tone of voice, "Yes, the most respectable German players. And one Austrian. My late papa was unlucky. He hoped there would be no real interest in chess here, and we landed right in a tournament."

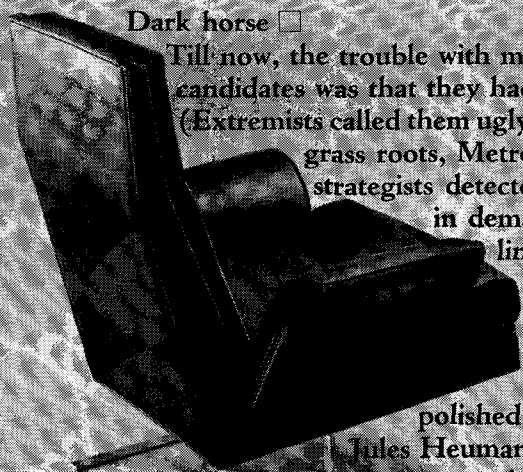
Things had been rebuilt and jumbled; the wing of the hotel now looked different. They had lived over there, on the second floor. It had been decided that they would stay until the end of the year and then return to Russia—and the ghost of school, which his father dared not mention, again loomed into view. His mother went back much earlier, at the beginning of summer. She said she was *insanely* homesick for the Russian countryside, and that protracted "insanely," with such a plaintive, aching middle syllable, was practically the sole intonation of hers that Luzhin retained in his memory. She left reluctantly, however, not really knowing whether to go or stay. It was already some time since she had begun to experience a strange feeling of estrangement from her son, as if he had drifted away somewhere, and the one she loved was not this grown-up boy, not the chess prodigy that the newspapers were writing about, but that little warm, insupportable child who at the slightest provocation would throw himself flat on the floor, screaming and drumming his feet. And everything was so sad and so unnecessary: that sparse, un-Russian lilac in the station garden, those tulip-shaped lamps in the sleeping car of the Nord Express, and those sinking sensations in the chest: a feeling of suffocation—perhaps angina pectoris and perhaps, as her husband said, simply nerves.

She went away and did not write; his father grew gayer and moved to a smaller room; and then one July day, when little Luzhin was on his way home from another hotel—in which lived one of those morose elderly men who were

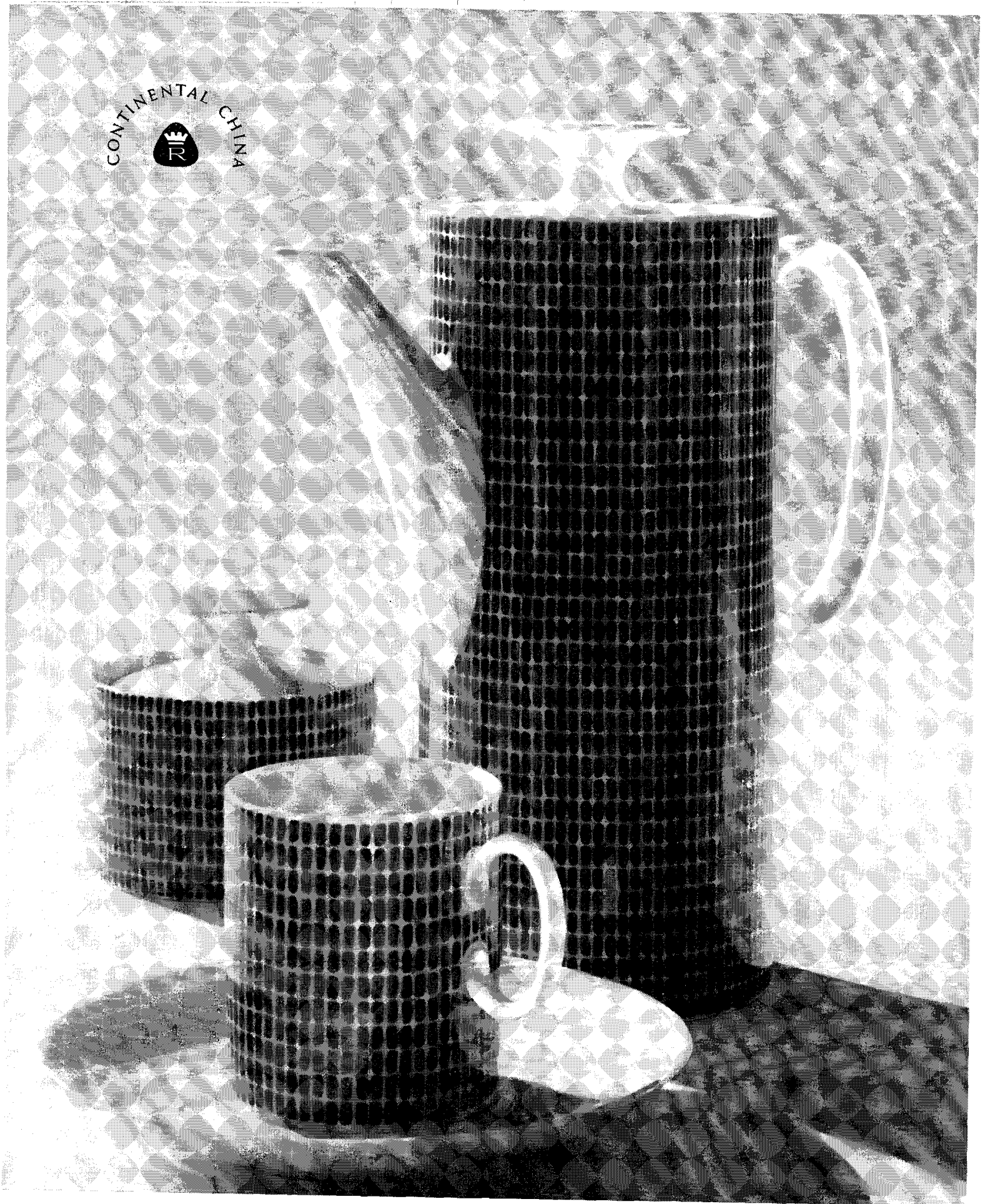
Dark horse ☐

Till now, the trouble with most lounge chair candidates was that they had no aesthetic appeal. (Extremists called them ugly.) At the San Francisco grass roots, Metropolitan Furniture strategists detected a swelling surge in demand for a new, clean-lined kind of comfort. (Illustrated.) We call it Heumannitarian because it was groomed for success, from its polished chrome base up, by Jules Heumann, the A.I.D. award winner. For our new 92-page catalog, send \$1 to Metropolitan Furniture Corporation, 1355 Market Street, San Francisco.

METROPOLITAN 



METROPOLITAN 



The new shape "Medallion" has been designed for Continental China by Hans Theo Baumann, Munich and Richard Scharrer, Nuremberg. The cylindrical form, softened by medallion-like disc knobs and graceful handles, simply asks to be decorated. Talented European artists have done just that with a variety of exciting contemporary patterns. Shown: "Medallion Onyx" \$12.95 per five piece place setting... Other "Medallion" patterns \$8.50 to \$19.95 per place setting... For color brochures of CONTINENTAL and other ROSENTHAL patterns send 10¢ to Dept. N12

Rosenthal China Corporation 21 East 26th St., New York 10, N.Y.

Rosenthal Canada Ltd., 40 Wellington St. E., Toronto, Ont.

49 PROOF • ©1963 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

CHERRY HEERING
LIQUEUR
it's the difference between eating and dining

CHERRY HEERING
LIQUEUR
PRODUCED BY
HEERING
DENMARK

SUPERB SERVED CHILLED WITH YOUR AFTER-DINNER COFFEE

his playmates—accidentally, in the bright low sun, he caught sight of his father by the wooden railings of a hillside path. His father was with a lady, and since that lady was certainly his young red-haired aunt from St. Petersburg, he was very surprised, and somehow ashamed, and he did not say anything to his father. Early one morning a few days after this, he heard his father swiftly approach his room along the corridor, apparently laughing loudly. The door was burst open, and his father entered, holding out a slip of paper as if thrusting it away. Tears rolled down his cheeks and along his nose, as if he had splashed his face with water, and he kept repeating, with sobs and gasps, "What's this? What's this? It's a mistake, they've got it wrong," and he continued to thrust the telegram away.

HE played in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Nizhni Novgorod, Kiev, Odessa. There appeared a certain Valentinov, a cross between tutor and manager. Luzhin senior wore a black armband—mourning for his wife—and told provincial journalists that he would never have made such a thorough survey of his native land had he not had a prodigy for a son.

The boy battled at tournaments with the best Russian players. He often took on a score of amateurs. Sometimes he played blind. Luzhin senior, many years later (in the years when his every contribution to émigré newspapers seemed to him to be his swan song—and goodness knows how many of these swan songs there were, full of lyricism and misprints), planned to write a novella about precisely such a chess-playing small boy, who was taken from city to city by his father (foster father in the novella). He began to write it in 1928, after returning home from a meeting of the Union of Émigré Writers, at which he had been the only one to turn up. The idea of the book came to him unexpectedly and vividly, as he was sitting and waiting in the conference room of a Berlin coffeehouse. As usual, he had come very early. He expressed surprise that the tables had not been placed together, told the waiter to do this immediately, and ordered tea and a pony of brandy. The room was clean and brightly lit, with a still-life on the wall representing plump peaches around a watermelon minus one wedge. A clean tablecloth ballooned gently and settled over the connected tables. He put a lump of sugar in his tea and, watching the bubbles rise, warmed his bloodless, always cold hands on the glass. Nearby in the bar, a violin and

TROUSERED BY CORBIN

the man who put natural shoulders on trousers



CORBIN POPLINS

of 65% DACRON®
35% pima cotton

With warm weather in the offing, Corbin brings back for an encore his perennial favorite: Poplin. Tailored the Corbin way, these trousers keep improving with age: the more you wash them, the better they look and feel. Wear them on the golf course, aboard boat, or aloft in your private hammock. They hold their crisp smartness no matter what! The cut is classic Corbin with pleatless fronts. In select casual colors, such as Natural Tan, Landlubber Blue and Chamois. In a high count 65% "Dacron"® Polyester and 35% Pima Cotton Poplin, they are also made in Bermuda Length Walk Shorts and Bathing Shorts. At the stores you would expect, or write: Corbin Ltd., Dept. UV, 385 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

* DuPont's registered Trademark

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., permits use of its trademark "Sanforized" only on fabrics which meet its rigid shrinkage requirements under its regular inspection. Such fabrics will not shrink more than 1% by the Government's standard test. Use of the Company's trademark "Sanforized-Plus" is permitted only on fabrics which pass its regular tests and inspection for smoothness after washing, crease recovery, tensile strength, and tear strength, as well as meeting the "Sanforized" shrinkage requirements.



Be suspicious!

Make sure you see it on the label.

If you don't, stomp off.

Or see the manager.

Be a real pain in the neck.

You can't be sure the fabric won't shrink unless you see **SANFORIZED**.

You can't be sure of the best wash-and-wear performance unless you see



Right there. On the label.

Don't fall for a glib "It's the same thing."

If it is, why doesn't it say so?

You're entitled to "Sanforized" and "Sanforized-Plus".

Get them.

Evan-Piconery!

Is to this way in. That way in. Monday through Sunday in. And always with the glorious fit that alone is Evan-Picone. The whites in Jaipur, Evan-Picone's exclusive self-cooling sharkskin of 100% acetate. Pleatful skirt, about \$15. Cardigan, about \$15. Bermudas, about \$10. Ankle-slashed slacks, about \$13. Turtle top in red or blue double-knit Arnel® triacetate, about \$10. 8-18. At B. Altman & Co. and branches, and other great stores. **Evan-Picone** 1407 B'way, N.Y.C. ▲



PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

**VIVE
LA
DIFFERENCE!**

**VIVE
LE
PERNOD!**



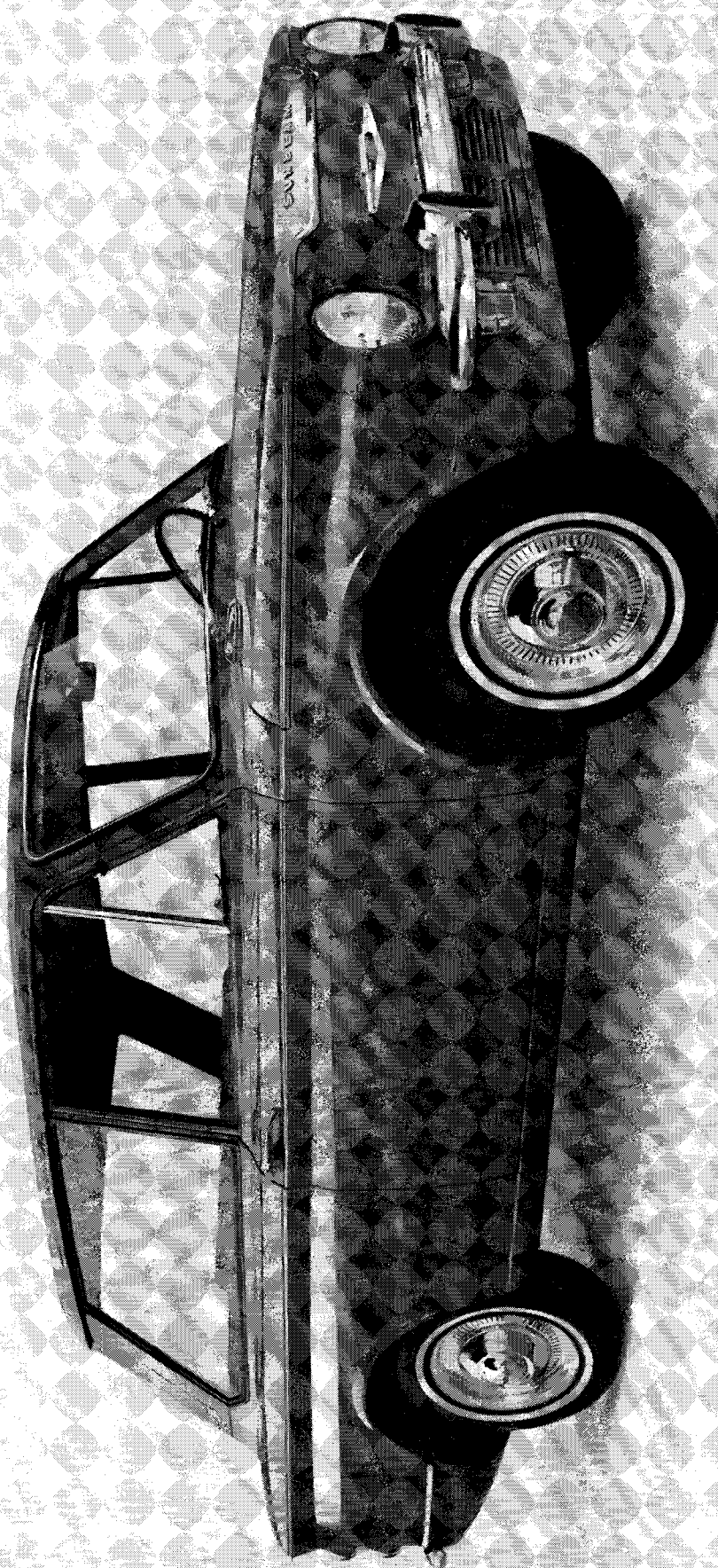
Delicious these four ways: Frappe, On-The-Rocks, Highball, Suisse.

MADE IN U.S.A. From grain neutral spirits, anise and other flavors, sugar, and colored with U. S. Certified Colors. 90 and 100 proof.

piano were playing selections from "La Traviata," and the sweet music, the brandy, the whiteness of the clean tablecloth—all this made old Luzhin so sad, and this sadness was so pleasant, that he was loath to move; so he just sat there, one elbow propped on the table, a finger pressed to his temple, a gaunt, red-eyed old man wearing a knitted waistcoat under his brown jacket. The music played, the empty room was flooded with light, the wound of the watermelon glowed scarlet—and nobody seemed to be coming to the meeting. Several times he looked at his watch, but then the tea and the music bemisted him so mellowly that he forgot about time. He sat quietly thinking about this and that—about a typewriter he had acquired second-hand, about the Mariinsky Theatre, about the son who so rarely came to Berlin. And then he suddenly realized that he had been sitting there for an hour, that the tablecloth was still just as bare and white. . . . And in this luminous solitude that seemed to him almost mystical, sitting at a table prepared for a meeting that did not take place, after a long absence literary inspiration revisited him.

He looked round the empty room—tablecloth, blue wallpaper, still-life—the way one looks at a room where a famous man was born, and he mentally invited his future biographer (who as one came nearer to him in time became paradoxically more and more insubstantial, more and more remote) to take a good close look at this chance room where the novella "The Gambit" had been born. He drank the rest of his tea in one gulp, donned his coat and hat, learned from the waiter that today was Tuesday and not Wednesday, smiled, not without a certain satisfaction, over his own absent-mindedness, and immediately upon returning home removed the black metal cover from his typewriter.

A bright hall, two rows of tables, chessboards on the tables. A person sits at each table, and at his back spectators stand in a cluster, craning their necks. And now down the aisle between the tables, looking at no one, hurries a small boy—dressed like the Czarevitch in an elegant white sailor suit. He stops at each board in turn and quickly makes a move or else lapses briefly into thought, inclining his golden-brown head. An onlooker knowing nothing about simultaneous chess would be utterly baffled at the sight of these elderly men in black sitting gloomily behind boards that bristle thickly with curiously cut manikins, while a nimble, smartly dressed lad, whose presence here is inexplicable,



**WE SPENT
80 MILLION DOLLARS
AND 5 YEARS
BUILDING
A \$1495 CAR —
TO CHANGE YOUR
POINT OF VIEW!**

Some time ago we took a long hard look at the calibre of economy cars. Our own field was sports cars . . . high performance, race winning Sunbeams. What we saw changed our point of view about economy cars. What we built will change yours.

□ 80 million dollars, 5 years, and 2½ million miles of endurance testing went into it. The end-result: a car so ahead of its time that it became the most publicized and is now the most sought after European car.

□ The incredible new Sunbeam Sportsedan is unlike any car you've ever driven. It beats its competition to the punch with an overhead camshaft engine (unique in its field). Cruises at over 70 m.p.h. Its "aerodynamic" design is low and handsome. Incredible economy (up to 40 miles per gal.) and no greasing points. (Service every 5000 miles only.)

□ Specifications. Racing-type aluminum rear engine; independent 4-wheel suspension for racing-car control; unitary steel construction. And 16 exclusive features including a tilt-up rear window and fold-down rear seat, Zip—it's a station wagon!

□ Drive it. This Imp is a solid fun car. "The best car Rootes ever made . . . a mechanical miracle . . ." says the 1963 November issue of CAR & DRIVER. The price: just \$1495 complete with heater and defroster.* Ask your Sunbeam dealer about our money-saving overseas delivery plan.

**THE SUNBEAM SPORTSEDAN—
FROM THE RACING FAMILY
OF SUNBEAM ALPINES BY ROOTES**

*East POE. For information write to Rootes Motors, 505 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. or 9830 West Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif.



Peck
&
Peck



The Peck & Peck Jr. lives in Dacron®

No muss, no care when Dacron's there. Polyester/rayon in dark green or brick red overprinted in black. Bowed blouson over a camisoled pleated skirt. 5 to 15,

3000

Fifth Avenue, New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia
Rochester • Detroit • Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis
Indianapolis • Atlanta • Twin Cities • Buffalo • Kansas City
Cincinnati • Washington, D. C. • Hartford • Providence

walks lightly from table to table in the strange, tense silence, the only one to move among these petrified people.

The writer Luzhin did not himself notice the stylized nature of his recollection. Nor did he notice that he had endowed his son with the features of a musical rather than a chess-playing prodigy, the result being both sickly and angelic—eyes strangely veiled, curly hair, and a transparent pallor. But now he was faced with certain difficulties: this image of his son, purged of all alien matter and carried to the limits of tenderness, had to be surrounded with some sort of habitus. One thing he decided for sure—he would not let this child grow up, would not transform him into the taciturn person who sometimes called upon him in Berlin, replied to questions monosyllabically, sat there with his eyes half closed, and then went away, leaving an envelope with money in it on the window sill.

"He will die young," Luzhin senior said aloud, pacing restlessly about the room and around the open typewriter, whose keys were all watching him with their pupils of reflected light. "Yes, he will die young. His death will be logical and very moving; he will die in bed while playing his last game." He was so taken with this thought that he was sorry he couldn't write the end first and work back from that. But as a matter of fact, why was it impossible? One could try. . . . He started to guide his thought backward, from this touching and so distinct death back to his hero's vague origin, but presently he thought better of it and sat down at his desk to ponder anew.

His son's gift had developed in full only after the war, when the *Wunderkind* turned into the maestro. In 1914, on the very eve of that war, Luzhin senior had again gone abroad with his son, and Valentinov went, too. Little Luzhin was invited to play in Vienna, Budapest, and Rome. The fame of the Russian boy who had already beaten one or two of those players whose names appear in chess textbooks was growing so fast that Luzhin senior's own modest literary fame was also being incidentally alluded to in foreign newspapers. All three of them were in Switzerland when the Austrian archduke was killed. Out of quite casual considerations (the notion that the mountain air was good for his son; Valentinov's remark that Russia now had no time for chess, while the boy was kept alive by chess alone; the thought that the war would not last for long), he had returned to St. Petersburg alone. After a few months, he could stand it no longer and sent for his son.

In a bizarre, orotund letter that was somehow matched by the roundabout journey taken by this letter, Valentinov informed him that his son did not wish to come. Luzhin senior wrote again, and the reply, just as orotund and polite, came not from Tarasp but from Naples. He began to loathe Valentinov. There were days of extraordinary anguish. There were absurd complications with the transfer of money. However, Valentinov proposed in one of his next letters to assume all the costs of the boy's maintenance himself—they would settle up later. Time passed. In the unexpected role of war correspondent, Luzhin senior found himself in the Caucasus. Days of anguish and keen hatred for Valentinov (who wrote, however, diligently) were followed by days of mental peace derived from the feeling that life abroad was good for his son—better than it would have been in Russia (which was precisely what Valentinov affirmed).



Now, a decade and a half later, these war years turned out to be an exasperating obstacle; they seemed an encroachment upon creative freedom, for in every book describing the gradual development of a given human personality one had somehow to mention the war, and even the hero's dying in his youth could not provide a way out of this situation. There were characters and circumstances surrounding his son's image that unfortunately were conceivable only against the background of the war and that could not have existed without this background. With the Revolution it was even worse. The general opinion was that it had influenced the course of every Russian's life; an author could not have his hero go through it without getting scorched, and to dodge it was impossible. This amounted to a genuine violation of the writer's free will. Actually, how could the Revolution affect his son? . . . On the long-awaited day, in the fall of 1917, Valentinov appeared, just as cheerful, loud, and magnificently dressed as before, and behind him was a pudgy young man with a rudimentary mustache. There was a moment of sorrow, embarrassment, and disillusionment. The young man hardly spoke, and kept glancing askance at the window. "He's afraid there might be some shooting," Valentinov explained in a low voice. All this resembled a bad dream at first—but one gets used to everything. Valentinov continued to assert that whatever was owed him could be settled "among friends" later. It turned out that he had important secret business affairs, and money tucked away

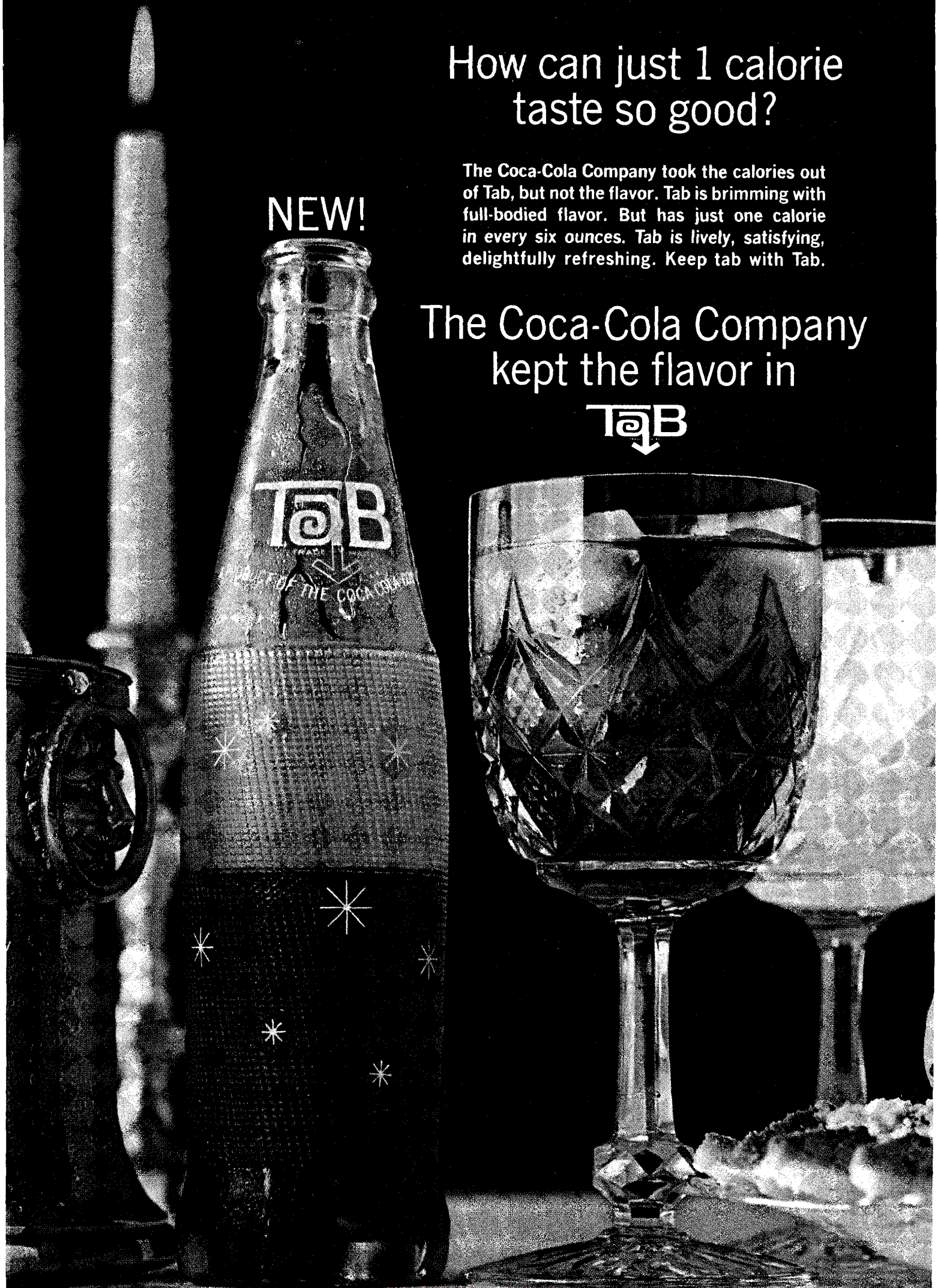
How can just 1 calorie
taste so good?

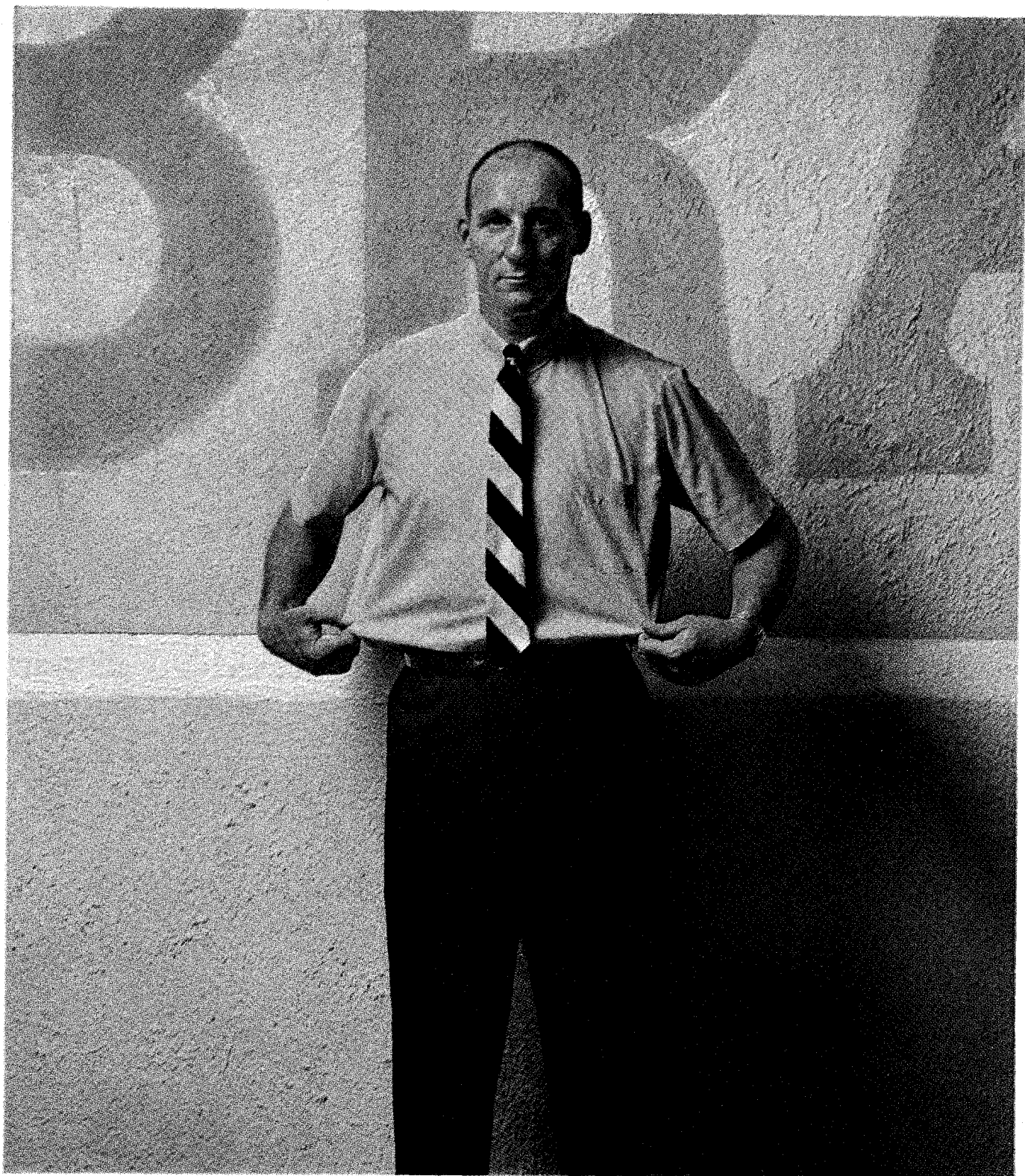
The Coca-Cola Company took the calories out
of Tab, but not the flavor. Tab is brimming with
full-bodied flavor. But has just one calorie
in every six ounces. Tab is lively, satisfying,
delightfully refreshing. Keep tab with Tab.

NEW!

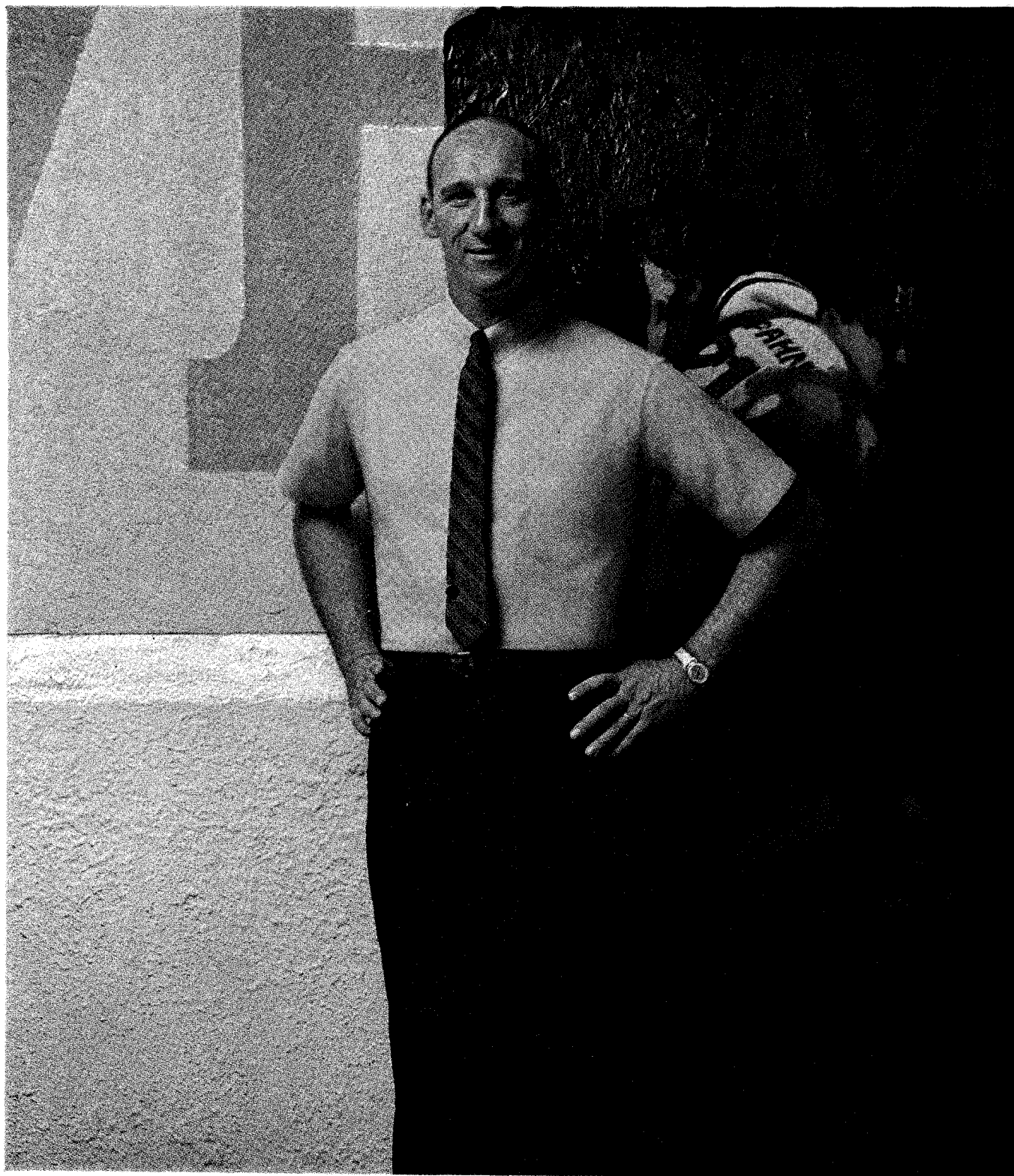
The Coca-Cola Company
kept the flavor in

TAB
↓





Warren Spahn has switched from sack-shaped shirts



to the man-shaped shirt...Manhattan® Mantrim®

Mantrim shirts are cut differently from ordinary shirts. The body is tapered. And the taper is proportioned to shirt size. That means you'll look great in Mantrim, whatever your shape—sleek and neat, with no bunched fabric ballooning over your belt. Now in short sleeves, too, in many cool fabrics, colors, collars. Shown: **AMBASSADOR®** Supima® 100% cotton, a luxury broadcloth that feels almost like silk. \$5

 **Manhattan®**
Internationally known mark of quality.
And Lady Manhattan® □ 1271 Ave. of Americas, N.Y. 20



JEFF RAMSEY, FAMOUS AMERICAN BULLFIGHTER, WATCHES HIS "PUPIL" IN THE WORLD'S LARGEST BULL RING—MEXICO CITY'S 50,000 SEAT PLAZA MEXICO.

The plaza was never so plush...

Not until this aficionado arrived for a practice session in the plaza de toros. It was pure luxury in the afternoon... with a thick-pile Barwick underfoot and E.T.B. making passes with a flaming carpet cape. You'd think such elegantly textured all-Nylon carpet would cost mucho pesos. Not so. Any torero knows a man's linen handkerchief usually costs more per square yard than most fine Barwick carpets.* So Olé... for Barwick carpets!

Barwick fashions NYLON — ACRYLAN — HERCULON (the longest wearing carpet fibers known) into luxurious carpets of radiant, enduring colors. From \$7.95 to \$24.95 per square yard at better stores everywhere.

*Four make a square yard.
4 x \$2.50 = \$10.00

E.T. Barwick
mills, inc.
CHAMBLEE, GEORGIA
World's largest maker of tufted carpets and rugs

in all the banks of Allied Europe. Young Luzhin began to frequent a chess club that had trustfully blossomed forth at the very height of civil chaos, and in the spring, together with Valentinov, he disappeared—once more abroad. After this came recollections that were purely personal, unbidden recollections, of no use to Luzhin the writer—starvation, arrest, and so forth, and, suddenly, legal exile, blessed expulsion, the clean yellow deck, the Baltic breeze, the discussion with Professor Vasilenko about the immortality of the soul.

Out of all this, out of this crude mish-mash that stuck to the pen and tumbled out of every corner of his memory, degrading every recollection and blocking the way for free thought, Luzhin senior was compelled to extract carefully, piece by piece, and admit whole to his book—Valentinov. A man of undoubted talent, as he was characterized by those who were about to say something nasty about him; an odd fellow, a Jack-of-all-trades, an indispensable man for the organization of amateur shows, engineer, superb mathematician, chess and checkers enthusiast, and, in the words of his own recommendation, “the most amusing gentleman.” He had wonderful brown eyes and an extremely attractive laugh. On his index finger he wore a death’s-head ring, and he gave one to understand that there had been duels in his life. At one time he had taught calisthenics in little Luzhin’s school, and pupils and teachers alike had been much impressed by the fact that a mysterious lady used to come for him in a limousine. He invented, in passing, an amazing metallic pavement that was tried in St. Petersburg on the Nevsky, near Kazan Cathedral. He had composed several clever chess problems, and was the first exponent of the so-called “Russian” theme. He was twenty-eight the year war was declared, and he suffered from no illness. The anemic word “deserter” somehow did not suit this cheerful, sturdy, agile man; no other word, however, can be found for him. What he did abroad during the war remained unknown.

Luzhin the writer decided to utilize him in full; thanks to his presence, any story acquired extraordinary liveliness, a smack of adventure. But the most important part still remained to be invented. Everything he had up to now was the coloration—warm and vivid, no doubt, but floating in separate spots; he had still to find a definite design, a sharp line. For the first time, the writer Luzhin had involuntarily begun with the colors. And the brighter these colors became in his mind, the harder it was to

IMPORTED BRITISH DAKS[®] TROUSERS

**world-famous for
their comfortable
beltless tailoring
and adjustable
waistband**

●
Simpson tailors, heirs of
an ancient London tradition,
build impeccable hang and
fit into every pair.

●
Look for the label.
Daks trousers are often
imitated but never equalled.

●
Choose from innumerable
weaves, weights and colours
in handsome lightweight
British woollens.
From \$32.50. Slightly
higher in the western
states. Irish linens in
all the new fashion shades.
Walking shorts \$15.95.
Trousers \$23.50.

●
At fine stores
throughout the country,
or write Dept. NY-22
Daks U.S.A., Inc.,
1290 Avenue of the
Americas,
New York 19, N.Y.

●
**Tailored by
S. Simpson Ltd.,
London, England**







**Our cotton knits go
through thick and thin**

Isn't it comforting to know you have a cotton knit shirt that'll stand up through all the hot, humid days of summer with outstanding coolness. Fine cotton, in color, is woven with thicker white yarn into these handsomely textured pullovers. Solids and stripes of blue, butter, taupe, red, or black. Sizes S, M, L, XL. **11.95** Also in long sleeved 6 button cardigan, (sorry, not in black). **13.95**

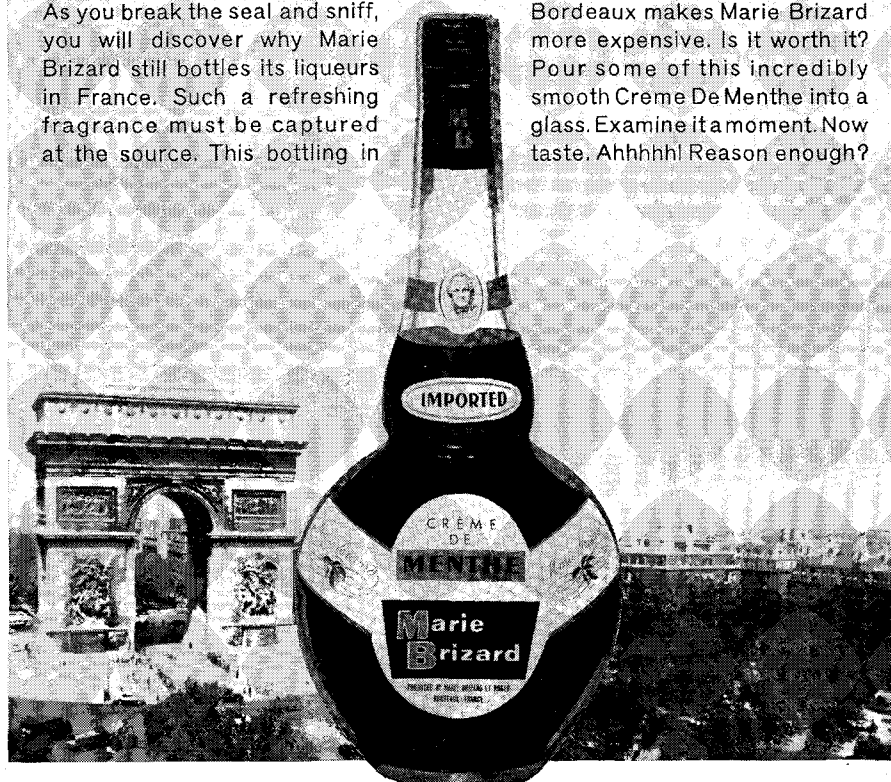
Men's Store, Street Floor

59th Street at 3rd Avenue • EL 5-5900
Bergen County • Fresh Meadows
New Rochelle • Stamford

The very climate of France is in this bottle

As you break the seal and sniff, you will discover why Marie Brizard still bottles its liqueurs in France. Such a refreshing fragrance must be captured at the source. This bottling in

Bordeaux makes Marie Brizard more expensive. Is it worth it? Pour some of this incredibly smooth Creme De Menthe into a glass. Examine it a moment. Now taste. Ahhhhh! Reason enough?



MARIE BRIZARD CREME DE MENTHE • 60 PROOF • SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS SCHIEFFELIN & CO., NEW YORK
ALSO • ANISETTE, 50 PROOF • CREME DE CACAO, 50 PROOF • BLACKBERRY, 60 PROOF • APRY, 70 PROOF

sit down at the typewriter. A month went by, another, the summer began, and still he continued to clothe his yet invisible theme in the most festive hues. Sometimes it seemed to him that the book was already written and he clearly saw the set-up type—the galley-proof scrolls with red hieroglyphs in the margin, and then the advance copy, so fresh and crisp to the touch—and beyond that was a marvellous rosy mist, delectable rewards for all his failures, for all the fickleness of fame. He visited his numerous acquaintances and spoke at length, with great enthusiasm, of his coming book. One émigré newspaper printed a note to the effect that after a long silence he was working on a new tale. And this note, which he himself had written and sent in, he excitedly read over three times and then cut out and placed in his wallet. He began to appear with greater frequency at literary evenings, and he supposed that everyone must be looking at him with curiosity and respect. On a treacherous summer day, he went to a suburban wood, got soaked in a sudden downpour while vainly looking for boletes, and the following day took to his bed. He ailed briefly and lonesomely, and his end was not peaceful. The board of the Union of Émigré Writers honored his memory with a minute of silence.

“EVERYTHING will be spilled, that’s certain,” said Luzhin, again taking possession of the handbag.

She moved it farther away. “You always have to fiddle with something,” she said amicably.

Luzhin looked at his hand, splaying the fingers and then closing them up again. The nails, tawny with nicotine, had ragged cuticles around them; fat little furrows ran across the finger joints, and a few hairs grew lower down. He placed his hand on the table next to her hand, milky pale and soft to look at, with short, neatly trimmed nails.

“I regret not having known your father,” she said after a pause. “He must have been very kind, very earnest, and very fond of you.”

Luzhin was silent.

“Tell me some more—how was your life here? Were you really a little boy once, running and romping about?”

He replaced both hands on his cane, and from the expression on his face—from the sleepy lowering of his heavy lids and from his slightly open mouth, looking as if he were about to yawn—she concluded that he had grown bored, that he was tired of reminiscing. And anyway, he reminisced coldly. She was puzzled that, having lost his father only

How to turn \$20,000 into a pittance in your spare time.

The secret is to be impatient and greedy and to invest all your money in one highly speculative stock on a tip. And if it happens to be the only \$20,000 you have handy, it's alarming how fast it can disappear. The spare-time investor can turn needed cash into a handful of worthless securities in practically no time by taking offhand, unprofessional advice—or by plunging ahead alone without adequate research. So much for that.

How to Use Research for Growth.

A more intelligent and sophisticated way is to get the advice of a good broker and, with his guidance, spread your \$20,000 among companies that have been thoroughly researched and have strong fundamental values. We believe a stock portfolio based on this approach gives the best results and the best chance of outperforming the averages.

There are many reputable brokers, but we'd like to tell you about ourselves and our approach to assisting investors.

The Shearson Way.

Last year, our research analysts traveled over a third of a million miles and held over 5,400 interviews with company execu-

tives to dig out the kind of vital information on which profitable investment decisions are made.

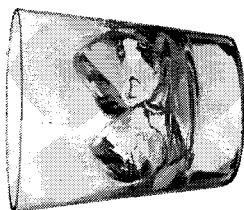
And our research doesn't stop there. The information brought back must be evaluated, analyzed and measured against business and market conditions. This is done as our investment banking specialists, research partners, floor partners and other members of the Investment Policy Committee subject the analysts' recommendations to a grueling review. Only the relatively limited number (188 last year) that look most promising survive this test. The firm's policy requires a registered representative who recommends for investment any stock not approved in this way to inform clients that the recommendation is based on his own evaluation.

Try a Free Sample.

Decide for yourself about the quality of research we offer. Read the latest copy of our 12-page monthly report, BUSINESS & SECURITIES. You will find a discussion of economic trends that seem likely to affect the market in the months ahead, plus a report on selected stocks Shearson recommends for purchase at this time. Just send your name and address to BUSINESS & SECURITIES at the address below.

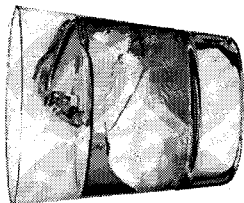


SHEARSON, HAMMILL & CO., DEPT. H, 14 WALL ST., N.Y. 5 / MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE / OFFICES COAST TO COAST



Word of mouth!

BLENDING SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • SCHIEFFELIN & CO., NEW YORK



Why the trend to Teacher's Scotch?

a month ago, he was now able to look dry-eyed at the hotel where they had lived together during his boyhood. But even in this indifference, in his clumsy words and in the cumbrous stirrings of his soul, which seemed to be drowsily turning over and falling asleep again, she fancied she saw something pathetic—a charm that was difficult to define but one that she had felt in him from the first day of their acquaintance. And how mysterious it was that, despite the evident tepidity of his relationship with his father, he had chosen precisely this resort and precisely this hotel, as if expecting to receive from these once-seen objects and landscapes the tingle he was unable to experience without outside assistance.

He had arrived magnificently, on a gray-and-green day, in a drizzling rain, wearing a disgraceful black shaggy hat and huge rubbers. Looking through the window at this figure as he clambered ponderously out of the hotel bus, she had felt that the unknown newcomer was someone quite special, unlike any other resident at the resort. That same evening she learned who he was. Everybody in the restaurant looked at this stout, gloomy man, who ate greedily and sloppily and sometimes became lost in thought, one finger stroking the tablecloth. She did not play chess, and took no interest in chess tournaments, but somehow or other his name was familiar to her, though she was unable to recall when she had heard it. A German manufacturer who was a long-time sufferer from constipation and liked to talk about it—a man with a one-track mind, but good-natured and pleasant and dressed with some taste—suddenly forgot his constipation and, in the gallery where they were drinking the curative water, informed her of several amazing facts about the gloomy gentleman, who now, having exchanged his shaggy fedora for an old boater, was standing before a small display window let into one of the columns, examining some hand-crafted knickknacks that were being exhibited for sale. "Your fellow-countryman," said the manufacturer, indicating Luzhin with a jerk of the eyebrow, "is a famous chess player. He has come from Paris for the tournament that will be held in Berlin in two months' time. If he wins, he'll challenge the world champion. His father died recently. It's all here in the newspaper."

She wanted to make his acquaintance, talk Russian with him—so attractive did he seem to her, with his uncouthness, his gloominess, and his low, turn-down collar, which for some reason made him look like a musician—and at the same

BRITISH WALKERS

MADE IN THE U.S.A.



Polo Club

Spectator classic of black llama calfskin with white washable vamp, style 7375. Or Royal Oak brown with white vamp, style 6375. About \$23. Other styles to \$35.

BRITISH WALKERS, Dept. W-14, Augusta, Maine
Also makers of Taylor-Made Shoes for Men



WE KNEW HIS ENGLISH ACCENT WAS PHONEY WHEN HE ASKED "WHAT ARE VIYELLA® SOCKS?"

What Englishman worth his tea and crumpets hasn't heard about Viyella Men's Hosiery? Spun in England from fine cotton and the softest wool, Viyella is shrink-proof, fade-proof, moth-proof and almost never needs darning. Ankle length...\$1.75 per pair. Garter length and over-the-calf length...\$2.00 per pair.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF KAYSER-ROTH



SUITS \$45 SPORT JACKETS \$35
ASPEL BROS. INC. NEW ORLEANS U.S.A.

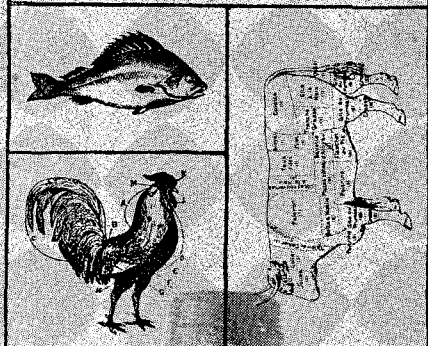
**Haspel
days
are here
again**

(Time for the best of all summer clothing)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NECTAROSÉ

the wine that
goes with everything



The leading Vin Rose imported from France

BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y., SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U. S. A.

time she was pleased that he did not take any notice of her and seek an excuse to talk to her, like all the other single men in the hotel.

She was not particularly pretty. There was something lacking in her small regular features, as if the last decisive jog that would have made her beautiful—leaving her features the same but endowing them with an ineffable significance—had not been given them by nature. But she was twenty-five, her fashionably bobbed hair was neat and lovely, and she had one turn of the head that betrayed a hint of possible harmony, a promise of real beauty, which at the last moment remained unfulfilled. She wore extremely simple and extremely well-cut dresses that left her arms and neck bare, as if she were flaunting a little their tender freshness. She was rich—her father had lost a fortune in Russia and made another in Germany. Her mother was due soon at the resort, and since the advent of Luzhin the thought of her mother's fussy arrival had become unpleasant.

She made his acquaintance on the third day after his arrival; made it the way they do in old novels or in motion pictures—she drops a handkerchief and he picks it up—with the sole difference that they interchanged roles. Luzhin was walking along a path in front of her and in succession shed: a large checked handkerchief that was unusually dirty and had all sorts of pocket debris sticking to it, then a broken and crushed cigarette minus half of its contents, a nut, and a French franc. She gathered up only the handkerchief and the coin and walked on, slowly catching up with him and curiously awaiting some new loss. With the cane he carried in his right hand, Luzhin touched in passing every tree trunk and every bench, while groping in his pocket with his left hand, until finally he stopped, turned out his coat pocket, shed another coin, and started to examine the large hole in the lining.

"Right through," he said in German, taking the handkerchief from her hand.

"This also," she said in Russian, giving him the coin.

"Poor material," he continued, without looking up, neither switching to Russian nor showing any surprise, as if the return of his things had been quite natural.

"Oh, don't put them back there!" she said with a sudden peal of laughter. Only then did he lift his head and glance morosely at her. His puffy gray face, with its badly shaven, razor-nicked cheeks, acquired an expression of bewilderment. He had wonderful eyes. They

TURNBULL ELEVATOR Residence Lift



The easy way
to get upstairs

and you'll be surprised how little it costs



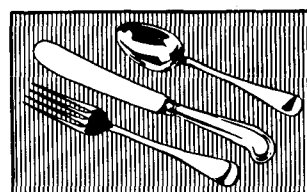
FOR INFORMATION, CONTACT SALES DEPARTMENT
TURNBULL ELEVATOR
P.O. BOX No. 174, TIMES SQUARE STATION,
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036 PL 7-3030
In Canada: 126 John Street, Toronto 2-B

3

"George III"

ENGLISH SILVER

Six Piece Service

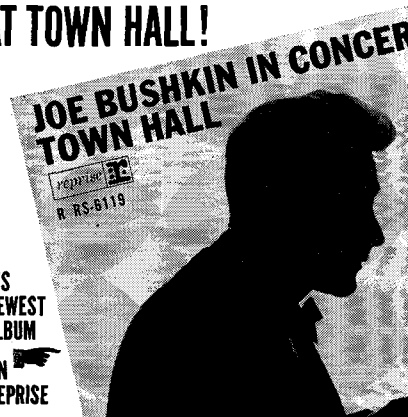


ENSKO

INC.

682 LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y.

**BUSHKIN BREAKS IT UP
AT TOWN HALL!**

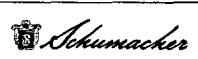


HIS
NEWEST
ALBUM
ON
REPRISE

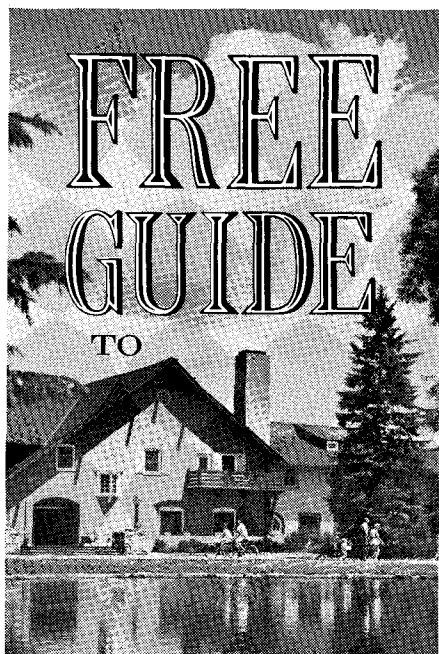
**Too busy to go to
Denmark, Sweden, Holland,
China, Norway, Portugal,
Spain, Morocco, France, India,
Belgium, Afghanistan, Finland,
Pakistan, Hong Kong,
Germany, Egypt, Formosa,
Austria, Ireland and
Scotland, to buy your rugs?**

Then come to Schumacher.

The largest rug bazaar in the world. You'll be knee-deep, waist-high, over your head in rugs. All in just one corner of our New York showroom. At left, a Spanish abstract. Over there, a magnificent Aubusson. Hundreds of hand-made rugs imported from 21 foreign countries. Domestic broadlooms? Right behind you. Tufted rugs to the right. Colors and textures are just about limitless. If you still don't see what you want, no problem. We'll make it. In any quantity, color and size you need. Does such special treatment seem unusual these days? At Schumacher it's the kind of thing we do every day.



F. SCHUMACHER & COMPANY, 58 W. 40th ST., N.Y. 18./SHOWROOMS: 939 THIRD AVE.



Sun Valley VACATIONS

... with absolutely everything it takes to make a perfect vacation for the whole family



Challenging 18-hole golf course—par 71

There is more to do at Sun Valley — and you feel like doing it in the crisp cool air of Idaho's majestic Sawtooth Mountains. Bring the children — daytime supervised playground. Evening "sitters" available.

GOLF • FISHING • SWIMMING
OUTDOOR ICE SKATING • SKEET AND TRAP SHOOTING
TENNIS • BOWLING • RIDING • MOVIES • DANCING

MAIL Surprisingly modest rates—send coupon and see

Winston McCrea, Mgr.
Dept. 218, Sun Valley, Idaho

Please send me free color folder and detailed rate schedule.

- ☐ Summer ☐ Winter
☐ Business and Convention accommodations

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Owned and served by  Union Pacific Railroad

were narrow, even slightly slanting, and as if sprinkled with dust under their drooping lids; but through that fluffy dust there showed a moist bluish gleam containing something insane and attractive.

"Don't drop them again," she said and walked away, feeling his glance on her back.

That evening as she entered the restaurant she could not help smiling at him from afar, and he responded with the same gloomy, crooked half smile he sometimes bestowed on the hotel cat as it slipped noiselessly along the floor from one table to another. On the following day, in the hotel garden, among the grottoes, fountains, and earthenware dwarfs, he went up to her and began, in his deep and melancholy voice, to thank her for the handkerchief and the coin (and from that time he constantly watched to see whether she would drop anything—as if trying to reestablish some secret symmetry). "Don't mention it, don't mention it," she replied. She asked him if he liked the resort. Was he here for long? And did he take the waters? He replied that he did, that he was making a long stay, and that he took the waters. Then, fully aware of the stupidity of the question but incapable of stopping herself, she asked if he had been playing chess for a long while. He gave no answer and turned away, and in her embarrassment she began to talk about the weather. He continued silent, and she also fell silent, and then she began to rummage in her handbag, searching agonizingly for a topic and finding only a broken comb. Suddenly he turned his face to her and said, "Eighteen years, three months, and four days." For her this was an exquisite relief, and furthermore she was somehow flattered by the elaborate circumstantiality of his reply. Subsequently, however, she began to grow a little annoyed that he in his turn never asked any questions, taking her, it appeared, for granted.

An artist, a great artist, she frequently thought, contemplating his heavy profile, his corpulent hunched body, the dark lock of hair clinging to his always moist forehead. And perhaps it was precisely because she knew nothing at all about chess that chess for her was not simply a game but a mysterious art, equal to all the recognized arts.

She had never been in close contact with such people—there was no one to compare him with except those inspired eccentrics, the musicians and poets whose image one knows so clearly. Her memory contained a modest, dimly lit gallery with a sequence of all the people who had in any way caught her

W-u-r-r-l-d's
best
travel
bargain*



insist on

COOK'S TRAVELERS CHEQUES

"Scotty" is right because...you save *25% on the issuance charge when you buy Cook's Travelers Cheques. Safe...accepted everywhere. Better than cash too, for they're promptly refunded if lost or stolen. Backed by the world's largest Travel Organization.

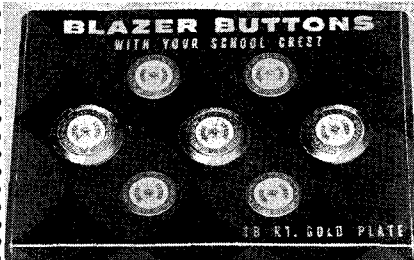
THOS. COOK & SON

In \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100, and \$250 denominations.

**STILL ONLY 75¢ PER \$100
WHY PAY MORE?**

at authorized banks, travel agencies and all Cook's Offices.

PROUD OF HIS SCHOOL? THEN GIVE HIM



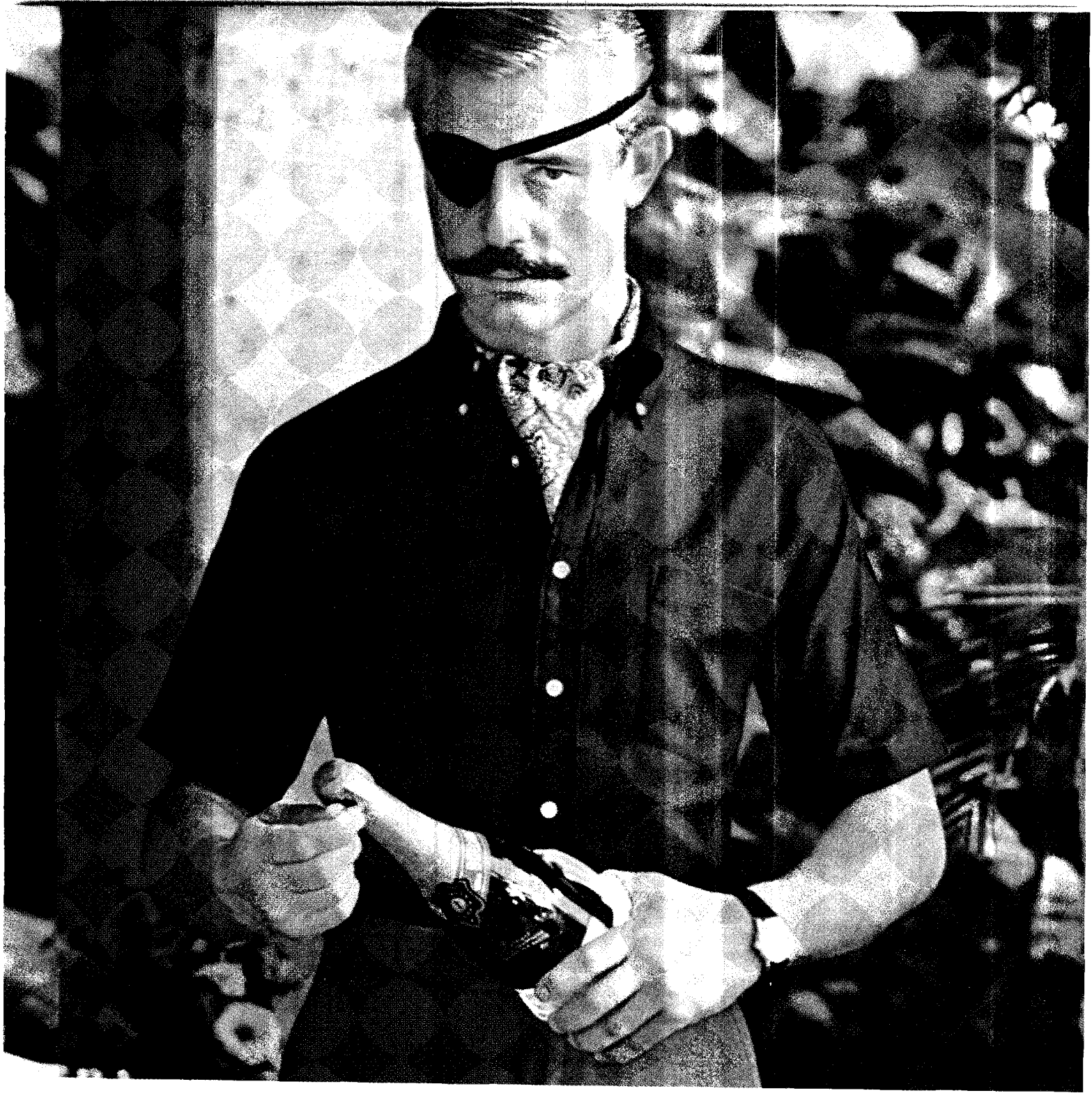
An exciting accessory for his blazer. His college crest authentic in design and color. In jeweler's enamel. Ideal birthday or graduation gift for the college man. For dad on Father's Day, or his class reunion. Over 250 schools available, about \$7.50, at fine Men's & Dept. stores. For store nearest you write to

BEN SILVER, INC., 7 East 20th St., N.Y.C.



Ftateeta's Toast! Like mummy never made. It's the newest addition to New York's most talked about supper menu, which includes The Foot Long Hot Dog. And the Frozen Hot Chocolate. Sumptuous lunch starts at 11:30 a.m. Closed Sundays. 225 East 60th St., New York City, TE 8-3531

serendipity  3



HATHAWAY'S AERTEX CLUB SHIRTS COME IN NAVY BLUE AND 5 OTHER MANLY SHADES. ABOUT \$9.50

Hathaway's Aertex® Club — a damnably smart leisure shirt

(with 987,693 tiny windows to keep you cool)

OUR hero is celebrating a modest triumph. He has just discovered a leisure shirt that is cool *and* elegant.

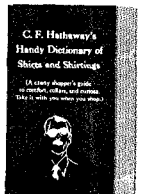
The *coolness* comes from the fabric—English Aertex. A shirt of this airy stuff has 987,693 tiny windows, which let your body *breathe*. They make Aertex the coolest weave you can wear—and probably the healthiest. (It was invented by an English doctor.)

The *elegance* is the work of Hathaway's nimble-fingered cutters. You can detect several of their cunning touches in the Club shirt above.

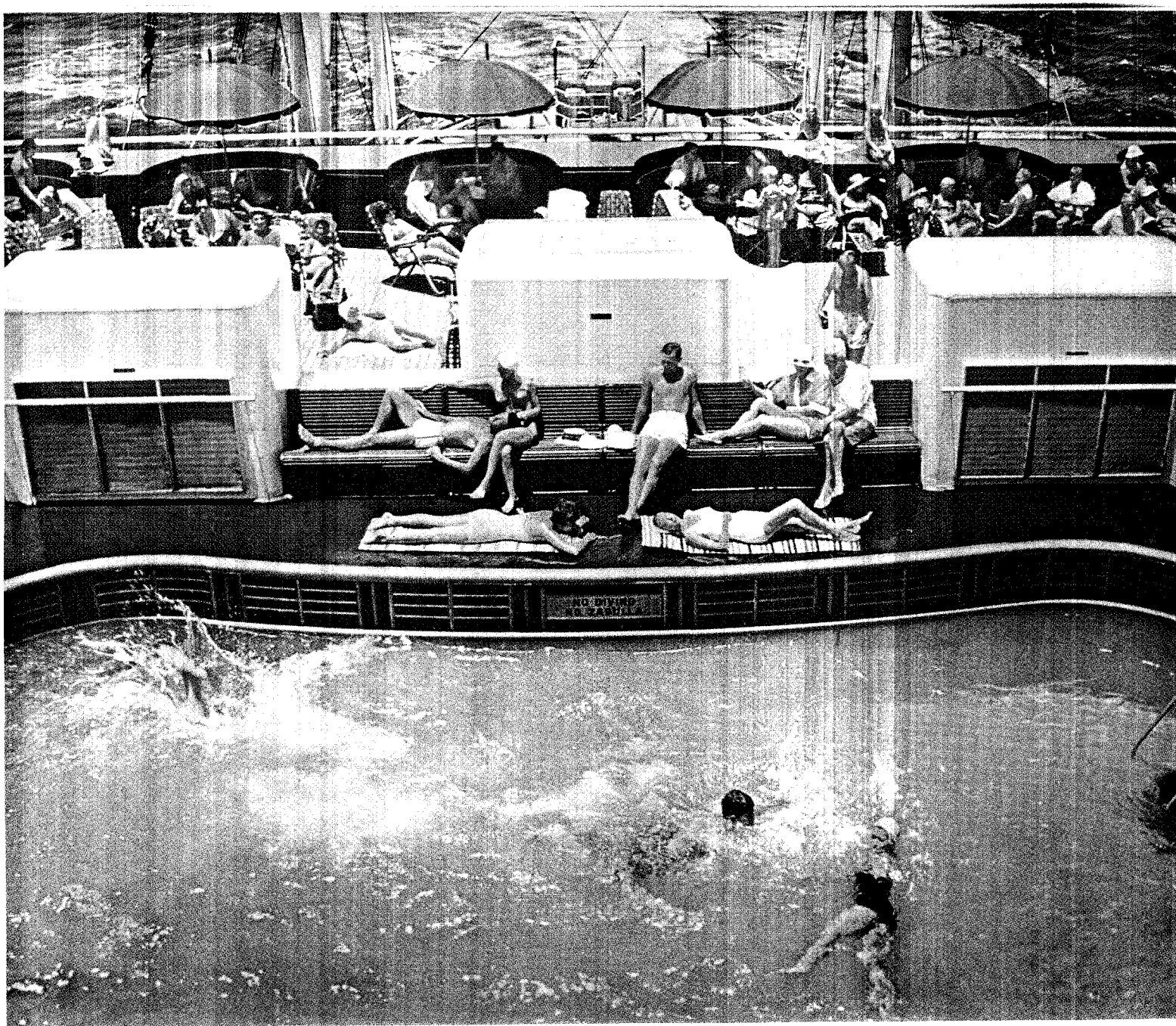
First, the body is tapered for a sleek fit round the midsection. *No bagginess*. Next, the collar stands a mite higher on the neck than ordinary collars. Much more spruce and tidy, especially under your sport coat or with an ascot.

Other blessings: flat, strong seams. Well-nigh indestructible buttons. And a pair of virtuously long shirt tails that won't slither out of your trousers.

For names of stores and this free *Dictionary of Shirts and Shirtings*, write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. Or in New York, call OXford 7-5566.



"Never wear a white shirt before sundown!" says Hathaway.



You'll sun it up in the largest outdoor pool afloat on a 13-day Grace Line cruise.

Swim yourself in shape as we cruise you to Jamaica!

And five other ports of call on a Grace Caribbean Cruise

Grace Line's American-flag liners *Santa Rosa* and *Santa Paula* are the only ships specially designed and built for Caribbean cruising.



ABOARD them, you enjoy three vacations in one—fine resort-hotel living, foreign travel, and the flavor of a private yacht.

They have more living space per passenger than any other ship. More open decks for sun and games. An outdoor pool—the largest afloat. An ocean view for every room. Every room has a private bathroom, individually-controlled air conditioning. You enjoy ocean-view dining; Howard Lanin music. International supper club entertainment.

On these 13-day cruises from New York, you take in Curacao, Aruba, Venezuela, Jamaica, Nassau or Haiti, and Ft. Lauderdale. You get grand duty-free bargains. And all this resort-hotel luxury, foreign travel, and private yacht atmosphere costs no

more than going to just one first-class resort hotel in the Caribbean and staying put. Our passengers like Grace cruising; 3 out of 4 have tried us before.

Grace Line offers more sailings (one every Friday) and the most experienced crews in Caribbean cruising. For the finest service afloat and the warmest welcome ashore, choose Grace. See a Travel Agent. Ask about Grace's fabulous 26-day, two-ocean cruises, too. Grace Line, 3 Hanover Square or 628 Fifth Avenue (Rockefeller Center), New York. Digby 4-6000.



fancy. Here were her school reminiscences: the girls' school in St. Petersburg, with an unusual bit of ivy on its frontage, which ran along a short, dusty, tramless street; and the geography teacher, who taught also in a boys' school—a large-eyed man with a very white forehead and tousled hair (suffering, they said, from tuberculosis; once a guest, they said, of the Dalai Lama; in love, they said, with one of the upper-form girls, a niece of the white-haired, blue-eyed headmistress, whose tidy little office was so cozy, with its blue wallpaper and white Dutch stove. And it was on a blue background, surrounded by blue air, that the geography teacher had remained in her memory). He would dash noisily into the classroom, in his usual impulsive manner, and then melt away and vanish, yielding his place to another person, who also seemed to her unlike all the rest.

The appearance of this person was preceded by lengthy admonitions on the part of the headmistress. They were not to laugh—not on any account to laugh. This was the first year of the Soviet regime. Out of forty pupils in the class, only seventeen remained, and every day they met the teachers with the question "Will there be lessons today?" and the latter invariably replied, "We still haven't received final instructions." The headmistress ordered that there be no giggles when the man came from the Commissariat for Popular Education, whatever he might say and however he might behave himself. And he came and took up his abode in her memory as an extraordinarily amusing person, a visitor from a different, absurd world. He was lame but very lively and squirmy, with quick, flickering eyes. The girls were crowded into the hushed hall, and he walked back and forth in front of them, limping briskly and turning with simian agility. And as he limped past them, nimbly dragging his foot on its double heel and with his right hand cutting the air up into regular slices or else smoothing it out like cloth, he spoke swiftly and at length about the lectures in sociology he would be giving and about an imminent merger with a boys' school—and restrained laughter made one's jaws ache and caused spasms in one's throat.

And later, in Finland, she saw several times, from afar, a celebrated writer, a very pale man with a conspicuous goat-ee, who kept glancing up at the sky, which enemy airplanes had begun to haunt. And for some reason she never thought of him without also thinking of the Russian officer who subsequently lost an arm in the Crimea, during the civil war—a most shy and retiring boy with



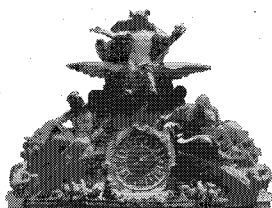
The imported one
BEEFEATER
BEEFEATER

Martini Men
 appreciate the
 identifiable
 excellence
 of imported
BEEFEATER GIN



94 PROOF • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND, N. Y.

The Famous Roosevelt is now one of the Grand Central Hotels



(WELCOME!)

THE ROOSEVELT, for years one of New York's most popular hotels, joins the Biltmore, the Barclay, and Park Lane as a member of this unique group of hotels. Each is located right in the Grand Central area, the hub of the city. And each is completely individual, with a personality that is pleasingly and distinctly its own.

Among them they offer an extremely wide choice of rates and accommodations. But all are dedicated to the traditions of fine inn-keeping. And all will maintain the highest standards in service, food, house-keeping, decor. Visit one of the Grand Central Hotels soon. You'll get the feeling that the art of welcome has been reborn in the middle of Manhattan.

Grand Central Hotels

DIRECTION: REALTY HOTELS INC.
HARRY M. ANHOLT, PRESIDENT

THE BILTMORE
Madison Ave. at 43rd St., MU 7-7000

THE ROOSEVELT
Madison Ave. at 45th St., MU 6-9200

PARK LANE
Park Ave. and 48th St., PL 5-4100

THE BARCLAY
111 East 48th St. at Park Ave., PL 5-5900

whom she used to play tennis in summer and ski in winter. With this snowy recollection there would float up once more, against a background of night, the celebrated writer's villa, in which he later died, and the cleared path, and snowdrifts illumined by electric light—phantasmal stripes on the dark snow.

These men with their various occupations, each of whom tinted her recollection his own particular color (blue geographer, khaki commissar, the writer's black overcoat, and a youth all in white lobbing a fir cone with his tennis racket), were followed by glinting and dissolving images: émigré life in Berlin, charity balls, monarchist meetings, and lots of identical people.

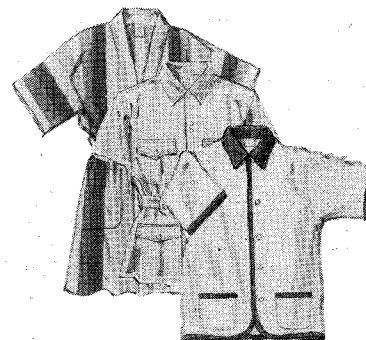
All this was still so close that her memory was unable to focus properly and sort out what was valuable and what rubbish. Moreover, there was no time now to sort it out; too much space had been taken up by this taciturn, fabulous, enigmatical man, the most attractive of all the men she had known. She quickly learned that in the evenings after supper he worked until late at night. But this work was beyond the powers of her imagination, since there was nothing to link it to, neither an easel nor a piano, and it was just such a definite emblem of art that her thoughts reached out for. His room was on the first floor, and men strolling in the darkness of the garden with a cigar sometimes glimpsed his lamp and his inclined face. Somebody told her finally that he sat at an empty chessboard. She wanted to look for herself, and one night, soon after their first conversation, she made her way along the footpath between the oleander bushes to his window. But, feeling a sudden awkwardness, she went straight by without looking and came out into the avenue, where she could hear music coming from the *Kursaal*. And then, unable to master her curiosity, she went back again to the window, but this time deliberately making the gravel crunch so as to convince herself she was not spying. His window was open, the blind unlowered, and in the bright depth of the room she saw him take off his jacket, tense his neck muscles, and yawn. And in the slow, massive motion of his shoulder, the image of which continued to heave and turn before her eyes as she hastily walked away in the darkness toward the illuminated terrace of the hotel, she fancied the presence of a mighty fatigue after undivulged but surely miraculous labors.

LUZHIN was indeed tired. Lately he had been playing too frequently and too unsystematically; he was particularly fa-



Clothiers

Furnishers



BEACH JACKETS & KIMONOS

LINEN AND RAYON STRIPE SHORT KIMONO \$20.50

DACRON® AND COTTON SEERSUCKER KIMONO 19.50
Blue, gray, red or gold (not shown)

COTTON SEERSUCKER BUSH COAT
Yellow and white or blue and white 11.00

COTTON TERRY HIP-LENGTH JACKET
White with blue trim (as shown) 9.00
Navy with white trim

Sizes: medium, large and extra large
Mail orders accepted No C.O.D.'s
Add 75¢ for postage

Write for summerwear brochure

14 East 44th Street

CHIPP NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017 CHIPP



**INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS
Restaurant
with a tradition
of Elegance**

HOTEL Shelburne

BOARDWALK, ATLANTIC CITY
N.Y.C. DIRECT PHONE REctor 2-6586
2½ hours from N.Y.C., via
Garden State Pkwy., exit 40

**Leave it to the Italians
to put romance in coffee!**



Send for free recipes: Foreign Vintages, 630 5th Ave., N. Y. 20, N. Y. Sole U.S.A. Distributors. 60 proof.



**Bill Mounsey washes planes
for BOAC. He's been
busier than ever lately,
now that BOAC has more flights
from New York to Britain
than any other airline.
(29 a week. To London.
To Manchester.
To Glasgow.) "If there's one
thing I hate," says
Bill, "it's a dirty airplane."**

**All airlines are alike.
Only people make them different.**

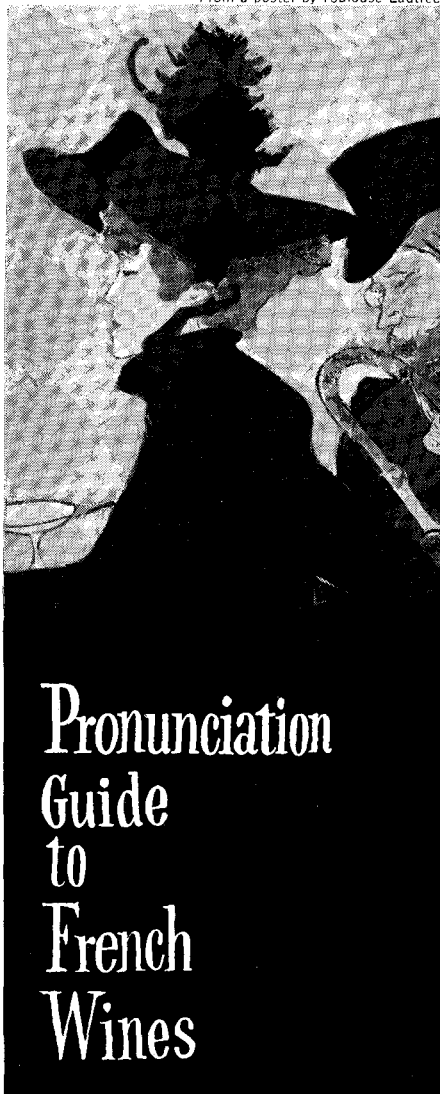
This summer, a lot more BOAC Rolls-Royce 707 fan jets will be flying to London from New York. (The new BOAC 14/21-day jet economy midweek fare is now down to just \$300 round trip.) And starting on June 1st, BOAC will offer daily flights from Boston, Washington, Chicago, and Detroit. That's also in addition to frequent direct flights to London from both San Francisco and Honolulu. Whew! No wonder Bill's so busy. See your Travel Agent or call British Overseas Airways Corporation.

ALL OVER THE WORLD

B·O·A·C

TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

From a poster by Toulouse-Lautrec



Note: Phonetic English can only approximate Parisian French!

Beaujolais *Bow Joe Lay*
 Chablis *Shah blee*
 Chateau Yquem *Chateau Ee-Kem*
 Chateaufneuf du Pape
 Chateau Neff du Pap
 Chambertin *Sham bear tan*
 Graves *Grahv*
 Haut Sauternes *Oh So tairn*
 Macon *Mah kon*
 Montrachet *Mawn Ray Shay*
 Pommard *Poe mahr*
 Pouilly Fuisse *Poo yee Fweesay*
 Prince Blanc *Prance Blahn*
 Prince D'Argent *Prance Dar John*
 Prince Noir *Prance Nwahr*
 Prince Rouge *Prance Rouge*
 Sauternes *So tairn*
 St. Emilion *Sant Ay Mee Lee on*
 St. Julien *San Jeu lee en*

When buying
 fine wines, always
 look for the name B&G
 on the labels—for the seller
 is as important as the cellar!

the finest
 wines of
 France

B&G



BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., N.Y.C., SOLE DIST. FOR THE U.S.A.

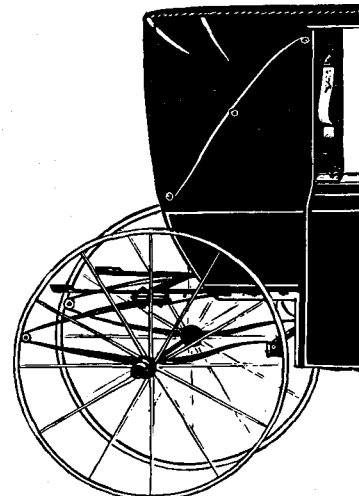
tigued by playing blind—a rather well-paid performance that he willingly gave. He found therein deep enjoyment. One did not have to deal with visible, audible, palpable pieces, whose quaint shapes and wooden materiality always disturbed him and always seemed to him but the crude, mortal shell of exquisite, invisible chess forces. When playing blind he was able to sense these diverse forces in their original purity. He saw then neither the knight's carved mane nor the glossy heads of the pawns, but he felt quite clearly that this or that imaginary square was occupied by a definite, concentrated force, so that he envisioned the movement of a piece as a discharge, a shock, a stroke of lightning—and the whole chess field quivered with tension, and over this tension he was sovereign, here gathering in and there releasing electric power. He played against fifteen, twenty, thirty opponents, and of course the sheer number of boards told, since it affected the actual playing time. But this physical weariness was nothing compared to the mental fatigue—retribution for the stress and rapture involved in the game itself, which he conducted in a celestial dimension, where his tools were incorporeal quantities. He also found a certain solace in these blind games and the victories they afforded him, for in recent years he had been having no luck at international tournaments. A ghostly barrier had arisen that kept preventing him from coming out first. Valentinov had foretold this in the past, shortly before they parted. "Shine while you can," he said, after that unforgettable tournament in London, the first after the war, when the twenty-year-old Russian player came out the victor. "While you can," repeated Valentinov slyly. "Because you won't be a boy prodigy much longer."

And this was very important for Valentinov. He was interested in Luzhin only as a freak, an odd phenomenon, somewhat deformed but enchanting, like a dachshund's crooked legs. During the whole time that he lived with Luzhin, he unremittently encouraged and developed his gift, not bothering for a second about Luzhin as a person—whom, it seemed, not only Valentinov but life itself had overlooked. He showed him to wealthy people as an amusing monster, acquired useful contacts through him, and organized innumerable tournaments, and only when he began to suspect that the prodigy was turning into simply a young chess player did he bring him back to his father in Russia. And afterward he took him away again, like a kind of valuable,

There is a distinctly new and quietly lavish way to live or visit in Manhattan. Moreover, there is satisfaction here for anyone whose appetites reject culinary triteness. Live—and dine—superbly, at the

CARRIAGE TRADE Restaurant

**CARRIAGE HOUSE
 HOTEL**
 of New York.



Reservations: 661-2100 200 E. 38 St.

"Julius Monk has done it better than ever: Baker's Dozen... It's the best yet and better than that."
 —Crist, Herald Tribune

**JULIUS MONK'S
 PLAZA 9-**

**new show
 'BAKER'S DOZEN'**

with GERRY MATTHEWS
 Two shows nightly—8:45 & 11:30 P.M.
 Reservations: PLaza 9-3933

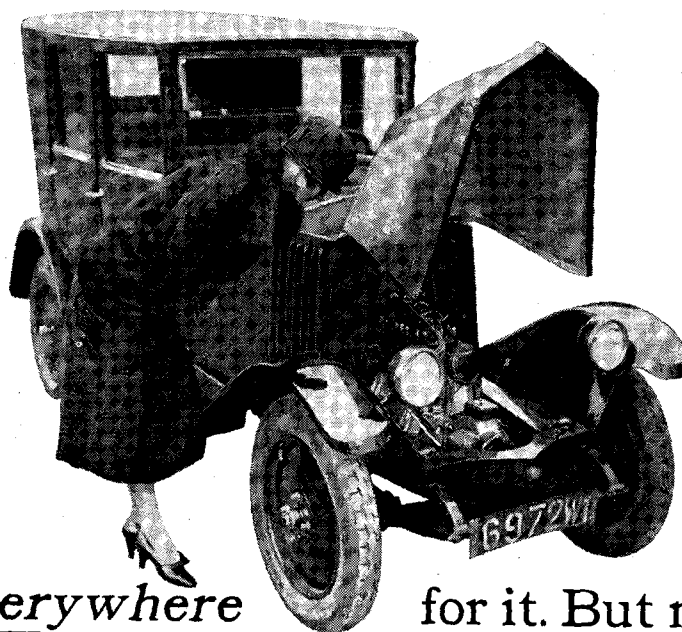
at The Plaza

Fifth Avenue at 59th Street

IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

dine with the
 best at





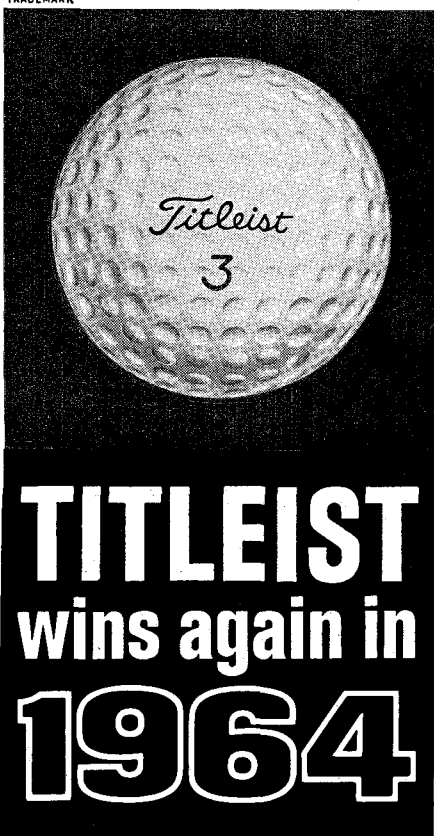
She looked everywhere for it. But never did find it. Pity. In 1926, not even the Renault had automatic transmission. Now, if she looked at today's Renault R-8, she couldn't miss it. The fully automatic transmission has pushbuttons right on the dash. Lots of other lady-loving touches. Like armchair-soft bucket seats. Childproof safety locks. And a new engine that gets up to 35 miles a gallon and doesn't go to the mechanic every Friday. You know, if she wanted to find pushbutton automatic on any other import, she'd still be looking.

RENAULT 



For overseas sales information, contact one of our 500 dealers or write: Renault Overseas Sales Dept., 750 Third Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017.

TRADEMARK



TITLEIST wins again in 1964

This spring, again, for the 16th straight year, Titleist was the overwhelming favorite of players on the Winter Tour.

These professionals and top amateurs

- read all the ads
- listen to all the claims
- try all the new balls... but

when they're playing in major tournaments, when they're really playing to win

THEY PLAY TITLEIST

TOURNAMENT RECORD

Tournament	Playing Titleist	Nearest Competitive Ball
LOS ANGELES.....	46	25
SAN DIEGO.....	49	23
BING CROSBY.....	118	50
LUCKY OPEN.....	53	24
PALM SPRINGS.....	206	85
PHOENIX OPEN.....	59	25
TUCSON OPEN.....	91	18
PGA SENIORS.....	233	32
NEW ORLEANS.....	53	24
PENSACOLA.....	63	22
ST. PETERSBURG.....	58	25
DORAL.....	42	22
AZALEA.....	74	22
MASTERS.....	16	23
TOTAL	1161	420

AND REMEMBER: NO ONE IS PAID TO PLAY TITLEIST

ACUSHNET GOLF BALLS

SOLD THRU GOLF COURSE PRO SHOPS ONLY

when he thought that perhaps he had made a mistake, that the freak still had a year or two of life left in him. When even this span had run out, Valentinov made a gift to Luzhin of some money, the way one does to a mistress one has tired of, and dropped out of his world, finding fresh amusement in the movie business. For Luzhin, this was a relief—that odd kind of relief you get in resolving an unhappy love affair. He had become attached to Valentinov immediately, as early as the days of his chess tours in Russia, and later he regarded him the way a son might a frivolous, coldish, elusive father to whom one could never say how much one loved him.

Valentinov was interested in him only as a chess player. At times he had something of the air of the trainer who hovers about an athlete, establishing a definite regime with merciless severity. Thus, Valentinov asserted that it was all right for a chess player to smoke (since there was in both chess and smoking a touch of the East) but not in any circumstances to drink, and during their life together in the dining rooms of large hotels—enormous hotels deserted in wartime—in chance restaurants, in Swiss inns, and in Italian *trattorie*, he invariably ordered mineral water for young Luzhin. The food he chose for him was light, so that his brain could function freely, but for some reason (perhaps also because of a hazy connection with “the East”) he encouraged Luzhin’s passion for sweets. Finally, he had a peculiar theory that the development of Luzhin’s gift for chess was connected with the development of the sexual urge, that with him chess represented a deflection of this urge, and fearing lest Luzhin should squander his precious power in releasing by natural means the beneficial inner tension, he kept him at a distance from women and rejoiced over his chaste moroseness. There was something degrading in all this; Luzhin, recalling that time, was surprised to note that not a single kind, humane word had passed between him and Valentinov. Nevertheless, when Valentinov vanished, three years after their final departure from Russia, Luzhin experienced a feeling of emptiness, a lack of support, and then he acknowledged the inevitability of what had happened, sighed, turned round, and again was lost in thought over the chessboard.

After the war, tournaments began to increase. He played in Manchester, where the decrepit champion of England forced a draw, after a two-day struggle; in Amsterdam, where Luzhin



THE GREAT FAVORITE, S.F.A.'s SPORT COAT IN MADRAS PLAIDS, 42.50

For leisurely summer weekends, our handsome sport coat of imported Indian cotton madras is in subtle blue with grey or white, maroon with navy, or brown with yellow combinations. It's tailored with 3 buttons and a center vent, comes in all size ranges. Men's Clothing Shops.

THE MEN'S STORE
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Bachrach

First Family of
Photographers

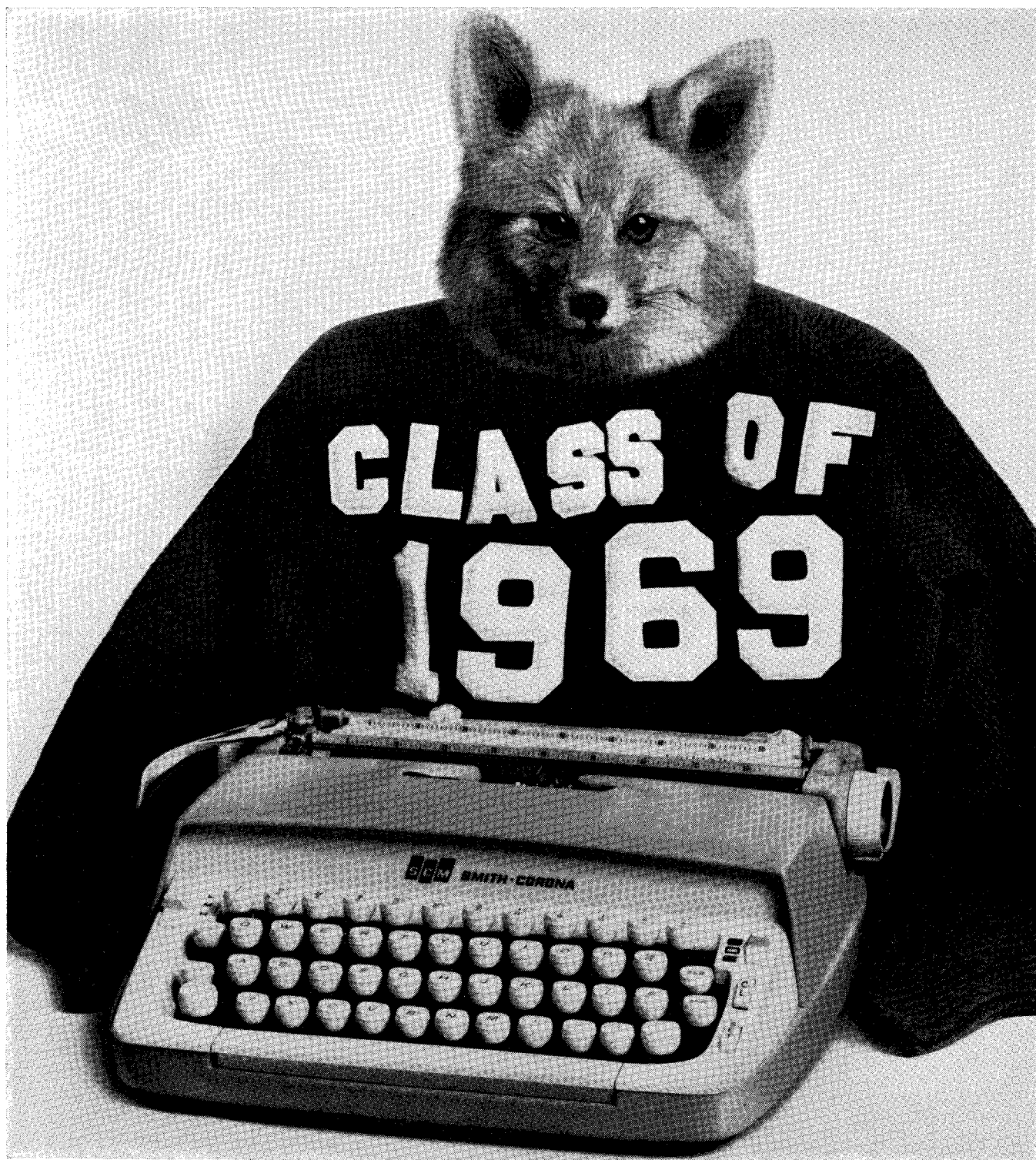
Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men
48 East 50th Street, New York • PLaza 5-6233

ALL INCLUSIVE GOLF WEEKEND \$39 PER PERSON, DOUBLE

It's at Hotel Dennis in Atlantic City, and here's what you get: greens fees Sat. & Sun. (private course) • dinner, room Fri. • breakfast, dinner, room Sat. • Sunday brunch • tips for all meals • gift certificate for the golf widow. Reserve now.

On the Boardwalk
at Michigan Ave.
Tel. (609) 344-8111
New York Tie Line
WALKER 5-3970

HOTEL/MOTEL
Dennis
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.



Testimonial from the quick brown fox

When today's freshman graduates, the guarantee on his Smith-Corona portable will have one year to go.

By the time he graduates, the first sentence he learns to type (The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.) will be a thing of the past. But not his Smith-Corona® portable. Smith-Corona portables are all guaranteed for five full years—

instead of the usual 90 days. Five years of all the bumps, bangs and scrapes a portable may get from a student. This portable is built to take it. The all-steel frame completely encases the heart of each machine for added protection.

The electrostatic finish defies scratches, burns and bruises. All Smith-Corona portables are made to last. A college education is just the start of a lifetime of service.

SMITH-CORONA PORTABLES

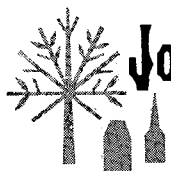


GUARANTEE: Any Smith-Corona branch office will replace without charge (except for labor and shipping) any part that proves defective within 5 years of purchase date. No labor charge within 90 days of purchase. Warranty covers all parts except motor, rubber parts, energy cell or charger after 90 days. Does not cover damage from accident or misuse and extends only to original owner.

SCM CORPORATION, 410 PARK AVE., N.Y. 22, N.Y.



Slacks neither gaudy nor severe . . . slacks simply and inarguably pretty. Small widely-spaced field flowers on white cotton lawn, fully lined for stamina and scrupulously finished throughout. Delicate clear shades of Blue, Yellow, or Pink. Sizes 8 to 16. About \$13 at fine stores or write:



**JOHN MEYER®
OF NORWICH**

NORWICH, CONNECTICUT
In New York: 1407 Broadway

lost the deciding game because he exceeded the time limit and his opponent, with an excited grunt, banged down the stop of Luzhin's clock; in Rome, where Turati triumphantly unleashed his celebrated début; and in many other cities, which for him were all identical—hotel, taxi, a hall in a café or club.

These cities, these regular rows of blurry lamps marching past and suddenly advancing and encircling a stone horse in a square, were as much a habitual and unnecessary integument as the wooden pieces and the black-and-white board, and he accepted this external life as something inevitable but completely uninteresting. Similarly, in his way of dressing and in the manner of his everyday life he was prompted by extremely dim motives, stopping to think about nothing, rarely changing his linen, automatically winding his watch at night, shaving with the same safety blade until it ceased to cut altogether, and feeding haphazardly and plainly. From some kind of melancholy inertia he continued to order at dinner the same mineral water, which effervesced slightly in his sinuses and evoked a tickling sensation in the corners of his eyes, like tears for the vanished Valentinov. Only rarely did he notice his own existence, when, for example, lack of breath—the revenge of a heavy body—forced him to halt with open mouth on a staircase, or when he had toothache, or when, at a late hour, during his chess cogitations, an outstretched hand shaking a matchbox failed to evoke in it the rattle of matches and the cigarette that seemed to have been thrust unnoticed into his mouth by someone else suddenly grew and asserted itself, solid, soulless, and static, and his whole life became concentrated in the single desire to smoke, although God knows how many cigarettes he had already smoked that evening without knowing it.

In general, life around him was so opaque and demanded so little effort of him that it sometimes seemed someone—a mysterious, invisible manager—continued to take him from tournament to tournament; but occasionally there were odd moments, such quietness all around, and when you looked out into the corridor, shoes, shoes, shoes, standing at all the doors, and in your ears the roar of loneliness. When his father was still alive, Luzhin used to think, with a sinking feeling, about his arrival in Berlin—about the necessity of seeing his father, helping him, talking to him—and this cheerful-looking old man in his

knitted waistcoat, clapping him clumsily on the shoulder, was intolerable to him, like a shameful recollection that you try to throw off, screwing up your eyes and moaning through your teeth. He did not come from Paris for his father's funeral, fearing, above all, corpses, coffins, wreaths, and the responsibility connected with all this. But he came later, set off for the cemetery, tramped around in the rain, among the graves, in mud-caked rubbers, failed to find his father's grave, and behind some trees caught sight of a man who was probably the caretaker, but a strange feeling of inertia and shyness prevented him from inquiring; he raised his collar and plodded back over a patch of waste ground toward the waiting taxi.

His father's death did not interrupt his work. He was getting ready for the Berlin tournament, with the definite idea of finding the best defense against the Italian Turati's complex opening, for Turati was the most awesome of the participants in the tournament. This player, an exponent of the latest fashions in chess, opened the game by moving up on the flanks, leaving the middle of the board unoccupied by pawns but exercising a most dangerous influence on the center from the sides. Scorning the cozy safety of castling, he strove to create the most unexpected and whimsical interrelations between his men. Luzhin had already met him once and lost, and this defeat particularly rankled, because Turati, by tem-



perament, by his style of play, and by his proclivity for fantastic arrayals, was a player with a kindred mentality to his own—only Turati had gone further. Luzhin's game, which in his early youth had so astounded the experts with its unprecedented boldness and disregard for the basic, as it seemed, rules of chess, now appeared just a little old-fashioned compared with the glittering extremism of Turati.

Looking back over more than eighteen years of chess, Luzhin saw an accumulation of victories at the beginning and then a strange lull, bursts of victories here and there but, in general, irritating and hopeless draws, thanks to which he imperceptibly earned the reputation of being a cautious, impenetrable, prosaic player. And this was strange. The bolder his imagination, the livelier his invention during his secret work between matches, the more oppressive became his feeling of helplessness when the contest began, and the more timidly and circumspectly he played. Having long ago entered the



MOONFLOWER—*from the Martex Luxor collection of combed cotton towels*

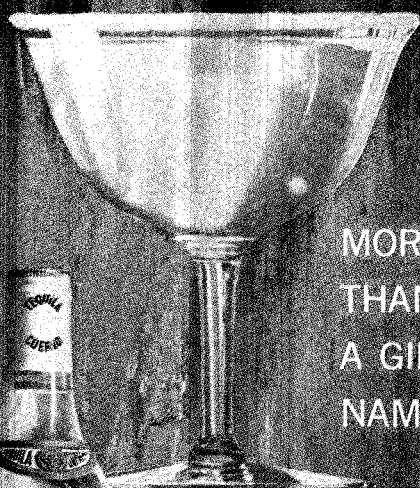
For the very first time, a unique design innovation on famous Luxor: a graceful woven jacquard flower blooming on a delicately printed leafy stem. Martex presents this elegant towel of deep, richly piled terry in a collection of new understated shades. \$4, the bath size, at fine stores across the country.

M
MARTEX®



MARTEX TOWELS...A PRODUCT OF THE WEST POINT MANUFACTURING COMPANY MARTEX, 111 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Margarita



MORE
THAN
A GIRL'S
NAME...

WHITE
OR
GOLD
LABEL
86
PROOF



Margarita is an aristocrat... not haughtily aloof but full of warmth and charm. Margarita is an enchanting Tequila cocktail, favored in smart cafe-bars, savored by connoisseurs of good living. And of course these sophisticates overwhelmingly prefer Jose Cuervo brand Tequila, the proud old name which for 100 years and more has been the standard of quality... first in Mexico, now in America and all the world. A versatile spirit. Send for the Cuervo Tequila recipe booklet. *Tequila Margarita: 1½ oz. white Cuervo Tequila; ½ oz. Triple Sec; 1 oz. fresh lemon juice. Shake with shaved ice. Serve in a salt-rimmed glass. Superb!*

JOSE CUERVO TEQUILA

SOLE U.S. IMPORTERS / YOUNG'S MARKET COMPANY, LOS ANGELES 54, CALIFORNIA

ranks of international grand masters, extremely well known, cited in all chess textbooks, a candidate among five or six others for the title of world champion, he owed this flattering reputation to his early performances, which had left around him a kind of indistinct light, the halo of the chosen, a haze of glory. His father's death presented itself to him as a landmark by which to measure the road he had travelled. And looking back, he saw with a shudder how slowly he had been going of late, and, having seen it, he plunged with gloomy passion into new calculations, inventing and already vaguely sensing the harmony of the moves he needed: a dazzling defense.

The night after his trip to the cemetery, he had been unwell—palpitations of the heart and queer thoughts, and a feeling that his brain had gone numb and been varnished over. The doctor he saw in the morning advised him to take a rest, to go to some quiet place "... where there is greenery all around," said the doctor. And Luzhin, cancelling a promised display of blind chess, went away to the obvious place, which had immediately loomed before him when the doctor referred to greenery; in fact, he felt dimly grateful to an obliging memory that indicated the necessary resort so aptly, took all the trouble on itself, and put him into a ready-made, ready-waiting hotel.

He really did feel better amid this green scenery that was moderately beautiful and transmitted a feeling of security and tranquillity. And suddenly, as in a fairground booth when a painted paper screen is burst starwise, admitting a smiling human face, there appeared from no one knew where a person who was so unexpected and so familiar, and who spoke with a voice that seemed to have been sounding mutely all his life and now had suddenly burst through the usual murk. Trying to unravel in his mind this impression of something very familiar, he recalled—quite irrelevantly but with stunning clarity—the face of a bare-shouldered, black-stockinged young prostitute, standing in a lighted doorway in a dark side street in a nameless town. And in some ridiculous way it seemed to him that this was she; that she had come now, primly dressed and somewhat less pretty, as if she had washed off some bewitching makeup but because of this had become more accessible. This was his first impression when he saw her, when he noticed with surprise that he was actually talking to her. It irked him a little that she was not quite as good-looking as she might have been, judging

Acclaimed in France,
now made in this country!

Helena Rubinstein's Herbessence Skin Life Cream



The exclusive face cream with rare
herbal and bio-natural extracts...
Your skin glows with new aliveness!

Skin Life® is the one night cream so rapidly absorbed it brings its exclusive biological-herbal formulation into instant contact with dry, fatigued skin. The effects are dramatic...exciting! You'll see and feel new radiance! So don't delay—your skin needs this superb beauty treatment now! 10.00, 17.50

Helena Rubinstein®
655 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 22, N.Y.

© 1964, HELENA RUBINSTEIN, INC.

PRICES PLUS TAX

48564



A promise well kept by Fortrel

Deansgate tailored this good looking sport coat in a wrinkle resistant Earl Loom Fortrel polyester and cotton. Even after a long drive on a damp spring day this coat comes home looking fresh. That's the way it is with clothes made with Fortrel—because Fortrel keeps its promise. About \$35. In five plaid combinations. At finestoreseverywhere.

Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc. Celanese®

by odd dreamy signs strewn about in his past. He reconciled himself to this and gradually began to forget her vague prototypes, and then he felt reassured and proud that here talking to him, spending her time with him and smiling at him, was a real live person. And that day on the garden terrace, when bright-yellow wasps kept settling on the iron tables and moving their lowered antennae—that day when he started to speak of how he had once lived in this hotel as a small boy, Luzhin began, with a series of quiet moves, the meaning of which he himself only vaguely sensed, his own peculiar declaration of love.

"Go on, tell me more," she repeated.

He sat leaning on his cane and thinking that with a knight's move of this lime tree standing on a sunlit slope one could take that telegraph pole over there, and simultaneously he tried to remember what exactly he had just been talking about. A waiter with a dozen empty beer mugs hanging from his crooked fingers ran along the wing of the building, and Luzhin remembered with relief that he had been speaking about the tournament that once took place in that very wing. "Let's go," he said. "I'll show you. It must be empty there now. And cool."

Stepping heavily and trailing his cane, which grated along the gravel and bounced against the doorstep, he entered the door first. How ill-bred he is, she reflected, and then accused herself of introducing a slightly false note—his manners had nothing at all to do with ill-breeding.

They were in a corridor. "Here, I think it's this way," said Luzhin and pushed a door open. A fire was burning, a fat man in white was shouting something, and a tower of plates ran past on human legs. "No, farther," said Luzhin, and walked along the corridor. He opened another door and almost fell: steps going down, and some shrubs at the bottom, and a pile of rubbish, and an apprehensive hen, jerkily walking away. "I made a mistake," said Luzhin. "It's probably here to the right." He removed his hat, feeling burning beads of sweat gather on his brow. Oh, how clear was the image of that cool, empty, spacious hall and how difficult it was to find it! "Let's try this door here," he said. The door proved to be locked. He pressed the handle down several times.

"Who's there?" a hoarse voice said abruptly, and a bed creaked.

"Mistake, mistake," muttered Luzhin and went farther; then he looked back and stopped. He was alone. "Where is she?" he said aloud, shuf-

BALLY

SHOES SET INTERNATIONAL TRENDS

This famous shoe made comfort a very stylish word. In Black or Brown Llama Calf; also combined with White Buck, and in all-over White Buck.



New York, Boston & Washington ROGERS PEET
Atlanta RICH'S
Beverly Hills & Sherman Oaks MORRIS BOOTMAKERS
Boston COES & YOUNG
Cleveland STEVENS SHOES
Dallas VOLK'S
Detroit THE J. L. HUDSON CO.
Miami, Ft. Lauderdale & Orlando JORDAN MARSH
New Orleans GODCHAUX
Portland & Seattle NORDSTROM'S
San Francisco FRANK WERNER
Washington, D.C. RICH'S

For other stores, please write BALLY, INC.
444 Madison Ave., N.Y. 22, N. Y.

BLAZER BUTTONS



CASTLE—Bourbon Crest Applied on Enamel Background (your choice Flatblack, Dark Red, or Ivory) 1/4" \$8.25 each, 3/8" \$6.60 each.

BRASS GOLFER—hand engraved 3/4" size—\$4.00 each. 1/2" size—\$3.00 each.

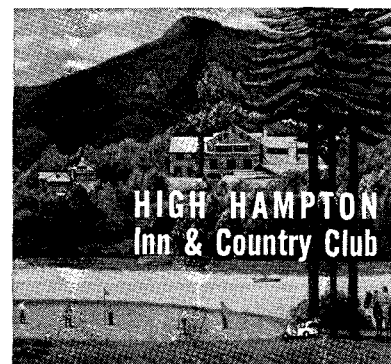
MONACO CREST—Gold Plated, Rolled Gold Frame 3/4" \$4.40 each, 1/2" \$2.75 extra.

Cuff Links of above \$3.30 a pair extra.

Fed. Tax Included. No catalog.

Old Buttons, Inc.

510 Madison Ave., Bet. 52 & 53 Sts., N. Y. C.



Beautiful mtn. scenery surrounds this distinguished resort. Private 18-hole, par 71 golf course (bent grass greens). Activities for the family. Boating, tennis, riding, swimming, fishing. Amer. plan \$11.50 to \$14.50. Open mid-May to mid-Oct. Write for brochure: High Hampton, Cashiers, N.C., Dept. N.



Each can of Daiquiri Mix makes 12 Daiquiris—all at once or one at a time. Unused mix stays fresh in refrigerator for days.

Look how easy it is to make twelve perfect party Daiquiris at home in 30 seconds flat!

All you need: one can of Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix and a bottle of dry, light Puerto Rican rum

DAIQUIRIS make a great party drink. For two reasons. They're delightfully light and dry. And you can make them by the pitcherful in seconds.

All you need: Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix and dry, light Puerto Rican rum.

Why Daiquiri Mix? Saves you the bother of slicing and squeezing limes. And its pure tree-ripened tropical lime

juice gives you *true* Daiquiri flavor.

Look for Daiquiri Mix in the freezer at supermarkets or liquor stores.

Why Puerto Rican rum? Because a perfect Daiquiri must be *dry*, and Puerto Rican rums are distilled at high proof for *extra dryness*. It's the law.

When you entertain, serve Daiquiris—and have time to enjoy your party.

30-second recipe: fill pitcher $\frac{3}{4}$ full with ice cubes. Add 1 can of Daiquiri Mix—1 can of water—2 cans (half of a $\frac{1}{2}$ th quart bottle) of white Puerto Rican rum. Stir. Serves twelve.

Free recipe booklet: 20 pages in color with 31 rum recipes. Write: Puerto Rico Rum Recipe Booklet, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019.

DAIQUIRI MIX IS DISTRIBUTED BY WILBUR-ELLIS CO., 800 SECOND AVENUE, NEW YORK AND 970 SO. GOODRICH BLVD., LOS ANGELES.



What to wear when you're deciding what to wear: a Models Coat that sprouts a fanciful bloom. From the "Ad Lib" collection in care-free woven check 65% polyester, 35% cotton with step-in back zipper. Red, black, mist green or cornflower blue. Sizes 8 to 18, about \$9. At fine stores listed or write Models Coat, Inc., 1350 Broadway, New York 18.

B. ALTMAN & CO., New York
BROADWAY DEPT. STORE, Los Angeles
FILENE'S, Boston
HIMELHOCH'S, Detroit
KAUFMANN'S, Pittsburgh
RICH'S, Atlanta
CHAS. A. STEVENS CO., Chicago

filing his feet as he turned this way and that. Corridor. Window giving on garden. Gadget on wall, with numbered pigeonholes. A bell whirled. In one of the pigeonholes a number popped up awry. He was bemused and troubled, as if he had lost his way in a bad dream—and he quickly walked back, repeating under his breath, "Queer jokes, queer jokes." He came out unexpectedly into the garden, and there two characters were sitting on a bench and looking at him curiously. Suddenly he heard laughter overhead and raised his face.

She was standing on the little balcony of her room and laughing, her elbows propped on the railings, her palms pressed against her cheeks, and shaking her head with sly reproachfulness. She looked at his ample face, the hat on the back of his head; and she waited to see what he would do now. "I couldn't keep up with you," she cried, straightening up and opening her arms in an explanatory gesture. Luzhin lowered his head and entered the building. She supposed that in a moment he would knock on her door, and she decided not to let him in, and to say the room was untidy. But he did not knock. When she went down to supper he was not in the dining room. He's taken offense, she decided, and went to bed earlier than usual. In the morning she went out for a walk, and looked to see if he was waiting in the garden, reading his newspaper on a bench as usual. He was not in the garden, he was not in the gallery, and she went for a walk without him. When he did not appear for dinner, and his table was taken by an ancient couple who had long had their eye on it, she asked in the office if Mr. Luzhin was sick.

"Mr. Luzhin left this morning for Berlin," replied the girl.

An hour later, his baggage returned to the hotel. The janitor and a bellboy, with matter-of-fact indifference, carried in the bags which that morning they had carried out. Luzhin was returning from the station on foot—a stout, doleful gentleman, crushed by the heat and in shoes white with dust. He rested on all the benches and once or twice plucked a blackberry, grimacing from the sourness. While walking along the highway, he noticed a fair-haired small boy following him with tiny steps, holding an empty beer bottle in his hands and lagging behind on purpose and staring at him with unbearable childish concentration. Luzhin halted. The boy also halted. Luzhin moved; the boy moved. Then Luzhin lost his temper and threatened him with his cane. The other froze,



OUR EXCLUSIVE

Mix Mates

Two textured 14k gold bamboo design bands—wear them with your choice of a polished green jade, blue chalcedony, brown carnelian, white ivory or black onyx band—the set, \$48. Additional colored stone bands, \$8 each. Please state ring size. Federal tax included.

ORDER BY MAIL OR PHONE

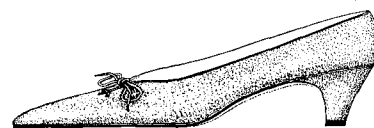
Gift Boxed and promptly shipped

BLACK STARR-FROST LTD.

222 East Post Rd., White Plains, N. Y. (10601)
White Plains 9-5800 Plaza 7-8100

B Altman & Co

WHITE CORKETTE CALF
TRIMMED WITH SNAKESKIN.
THE ALTMAN COLLECTION. 37.00



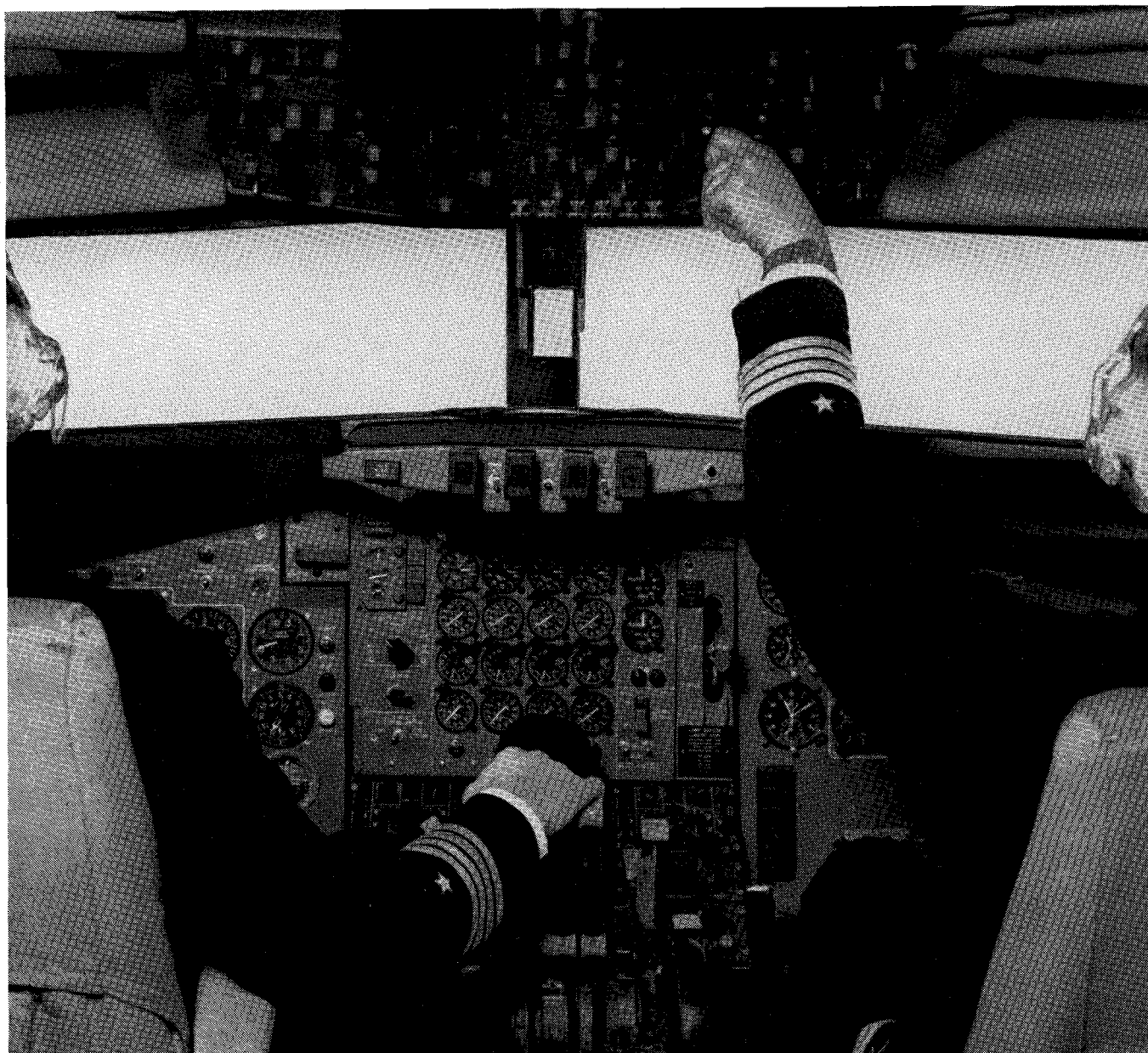
THE SHOE SALON, SECOND FLOOR,
FIFTH AVENUE AND AT SUBURBAN STORES.



APPLE BLOSSOMS
Wm. M. Hunt, 1844 22½" x 19½"

SCHWEITZER GALLERY

958 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK



Two captains?

On every flight?

Sure, when you're flying PIA between Europe and the East.

It's true.

PIA believes that in these days of superjets and crowded skies, there ought to be a full captain at the controls every minute the plane is in the air. So we have two fully rated captains on every flight. Awfully good ones, too. It costs us, in point of fact, over a million rupees to train each captain.

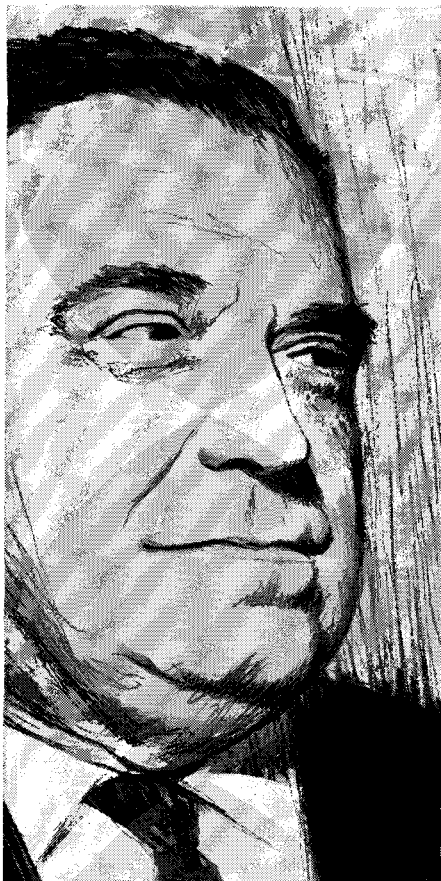
We think it's worth every one.

You will, too.

Have your travel agent book you aboard one of PIA's jet flights between London, Frankfurt, Geneva, Rome, Beirut, Teheran, Karachi, Dacca, Canton and Shanghai. Also extensive service within East and West Pakistan plus PIA connections to India, Nepal and Burma. 608 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York. LT 1-0600.

PAKISTAN INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES / GREAT PEOPLE TO FLY WITH





Mr. Knud Nielsen, Executive Chef of the Hotel Fairmont, Nob Hill, San Francisco.

Escoffier Sauce is the personal choice of the most distinguished chefs

"It is most rewarding that one is now able to purchase sauces so absolutely faithful to the original recipes of the world's greatest chef, M. Auguste Escoffier. I find both Sauce Diable and Sauce Robert indispensable to the complete enjoyment of many meat and fish dishes. Both Escoffier Sauces are available at all times to our guests, either served from their bottles, or mixed with equal parts of warmed butter."

We are pleased to tell you that now both Escoffier Sauce Diable and Sauce Robert are available at your favorite food store for your pleasure at home.



ESCOFFIER, LTD., DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN, INC.
HARTFORD, CONN., LONDON, ENGLAND

grinning with surprise and joy. "I'll..." said Luzhin in a deep voice, and went toward him, his cane raised. The small boy jumped and ran off.

Grumbling to himself and breathing hard through the nose, Luzhin continued on his way. An extremely well-aimed pebble hit him on the left shoulder blade. He let out a cry and turned round. Nobody—an empty road, woods, heather.

"I'll kill him," he said loudly, in German, and walked on faster, trying to weave from side to side the way, he had read somewhere, men do when they fear a shot in the back, and repeating his helpless threat. He was quite exhausted, panting, and almost crying by the time he reached the hotel.

"Changed my mind," he said, addressing the office grille as he went by. "I'm staying. Changed my mind..." She's sure to be in her room," he said as he went up the stairs. He burst in upon her as if he had butted the door with his head, and, dimly catching sight of her reclining in a pink dress on the couch, he said hastily, "H'llo—h'llo," and strode all around the room, supposing that everything was working out very easily, wittily, and entertainingly, and simultaneously suffocating with excitement. "And therefore in continuance of the above I have to inform you that you will be my wife, I implore you to agree to this, it was absolutely impossible to go away, now everything will be different and wonderful," and at this point he settled on a chair by the radiator and burst into tears. He covered his face with his hands, and then, trying to spread one hand so that it covered his face, he began with the other to search for his handkerchief, and through the trembling wet chinks between his fingers he perceived, in duplicate, a blurry pink dress that noisily moved toward him.

"Now, now, that's enough, that's enough," she repeated in a soothing voice. "A grown-up man and crying like that."

He seized her by the elbow and kissed something hard and cold (her wrist-watch). She removed his straw hat and stroked his forehead—and swiftly retreated, evading his clumsy, grabbing movements. Luzhin trumpeted into his handkerchief, once, and once more; then he wiped his eyes, cheeks, and mouth and sighed with relief, leaning on the radiator, his moist bright eyes looking in front of him.

It was then that she realized clearly that this man, whether you liked him or not, was not one you could thrust out of your life; that he had sat himself

loser

Asked to buy a home for a client renting in Westchester, we searched the countryside, located the perfect place in Connecticut. Checked out schools, shopping, commuting, house exterior and grounds. Asking price \$45,000. Contacted builder that evening, found him eager to sell, obtained a firm price of \$33,500. Only to learn, next day, that our enthusiastic client had visited builder independently, agreed to a "bargain" of \$39,500, paid \$1000 as binder. Client, now settled in overpriced home, forgot this: Homeric safeguards your interests in 300 major cities, 2500 prime suburbs. Screens houses only after analyzing your family needs: economic, educational, social, special. Tell us your requirements. Be candid! We'll respect your confidence, charge you nothing.



HOMERICA INC.

New York
200 Park Avenue
661-3111

Los Angeles
3460 Wilshire Blvd.
387-3111

Chicago: Marina City, 6023 East Tower, 527-3111

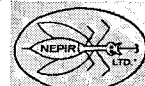
TIP TOE KITCHEN?

Julian Hess Can
Make It a
Showplace...
Glamorize Your
Bathroom, Too!

JULIAN HESS, INC.,
Engineered Kitchen®

306 E. 61st,
N. Y. 21, N. Y.

TEL: (Code 212)
TE 2-8600



ONYX

Our own lustrous deeply-grained onyx ashtrays, cigarette boxes, flower and fruit bowls from \$10 to \$50. Bowl shown (10" wide, 4" deep) \$50. Other unusual items 35¢ to \$1000. Stop by... or send \$1 for our boxed catalogue (no stamps please). Nepir Ltd. 216 E. 53rd St. New York 10022

[Tonight Could be the Night! Even with seventeen relatives]

THE PAUL MASSON MAGNUM: OR HOW TO MAKE FAMILY REUNIONS TOLERABLE

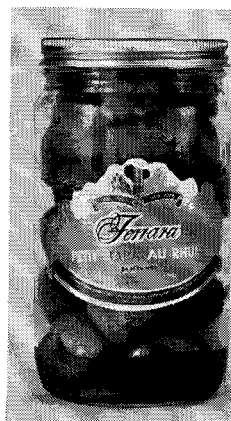
For sheer amplitude there are few things more impressive than a Magnum. Even relations are impressed. If you want to get one-up at a reunion serve the 17 glass family-size of Paul Masson California Champagne.

The Magnum's uses are not confined to occa-

sions involving blood ties, however. It is also recommended for wedding receptions, touch football rallies, executive Christmas gifts, 3 and 2/5ths basketball teams, or those who simply like a lot of champagne. The Paul Masson Magnum is available at your wine store, or write us if it isn't.

PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA *(Come visit and bring the family.)*





PETIT RHUM BA BA

Little butter cakes bathed in Jamaica rum. Packed in jars of 12 and 24 servings. No refrigeration. Keep indefinitely after opened. Delicious plain, with ice cream or with whipped cream.



GRENADINE

For cocktails, cooking and cool summer drinks. Also Orgeat, Orange, Mint, Coffee, Anise, Tamarind, Wild Cherry and Citron.

SAUCES

Rum, brandy, coffee and mint. 12% alcohol by volume.



Ferrara's delicious baked crepes on glass sautéed in butter and steeped in Grand Marnier Liqueur. (14 or more servings)



FERRARA'S WILD CHERRY JUBILEE

Delicious
Cherries Anglaise
in rum
for
tasty desserts.

Try our Panettone (Italian Coffee Cake), Panforte Siena style, Marron au rhum, Imported Apricots and Figs in cordials and Rum Nesselrode. WRITE FOR OUR COMPLETE CATALOG.

Ferrara

ESTABLISHED 1892

PASTRY AND CONTINENTAL
COFFEE SHOP

195 GRAND STREET, NEW YORK 13, N. Y.

down firmly, solidly, and apparently for a long time.

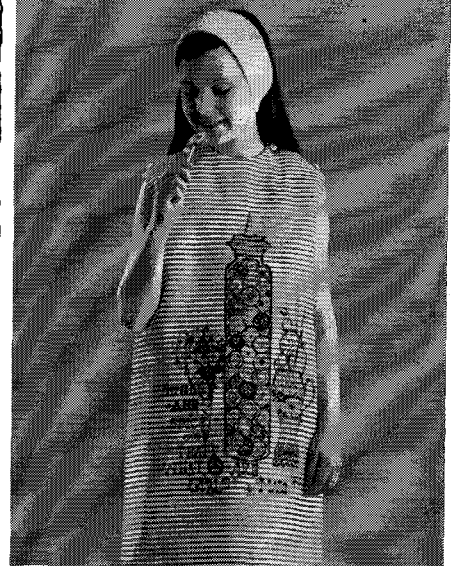
BUT she also wondered how she could show this man to her father and mother; how could he be visualized in their drawing room—a man of a different dimension, with a particular form and coloring that was compatible with nothing and no one? At first she tried fitting him this way and that mentally, in her family, in their milieu, and even among the furnishings of their flat. She made an imaginary Luzhin enter the rooms, talk with her mother, eat home-cooked *kulebiaka*, and be reflected in the sumptuous samovar—and these imaginary calls ended with a monstrous imagined catastrophe. Luzhin, with a clumsy motion of his shoulder, would knock the house down like a shaky piece of scenery that, falling, emitted a sigh of dust.

Their apartment was on the second floor of an enormous Berlin apartment house. Her parents, rich once more, had decided to start living in strict Russian style, which they associated with ornamental Slavic scriptory, postcards depicting sorrowing boyar maidens, varnished boxes bearing gaudy pyrogravures of troikas or firebirds, and art magazines, admirably produced and long since expired, containing such wonderful photographs of old Russian manors and porcelain. Her father used to say to his friends that it was particularly pleasant after business meetings and conversations with people of dubious origin to immerse himself in genuine Russian comfort and eat genuine Russian food. At one time their servant was a genuine Russian orderly, taken from an émigré shelter near Berlin, but he became rude, and was replaced by a German-Polish girl. The mother, a stately lady with plump arms, used to call herself affectionately an “*enfant terrible*” and a “Cossack” (a result of vague and distorted reminiscences from “War and Peace”); she played the Russian housewife superbly, had a weakness for theosophy, and denounced the radio as a Jewish invention. She was kind and tactless, and sincerely loved the daubed, artificial Russia she had rigged up around her. The daughter was completely indifferent to this gimcrack apartment, so unlike their quiet St. Petersburg house, where the furniture and other things had their own soul, where the icon cabinet harbored an unforgettable garnet gleam and mysterious orange-tree blossoms, where a fat, intelligent cat was embroidered on the silk back of an armchair, and where there were a thousand trifles, smells, and

Saks Fifth Avenue

S. F. A.'s young slip-cover with a message, 7.00

Our cotton denim robe for summer mornings or afternoon sunnings reads both front and back: “Sugar and spice, that's what girls are made of.” It's shoulder-buttoned, cut on the straight and narrow with horizontal stripes and pen-and-ink drawings. In white with red or blue; 4-6x or 8-12 sizes, 7.00. Children's Robes.



VERITABLE GEM



1745 Colonial tavern home. Exceptionally fine original paneling. House faultlessly restored. Modern conveniences, highest quality. Charming private terrace. Large sunny living room fpl; library fpl; dining room fpl; kitchen large open fpl; Upstairs, 4 bedrooms fpl; sitting room fpl; 2 baths. House faces small Town Green in New England Seaport, halfway New York and Boston. \$37,500.

THE SPARRE AGENCY, INC.

Essex, Conn.

Phone SOuth 7-8289



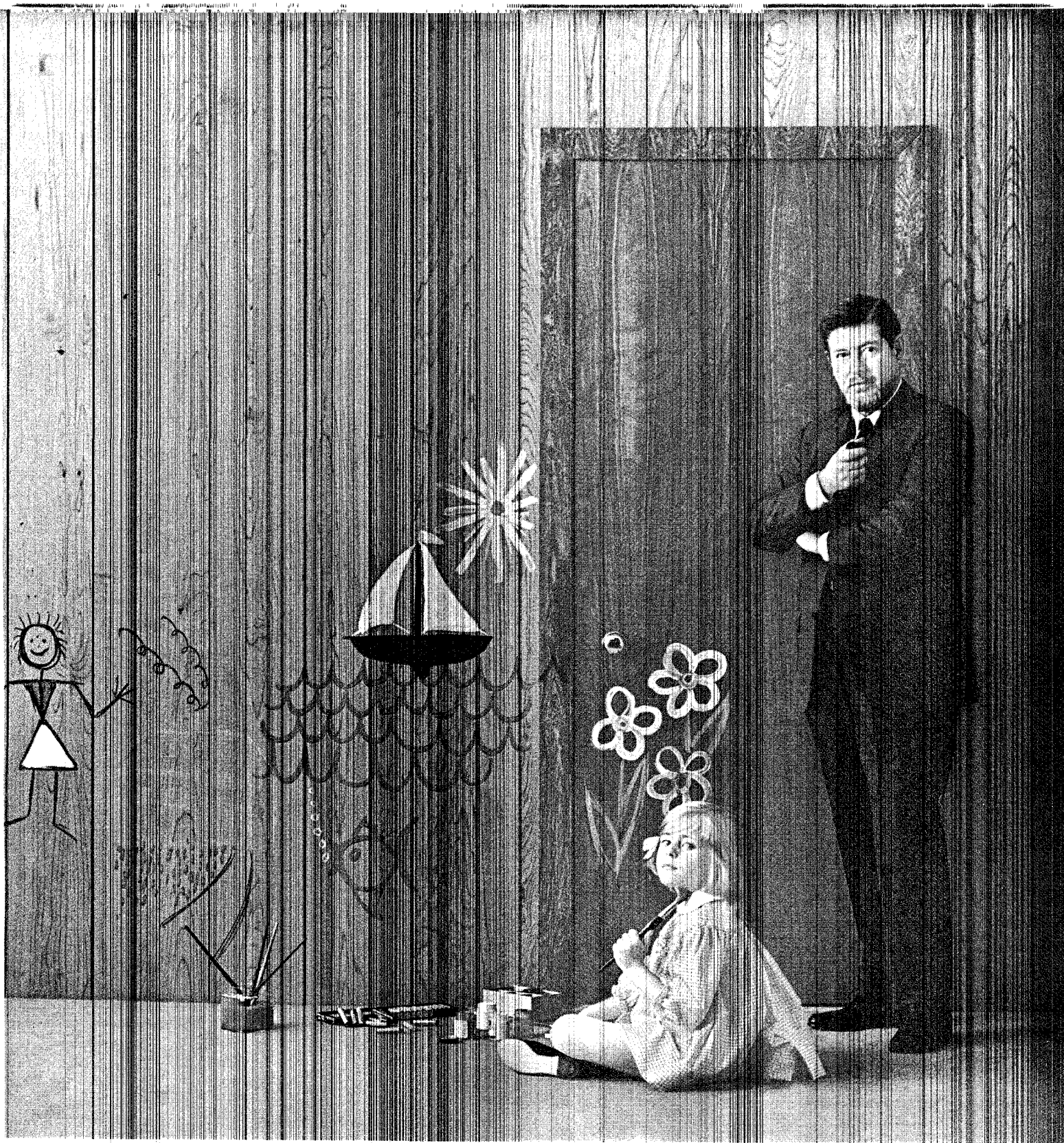
Dancing AT THE COLUMNS

ARTURO ARTUROS'
Music

7:30 to 12:30
Dinner from 6
Closed Monday
Sunday Cocktail
and Dinner
Dancing from 6

SAVOY-HILTON

FIFTH AVENUE AT 58th ST. • EL 5-2600



VIDENE, a polyester film—T.M., The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

Wall paneling and door of Weldwood Permapanel by United States Plywood

Paul McCobb gives graffiti expert the go-ahead on remarkable new laminated finish

Little people have been drawing things on walls ever since time began.

And big people haven't been able to do much about it until now.

Now, VIDENE is here. VIDENE is a super-tough polyester film, invisible when laminated to wood. In fact, so invisible you'd never know it's there. All you see is the deep natural flow of the wood.

Little people can draw on it. Finger-paint on it. Smear on it. Graffiti it in every way possible.

Big people wipe it clean as new with just a damp cloth.

VIDENE is such a natural for interior paneling and doors that wide ranges of uses for it are now being developed by famous industrial designer, Paul McCobb.

VIDENE doesn't have to be left invisible. VIDENE surfaced paneling is also available in a variety of wood grains, abstract and textured designs, and in decorator colors. After years of use, it won't fade, stain,

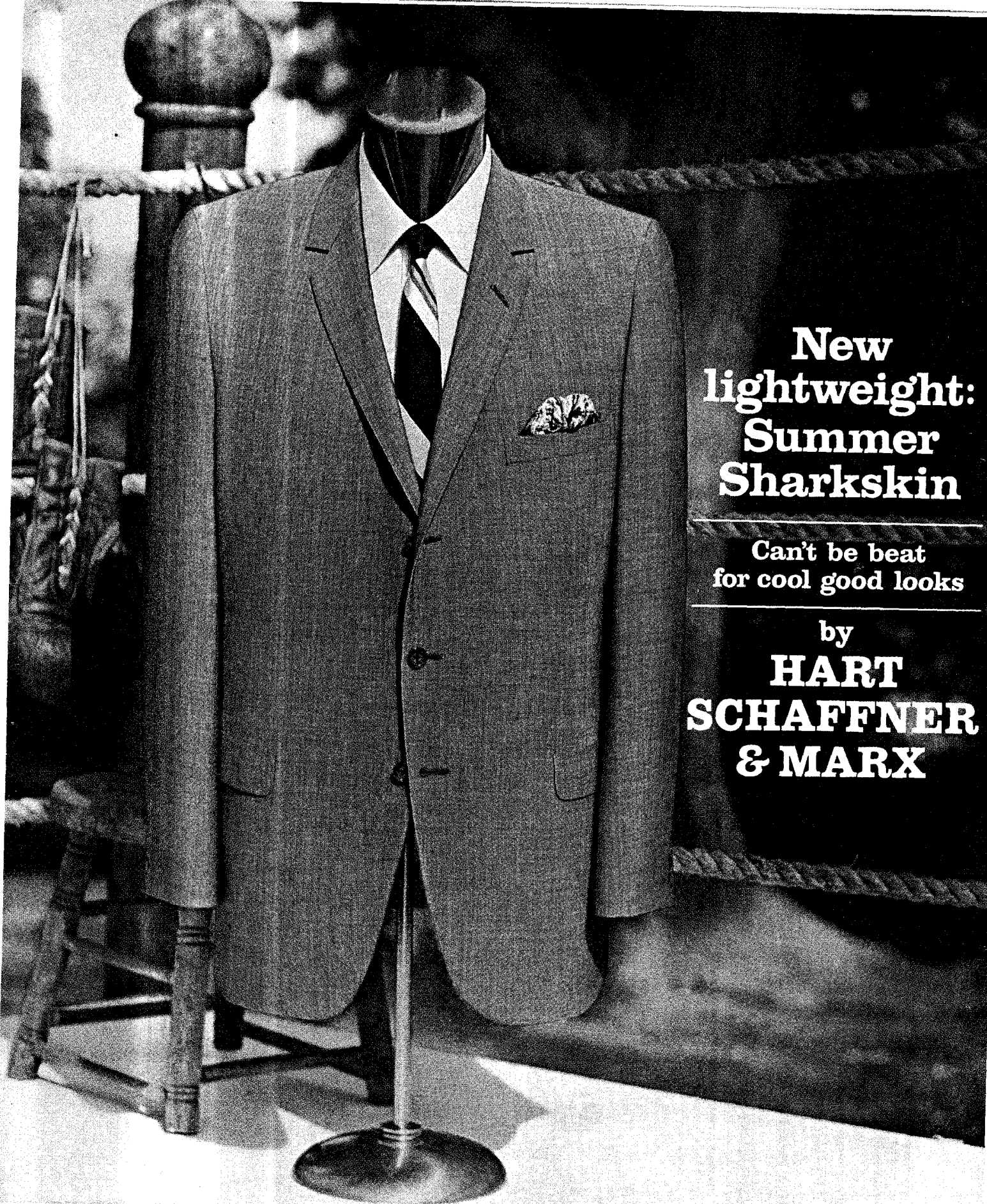
craze, crack or peel off.

When today's little people have all grown up, today's VIDENE will still look neat and new.

For more information write:

VIDENE Polyester Division, The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio 44316.

**VIDENE by
GOODYEAR**



New lightweight: Summer Sharkskin

Can't be beat
for cool good looks

by
**HART
SCHAFFNER
& MARX**

Strictly championship material. Lots of class, but not flashy. Takes punishment. Goes the distance. In the past, however, sharkskin packed a bit too much heft for hot weather.

Now Hart Schaffner & Marx brings you Summer Sharkskin—a new lightweight blend that stops wrinkles cold. You stay cool; your

suit neat. In the best sharkskin manner.

Hart Schaffner & Marx tailoring keeps the suit trim and fit—permanently. Take the lapels, for instance. Put your fingers behind one. Flip it forward. Notice how it springs back. Lies flat every time.

The reason? Row upon row of interloop

HS&M Summer Sharkskin suits from about \$85 to \$100.

stitching inside each lapel. Lot more than in ordinary suits. These lapels behave. Lie flat and neat. Won't curl.

The look you buy is the look you keep.

Ounce for ounce, Hart Schaffner & Marx Summer Sharkskin is the best-looking lightweight around.



shades that all together constituted something ravishing, and heart-rending, and completely irreplaceable.

The young Russians who visited them in Berlin considered her a nice but not very interesting girl, while her mother said of her (in a low-pitched voice, with a trace of derision) that she represented in the family "the intelligentsia and avant-garde literature"—possibly because she knew by heart a few poems of the "symbolist" Balmont that she had found in the "Poetry Reader." Her father liked her independence, her quietness, and her particular way of lowering her eyes when she smiled. But nobody yet had been able to dig down to what was most captivating about her. This was the mysterious ability of her soul to apprehend in life only that which had once attracted and tormented her in childhood, the time when the soul's instinct is infallible; to seek out the amusing and the touching; to feel constantly an intolerable, tender pity for the creature whose life is helpless and unhappy; to feel, across hundreds of miles, that somewhere in Sicily a thin-legged little donkey with a shaggy belly is being brutally beaten.

Whenever she did come across a creature that was being hurt, she experienced a kind of legendary eclipse (when inexplicable night comes down and ash flies and blood appears on the walls) and it seemed that if she did not help at once, did not cut short another's torture (the existence of which it was absolutely impossible to explain, in a world so conducive to happiness), her heart could not stand it, and she would expire and die.

And now suddenly there was this rather taciturn man, difficult to budge and thinking completely unknown things about her. She suspected that he had no opinion at all, that he had no conception whatever of her milieu or the circumstances of her life, and so might blurt out something dreadful.

Her mother arrived, and while she was complaining that her window faced north and the bedside lamp was not working, the daughter related, in an even voice, how she had become friends with the famous chess player, Luzhin. "No doubt a pseudonym," said her mother, burrowing in her toilet case. "His real name is Rubinstein or Abramson."

"Very famous," continued the daughter, "and very nice."

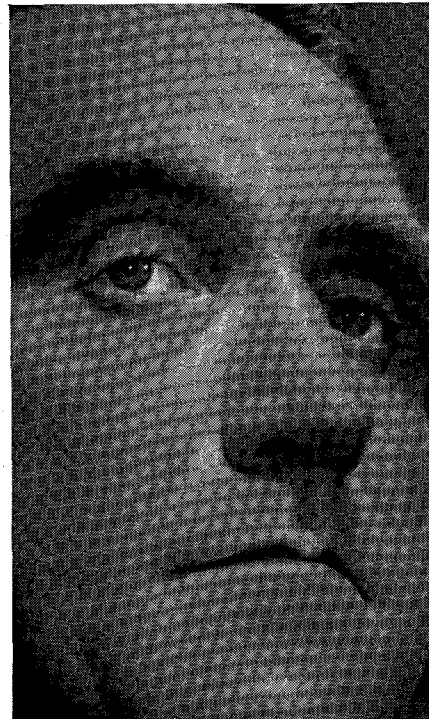
"Help me, rather, to find my soap," said her mother.

The following day, she introduced Luzhin to her mother in the lobby of the hotel, and left them together, on

**I'm John Horton
Color: White**



**I'm John Horton
Color: Black**



I changed the color of my skin so it won't rub off. Now I know what it feels like to be black!

This is the story of a white man who chemically changed the color of his skin. He travelled through the South—a white man looking at other white men... through the eyes of a Negro! Based on the shocking book, "BLACK LIKE ME" by John Howard Griffin, it now becomes a distinguished motion picture of striking power... it will be one of the year's most controversial films!

"BLACK LIKE ME"

STARRING
JAMES WHITMORE

PRESENTED BY
VICTOR WEINGARTEN

SCREENPLAY BY
GERDA LERNER & CARL LERNER

BASED ON THE BOOK BY

PRODUCED BY

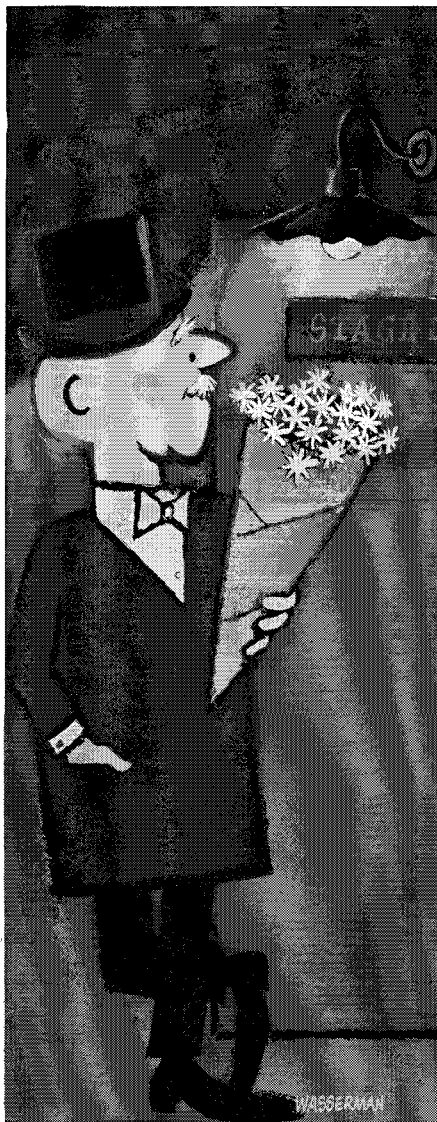
DIRECTED BY

JOHN HOWARD GRIFFIN / JULIUS TANNENBAUM / CARL LERNER / A WALTER READE-STERLING PRESENTATION



WORLD PREMIERE

**MAY 20th AT LOEW'S AND OTHER NEW YORK THEATRES!
Soon at Theatres Across the Nation!**



Sophisticated
people call for
the typically
Italian bitters

FERNET- BRANCA



Nowadays, sophisticates lose their heads as often as they lose their hearts, then head for Fernet-Branca. Good for other upsets, too. Butterflies, for instance, fly away from it.

Known the world over for over 100 years

At your favorite grocers, or write
Fratelli Branca & Co., 12 Desbrosses St., N.Y.C., N.Y.

the pretext of ordering some lemonade. When she returned to the lobby, they were sitting in wicker armchairs beneath a potted palmetto, and Luzhin, his brows knitted, was examining his disgraceful straw hat, which he was holding in his lap. At that moment, she was equally terrified by the thought of what words Luzhin was using about her (if, indeed, he was using any) and the thought of what impression Luzhin himself was making on her mother.

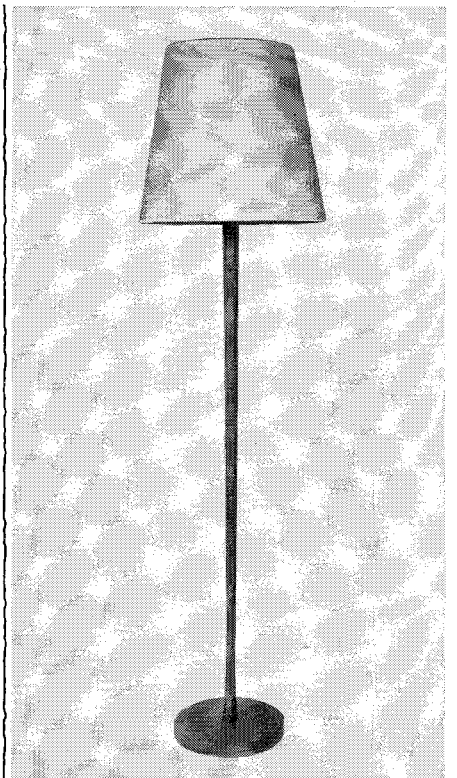
She experienced such a feeling of horror, of the irreparability of already completed catastrophes, that while still some distance away she began to speak loudly, then tripped on the edge of the carpet and laughed, waving her hands to keep her balance. His senseless fiddling with the boater, the silence, her mother's amazed, gleaming eyes, and the sudden recollection of how he had sobbed the other day, his arms round the radiator—all this was very hard to bear. But suddenly Luzhin raised his head, his mouth twisted into that familiar, morose smile, and at once her fear vanished, and the potential disaster seemed something that was extraordinarily amusing, changing nothing.

Since he had waited for her return in order to retire, Luzhin grunted, stood up, and gave a remarkable nod ("boorish," she thought gaily, translating this nod into her mother's idiom) before proceeding toward the staircase. On the way he met the waiter bringing three glasses of lemonade on a tray. He stopped him, took one of the glasses, and holding it carefully in front of him, mimicking the swaying level of the liquid with his eyebrows, began slowly to mount the stairs.

When he had disappeared round the bend, she began with exaggerated care to peel the thin paper from her straw. "What a boor!" said her mother quite loudly, and the daughter felt the kind of satisfaction you get when you find in the dictionary the meaning of a foreign term you have already guessed. "That's not a real person," continued her mother in angry perplexity. "What is he? Certainly not a real person. He calls me 'Madame,' just 'Madame'—like a shop assistant. He's God knows what. And I'll guarantee he has a Soviet passport. A Bolshevik, just a Bolshevik. I sat there like an idiot. And his small talk. . . . His cuffs are quite soiled, by the way. Did you notice? Soiled and frayed."

"What kind of small talk?"

"Yes, Madame. 'No, Madame.' 'There's a nice atmosphere here.' Atmosphere! Quite a word, eh? I asked him—to say something—if it was long since he had left Russia. He simply was



SKINNY.

But what a shape. For a floor lamp, that is. From stem to well-weighted base it's solid teak (or walnut). The only other adornment: an unadorned natural linen shade. The vital statistics? Overall height, 59". Shade diameter, 14". 3-way socket. A great buy at \$48.

40 PG. CATALOG AVAILABLE—JUST 25c.
Mail orders and browsers are invited.

GEORGE KOVACS

Dept. N-19, 888 Madison Avenue (72nd St.)
N.Y.C. 21, UN 1-8955, Open Thurs. till 8.

Ethel Merman
with Host
John C. Bruno



Bruno's

PEN and PENCIL

AMERICA'S MOST DISTINGUISHED

STEAK HOUSE RESTAURANT

LUNCH • DINNER

205 E. 45th St. • MU 2-8660

This is a beautiful painting



Can you imagine how lovely it looks on
HEREND century-famed
porcelain dinnerware?

"COLORCARDS" available—write Dept. N.
1304 Wisconsin Avenue Washington 7, D. C.

silent. Then he remarked that you like 'cooling beverages.' And what a mug, what a mug! No, no, let us steer clear of such characters. . . ."

When her mother went upstairs to her room, the girl hastened to Luzhin. In the course of his botched departure, his room had been given to someone else, and he had been assigned to another one, higher up. He was sitting with his elbows on the table, as if grief-stricken, and in the ashtray an insufficiently stubbed cigarette was struggling to send up smoke. On the table and floor were scattered sheets of paper covered with writing in pencil. For a second she thought they were bills, and she wondered at their number. The wind blowing in through the open window gusted as she opened the door, and Luzhin, coming out of his reverie, picked up the sheets of paper from the floor and neatly folded them, smiling at her and blinking.

"Well? How did it go?" she asked.

"It'll take shape during the game," said Luzhin. "I'm simply jotting down a few possibilities."

She had the feeling she had opened the wrong door, entered where she had not intended to enter, but it was nice in this unexpected world, and she did not want to leave it for any other. But instead of continuing to talk about chess, Luzhin moved up to her together with his chair, grasped her by the waist with hands shaking from tenderness, and, not knowing what to undertake, attempted to sit her on his knees. She pushed her hands against his shoulders and averted her face, pretending to look at the sheets of paper. "What's that?" she asked.

"Nothing, nothing," said Luzhin. "Notes on various games."

"Let me go," she demanded in a shrill voice.

"Notes on various games, notes . . ." repeated Luzhin, pressing her to him, his narrowed eyes looking up at her neck. A sudden spasm distorted his face, and for an instant his eyes lost all expression; then his features relaxed oddly, his hands unclenched of themselves, and she moved away from him, angry without knowing exactly why she was angry, and surprised that he had let her go. Luzhin cleared his throat and greedily lit a cigarette, watching her with incomprehensible mischievousness.

"I'm sorry I came," she said. "First, I interrupted your work—"

"Not a bit of it," replied Luzhin with unexpected merriment and slapped his knees.

"Second, I wanted to get your impressions."

"A lady of high society," answered

People at Braniff argue a lot.

(Won't you please
be a peacemaker?)

The arguments are over such passenger-pampering points as these: Is Braniff service on international flights to Rio *really* more lavish than on Braniff flights between New York or Washington and Texas? Or, are Braniff hostesses more attentive to passengers headed for Houston than they are to those bound for Buenos Aires? We can't end this friendly debate, so why don't you settle it. How? Simplest thing in the world.

First, enjoy Braniff to South America. Next, enjoy Braniff between any of a dozen major U. S. cities and Texas (*or do it the other way around if you like*). Now vote! We'll delightedly take your word for it, though we warn you: it's not an easy choice. Just to be certain, maybe you'd better try them both over again, each in First Class and Coach.



enjoy BRANIFF

to Texas . . . between major U. S. cities . . .
to South America and to Mexico.

FOR YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR BRANIFF INTERNATIONAL AIRWAYS



Barbizon
sprinkles cool
white
polka dots
on
Blendaire®
Batiste
dreamers.
"Anita"
a waltz shift with
scooped yoke
frosted with French
Val lace. In white,
petal, blue and yellow.
\$6.00

Barbizon

For nearest store, write
Barbizon, 475 Fifth Avenue, New York 17

Luzhin. "You can see that right away."

"Listen," she exclaimed, continuing to be cross, "were you ever educated? Where did you go to school? Have you ever met people at all, talked to people?"

"I've voyaged a great deal," said Luzhin. "Here and there. Everywhere a little bit."

She looked around the room—at the table covered with sheets of paper, the crumpled bed, the washbasin (on which a rusty razor blade had been left lying), and a half-open drawer from which, snakelike, a green, red-spotted tie came crawling—and asked herself, "Where am I? Who is he? What next?" In the middle of this bleak disorder sat the most unfathomable of men, a man who occupied himself with a spectral art, and she tried to stop, to grasp at all his failings and peculiarities, to tell herself, once for all, that this man was not the right one for her—and at the same time she was quite distinctly worried about how he would behave in church, and how he would look in tails.

THEIR meetings, of course, continued. The poor lady began to notice with horror that her daughter and the shady Mr. Luzhin were inseparable. There were conversations between them, and glances, and emanations that she was unable to determine with exactness. This seemed to her so dangerous that she overcame her repugnance and resolved to keep Luzhin by her as much as possible, partly in order to get a thorough look at him but chiefly so that her daughter would not vanish so often. Luzhin's profession was absurd. In the Russia of her youth, a man occupying himself exclusively with chess would have been an unthinkable phenomenon. Also, perhaps chess was a cover, a blind, and Luzhin's real occupation was something quite different. She felt faint at the thought of that dark, criminal—perhaps Masonic—activity which the cunning scoundrel concealed behind a predilection for an innocent pastime. Little by little, however, this suspicion dropped away. How could you expect any trickery from such an oaf? Besides, he was genuinely famous. She was staggered and somewhat irritated that a name should be familiar to many when it was completely unknown to her (though she seemed to remember dimly that a distant relative of hers had been acquainted with somebody of that name—a St. Petersburg landowner). The Germans who lived in the hotel at the resort, heroically mastering the difficulty of an alien sibilant, pronounced his name with reverence. Her daughter showed her the latest number of a Berlin

Sampler Rose "INSULAIRE" blanket at these and other fine stores:

New York, N. Y. Gimbel's & branches
New York, N. Y. Macy's & branches
Newark, N. J. Hahne & Co. & branches
Newark, N. J. Kresge
Abilene, Texas Minter's
Abilene, Texas Thornton's
Akron, Ohio M. O'Neil Co.
Alexandria, La. Weiss & Goldring
Alexandria, La. Wellan's
Amarillo, Texas White & Kirk
Atlanta, Ga. Davison-Paxon Co.
Atlanta, Ga. Rich's
Austin, Texas E. M. Scarbrough & Sons
Baltimore, Md. The Hecht Co. & branches
Baltimore, Md. Stewart's & branches
Baton Rouge, La. D. H. Holmes Co. Ltd.
Baton Rouge, La. Rosenfield's House of Fashion
Beaumont, Texas The Fair
Beaumont, Texas White House Dry Goods Co.
Birmingham, Ala. Loveman's
Birmingham, Ala. Pizitz
Boise, Idaho The Bon Marche
Boston, Mass. Colten's & branches
Boston, Mass. Jordan Marsh Co. & branches
Bridgeport, Conn. D. M. Read Co.
Charleston, S. C. J. B. Ivey & Co.
Charlotte, N. C. J. B. Ivey & Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn. Miller Bros.
Chicago, Ill. Carson Pirie Scott & Co. (all stores)
Cleveland, Ohio Higbee Co.
Columbus, Ohio Lazarus
Concord, Calif. Rhodes Dept. Store
Dallas, Texas W. A. Green & Co.
Dallas, Texas Titcher-Goettinger Co.
Denver, Colo. Denver Dry Goods Co.
Duluth, Minn. Wahl's
El Paso, Texas American Furniture Co.
Eugene, Ore. Miller's Dept. Store
Everett, Wash. Miller's Dept. Store
Fort Worth, Texas The Fair of Texas
Fort Worth, Texas Monnig Dry Goods Co.
Fort Worth, Texas W. C. Stripling Co.
Galveston, Texas The Bon Marche
Glendale, Calif. H. S. Webb's
Greensboro, N. C. Thalhimer's Ellis Stone
Greenville, S. C. Meyers-Arnold Co.
Hartford, Conn. G. Fox Co.
Hartford, Conn. Sage, Allen & Co.
Houston, Texas Foley Bros.
Houston, Texas Joske's of Houston
Jackson, Miss. S. P. McKee Co.
Jacksonville, Fla. May-Cohen's
Kansas City, Mo. Emery, Bird, Thayer D.G. Co.
Kansas City, Mo. The Jones Store
Kansas City, Mo. Macy's
Klamath Falls, Ore. Miller's Dept. Store
La Jolla, Calif. Meanley's
Little Rock, Ark. Gus Blass Co.
Little Rock, Ark. Fellers of Ark.
Los Angeles, Calif. Broadway (all stores)
Los Angeles, Calif. Buffums' (all stores)
Los Angeles, Calif. Bullock's (all stores)
Los Angeles, Calif. Harris Co. (all stores)
Los Angeles, Calif. Hushaw's (all stores)
Los Angeles, Calif. May Co. (all stores)
Los Angeles, Calif. J. M. McDonald (all stores)
Los Angeles, Calif. J. W. Robinson (all stores)
Lubbock, Texas Dunlap's
Madison, Wisc. Manchester's
Massena, N. Y. Boston Store
McMinnville, Ore. Miller's Dept. Store
Memphis, Tenn. John Gerber Co.
Memphis, Tenn. Lowenstein's
Miami, Fla. Jordan Marsh Co.
Miami, Fla. Richard's
Midland, Texas L. B. Murphy Co.
Milwaukee, Wisc. Gimbel's-Schuster's (all stores)
Minneapolis, Minn. Dayton's
Mt. Vernon, Wash. Miller's Dept. Store
Nashville, Tenn. Cain-Sloan Co.
Nashville, Tenn. Harvey's
New Haven, Conn. Edw. Malley Co.
N. Hollywood, Calif. Rathbun's
Norwalk, Conn. Miller's Dept. Store
Oakland, Calif. H. C. Capwell's & branches
Oakland, Calif. Rhodes Dept. Store
Oakland, Calif. The White House
Ogden, Utah The Bon Marche
Oklahoma City, Okla. John A. Brown Co.
Oklahoma City, Okla. Kerr's, Inc.
Olympia, Wash. Miller's Dept. Store
Omaha, Nebr. L. Brandels Co.
Omaha, Nebr. Orchard & Wilhelm Co.
Pasadena, Calif. Lieberg's
Peoria, Ill. P. A. Bergner & Co.
Phoenix, Ariz. Diamond's
Phoenix, Ariz. Korrick's
Pine Bluff, Ark. Gus Blass Co.
Portland, Ore. Lipman's Downtown & Eastport
Portland, Ore. Miller's Dept. Store
Portland, Ore. Rhodes Dept. Store
Providence, R. I. Gladding's, Inc. & br.
Raleigh, N. C. Boylan-Pearce, Inc.
Richmond, Va. Miller & Rhoads, Inc.
Richmond, Va. Thalhimer's
Rome, N. Y. Nelson's of Rome, N. Y.
Roseburg, Ore. Miller's Dept. Store
Sacramento, Calif. Hale's
Sacramento, Calif. Rhodes Dept. Store
St. Louis, Mo. Famous-Barr (all stores)
St. Louis, Mo. Stix, Baer & Fuller (all stores)
St. Paul, Minn. Dayton's
Salem, Ore. Miller's Dept. Store
San Antonio, Texas Joske's of Texas
San Diego, Calif. Walker-Scott
San Francisco, Calif. City of Paris
San Francisco, Calif. Macy's & branches
San Francisco, Calif. The White House
San Jose, Calif. Hart's
Santa Barbara, Calif. Trenwith's
Seattle, Wash. The Bon Marche
(Downtown & Northgate)
Seattle, Wash. Rhodes Dept. Store
(Downtown & University Village)
Shreveport, La. Rubenstein's, Inc.
Spokane, Wash. The Bon Marche
Spokane, Wash. The Crescent
(Downtown & Northtown)
Springfield, Mass. Forbes & Wallace Co.
Stamford, Conn. C. O. Miller Co.
Tacoma, Wash. Rhodes of Tacoma
Toledo, Ohio LaSalle & Koch
Torrington, Conn. Curtin Shop
Tulsa, Okla. Brown, Dunkin Co.
Tucson, Ariz. Steinfield's
Utica, N. Y. Boston Store
Waco, Texas Monnig Dry Goods Co.
Washington, D. C. Hecht Co. & branches
Washington, D. C. S. Kann Sons & branches
Washington, D. C. Lansburgh's & branches
West Palm Beach, Fla. Pioneer Co.
Westport, Conn. Homemaker's
Whittier, Calif. Meyers-Whittier
Wichita, Kansas Buck's
Winston-Salem, N. C. Davis, Inc.
Winston-Salem, N. C. Spaulhour's
Yakima, Wash. Miller's Dept. Store

Morgan-Jones

404 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



MORGAN-JONES Insulaire®—now roses grow on the prettiest thermal blanket in dreamland

Cool in summer, warm in winter—it's all, all the blanket you'll ever need again. Insulaire's magic is in the air-loom weave. Thousands of tiny cells speed away body heat in summer, *hold* body heat in winter (just toss any light cover over it). It's the thermal principle put to bed. And, ah, how sweet you sleep—365 nights a year! Insulaire is so beautiful you can use it as a bedspread. It looks for all the world like a fine hand-crocheted afghan, yet it's machine-wash-and-dryable. This is "Sampler Rose," Morgan-Jones' lovely new pattern. Pink, blue or yellow roses growing on a white ground. Pure cotton finished with nylon satin binding. 72x90. \$12.98*. See store list on facing page.

Morgan-Jones 

Slightly higher in the West and Canada.

DIVISION OF SPRINGS MILLS, INC., • 404 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. N. Y. 10018

The sunniest rums are the Virgin Islands Rums—lighter, drier rums imported from the sunniest of all the rum-making islands in the West Indies. Tell them by (1) the lower price (the Virgin Islands are the only U.S. “duty-free port”) and (2) the sunniest flavor that ever made a lemon smile. Look for the Virgin Islands sun symbol. Make your next drink with a Virgin Islands Rum. You’ll never buy a hum-drum rum again.

For wonderful Virgin Islands Rum recipes—and information on the sunny U.S. Virgin Islands themselves—please write to the U.S. Virgin Islands Rum Council, U.S. Virgin Islands Government Information Center, 16 West 49th Street, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, New York.



illustrated magazine, where, in the section devoted to puzzles and crosswords, they published a for some reason remarkable game that Luzhin had won recently. "But can a man really devote himself to such trifles?" she exclaimed, looking at her daughter distractedly. "Throw one's whole life away on such trifles? . . . Look, you had an uncle who was also good at all sorts of games—chess, cards, billiards—but at least he had a job and a career and everything."

"He has a career, too," replied the daughter, "and really he's very well known. Nobody's to blame that you never took an interest in chess."

"Conjurers can also be well known," she said peevishly, but after some thought she concluded that Luzhin's reputation partially justified his existence.

His existence, however, was oppressive. What particularly angered her was that he constantly contrived to sit with his back to her. Not once did Luzhin address a question to her; not once did he attempt to support a collapsing conversation. There were unforgettable walks along sun-dappled footpaths, where, here and there in the pleasant shade, a thoughtful genius had set out benches—unforgettable walks during which it seemed to her that Luzhin's every step was an insult. Despite his stoutness and short wind, he would suddenly develop extraordinary speed, leaving them behind, and, compressing her lips, she would look at her daughter and say, in a hissing whisper, that if this record-breaking run continued she would immediately return home. "Luzhin," the girl would call, "Luzhin? Slow up or you'll get tired." (And the fact that her daughter called him by his surname was also unpleasant—but when she remarked upon it the other replied with a laugh, "Turgenev's heroines did it. Am I worse than they?") Luzhin would suddenly turn around, give a wry smile, and plop down on a bench. Beside it there would be a wire basket. He would invariably rummage in his pockets, find some piece of paper or other, tear it neatly into sections, and throw it into the basket, after which he would laugh jerkily. A perfect specimen of his little jokes.

Despite those joint walks, Luzhin and her daughter used to find time to seclude themselves, and after each such seclusion the angry lady would ask, "Well, have you two been kissing? Kissing? I'm convinced you kiss."

"Oh, Mama, how can you say such things. . . ."

Good long kisses, she decided, and



A touch of magic in Aladdin's free and easy fun top. Vivid posy-scattered print on fine cotton pique. Red or blue. Sizes 8 to 16. About \$8. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; Neiman Marcus, Dallas, Houston and Fort Worth or write **Aladdin**, 525 Seventh Ave., New York 18.

Aladdin



Magic in the sun

Monaco's new sunglasses

have "Asto-Matic"

lenses that darken from

amber to deep grey

when exposed to brilliant.

sun, protecting your eyes

from glare. As the sunlight

diminishes, the lenses

lighten to amber again,

providing maximum visibility under all conditions.

Extra safe for drivers

and travelers—designed

for both men and women,

with durable black

nylon frames. 13.00

At all Lord & Taylor stores

Newest underwater sport



It's called, "Put the new CORNING WARE® Electromatic Immersible Platter completely under water, and watch it come out like new."

Just remove the cord. Then wash the platter as you do plates. You can because it's made of non-porous PYROCERAM® brand space-age ceramic; and because the electrical gizmos are sealed and concealed.

The CORNING WARE Electromatic Immersible Platter is the only heating platter that's completely immersible, the only one that keeps foods serving-hot directly as well as in servers: even runny hors d'oeuvres, Swiss steak. There's a drip-catcher inside the edges. Generous 10 x 16 inches. What hostess wouldn't love you for it? \$19.95

*Famous CORNING WARE
Electromatic Skillet, \$29.95;
Electromatic Percolator, \$29.95*

CORNING*WARE® ELECTROMATICS

A PRODUCT OF CORNING

GUARANTEE. Corning Glass Works, Corning, N.Y., unconditionally guarantees that any CORNING WARE dealer is authorized to replace any CORNING WARE product that ever breaks from temperature extremes upon receipt of all broken pieces. Furthermore, any CORNING WARE dealer is authorized to replace any mechanical or electrical part within one year from date of purchase if not mechanically or electrically perfect. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

wrote to her husband that she was unhappy and worried because their daughter was conducting an impossible flirtation—with a gloomy and dangerous character. Her husband advised her to return to Berlin or go to another resort. He doesn't understand a thing, she reflected. Ah, well, it doesn't matter. All this will soon come to an end. Our friend will leave.

And suddenly, three days before Luzhin's departure for Berlin, one little thing happened that did not exactly change her attitude to Luzhin but vaguely moved her. The three of them had gone out for a stroll. It was a still August evening with a magnificent sunset, like a mangled blood orange pressed out to the very last drop. "I feel a bit chilly," she said. "Bring me something to put on." And her daughter nodded, said "Uh-huh" through the stalk of grass she was sucking, and left, walking fast and slightly swinging her arms as she returned to the hotel.

"I have a pretty daughter, don't I? Nice legs."

Luzhin bowed.

"So you're leaving on Monday? And then, after the game, back to Paris?"

Luzhin bowed again.

"But you won't stay in Paris long, will you? Somebody will again invite you to play somewhere?"

This is when it happened. Luzhin looked around and held out his cane. "This footpath," he said. "Consider this footpath. I was walking along. And just imagine whom I met. Whom did I meet? Out of the myths. Cupid. But not with an arrow—with a pebble. I was struck."

"What do you mean?" she asked with alarm.

"No, please, please!" exclaimed Luzhin, raising a finger. "I must have an audience." He came close to her and opened his mouth strangely, and there was an expression of martyred tenderness on his face. "You are a kind, sensitive woman. I have the honor . . . the honor of begging you to give me her hand." He turned away, as if having finished a speech on the stage, and began to gouge a small pattern in the sand with his cane.

"Here's your shawl," said her daughter's breathless voice from behind, and a shawl settled over her shoulders.

"Oh, no, I'm hot. I don't need it. What do I want with a shawl. . ."

Their walk that evening was particularly silent. Through her mind ran all the words she would have to say to Luzhin, hints about the financial side; he was probably not well off—he had

Go Maupintour, the fun way to travel!



- ☐ **WESTERN EUROPE.** 3 week, 5 week, and 8 week escorted tours. Superior hotels. See Europe's best.
 - ☐ **SCANDINAVIA.** Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Escorted, 23 days. May thru Sept. Superior hotels.
 - ☐ **ALPS OF EUROPE.** Unique 7 Nations summer tour. Magnificent vistas. Famous resorts. 28 days.
 - ☐ **SPAIN.** 15 to 22 days. Weekly. Portugal, Majorca, Morocco, too!
 - ☐ **RUSSIA/EASTERN EUROPE.** Four different escorted tours. 17 to 54 days. Also, Cities of Central Asia.
 - ☐ **MIDDLE EAST/HOLY LANDS.** Escorted Prestige Tours each month. Superior in every way. 24 days.
 - ☐ **AROUND THE WORLD.** 3 week, 4 week, and 7 week escorted tours. Superior hotels. From \$1797.
- FOR FOLDERS,** see your Travel Agent or write Joseph T. Ilan, Maupintour, 400 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

Maupintour
standard of travel excellence

RETURN TO
Elegance
and enjoy the fullness of gracious hospitality at this famed resort. Private 18-hole Championship Golf Course and Club, all water sports, acres of woodland and gardens. Southern cuisine par excellence. Write for brochure (N).

THE
Edgewater Gulf
HOTEL AND COUNTRY CLUB
Reginald G. Nefzger, Gen. Manager
Edgewater Park, Mississippi (Biloxi P.O.)

FAMOUS FOR PRIME STEAKS, SUPERB ROAST BEEF AND AUTOGRAPHED LOBSTER. CAESAR OR TOSSED SALAD INCLUDED WITHOUT CHARGE WITH MORE THAN 30 ENTREES.

LUNCHEON - DINNER - SUPPER. **OPEN FROM 11:30 A.M.-1 A.M.** Diners' Club - American Express

NEW YORK—49 E. 49th St.—PL 3-1960
MIAMI BEACH—21st St. Off Collins Ave.—JE 8-0523

CHANDLER'S

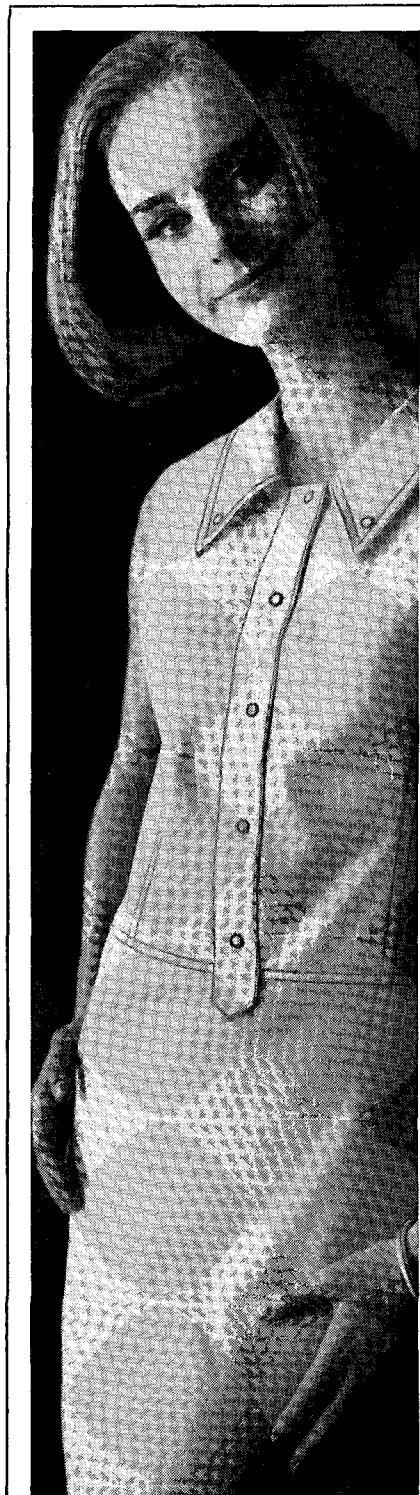


Since 1852, Washington leaders have followed The Washington Star

**Check the
EDEN ROBERTS styling.
we've checked everything else.**

Snap on instant sunshine—sleeveless, semifitted dress in yellow; stitched in red. Fashioned of wrinkle-resistant, wash 'n wear **50% Vycron polyester/50% cotton** by Designer Fabrics, Inc. Checked and double-checked for quality under the Vycron Verified Value program. Sizes 6-16, about \$13. At Raleigh Haberdasher, Washington, D.C.; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; R. E. Cox, Ft. Worth; or write Eden Roberts, Inc., 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y. Beaunit Fibers, Div. of Beaunit Corp., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

VYCRON
VYCron POLYESTER IS A **Beaunit** FIBER



the cheapest room in the hotel. And a very serious talk with her daughter. An unthinkable marriage, a most idiotic venture. But, despite all this, she was flattered that Luzhin had so earnestly and old-fashionedly addressed himself to her first.

ON the eve of his departure, Luzhin stood on the tiny balcony of his room in his long nightshirt and looked at the moon, which was tremblingly disengaging itself from some black foliage, and, while thinking of the unexpected turn taken by his defense against Turati, he listened through these chess reflections to the voice that still continued to ring in his ears, cutting across his being in long lines and occupying all the chief points. This was an echo of the conversation he had just had with her; she had again sat on his lap and had promised—*promised*—that in two or three days she would return to Berlin, and that she would go alone if her mother decided to stay. And to hold her on his lap was nothing compared to the certainty that she would follow him and not disappear, like certain dreams that suddenly burst and disperse because the gleaming dome of the alarm clock has floated up through them. With one shoulder pressed against his chest she tried with a cautious finger to raise his eyelids a little higher, and the slight pressure on his eyeball caused a strange black light to leap there—to leap like his black knight, which simply took the pawn if Turati moved it out on the seventh move, as he had done at their last meeting. The knight, of course, perished, but this loss was recompensed with a subtle attack by black, and here the chances were on his side. There was, true, a certain weakness on the queen's flank—or, rather, not a weakness but a slight doubt lest it was all fantasy, fireworks, and would not hold out; nor the heart hold out. For perhaps, after all, the voice in his ears was deceiving him and was not going to stay with him. But the moon emerged from behind the angular black twigs, a round, full-bodied moon—a vivid confirmation of victory—and when finally Luzhin left the balcony and stepped back into his room, there on the floor lay an enormous square of moonlight, and in that light his own shadow.

—VLADIMIR NABOKOV

(Translated by Michael Scammell, with the collaboration of the author. "The Luzhin Defense" was originally published in Russian, in 1930, and there has been no previous English translation. This is the first of two parts. The second part will appear in the next issue.)



THE
Brown Palace
HOTEL
DENVER, COLORADO

The Brown Palace, located in Denver, the climate capital of America, has been noted for its hospitality for over 70 years. On main travel routes of planes and trains, it is the gateway to a vast scenic and vacation area. Come for a day or an extended stay.

To expedite your reply, write Dept. NY

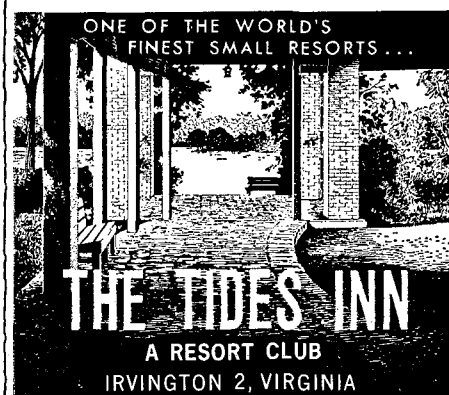
Member



A network of America's great
independent hotels

KARL MEHLMANN, General Manager

Represented by
ROBERT F. WARNER, New York City
GLENN W. FAWCETT, Los Angeles



EUROPE BY CAR

PLEASE WRITE FOR 36 PAGE FULL COLOR 'EUROPE BY CAR' CATALOGUE. NO CHARGE. SAVINGS ON CAR RENTAL AND PURCHASE

VOLKSWAGEN HILLMAN
MERCEDES JAGUAR
CITROEN PEUGEOT
RENAULT MG, ETC.



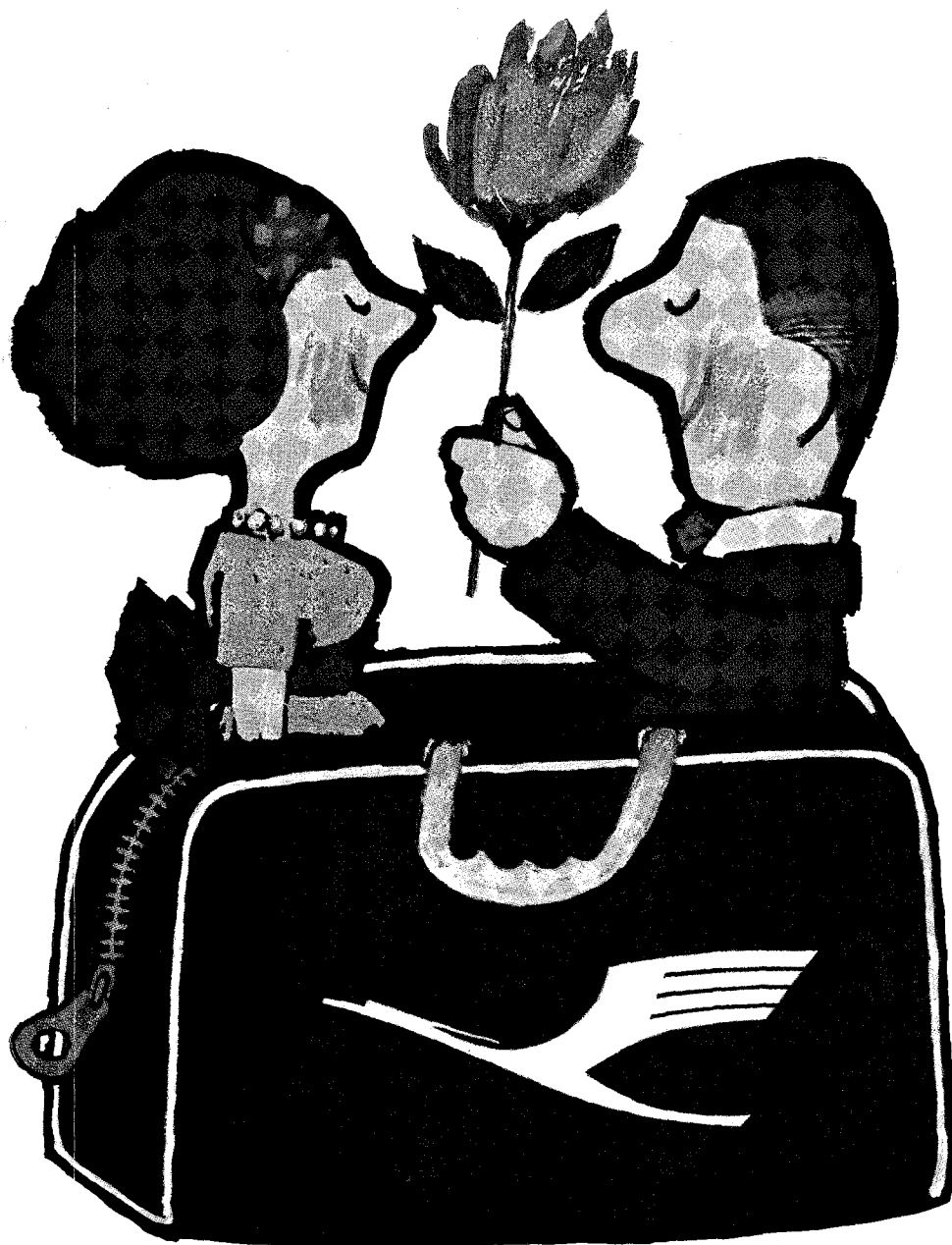
EUROPE BY CAR

630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., N. Y. LT 1-3040
CAR (S) _____

Name _____

Address _____

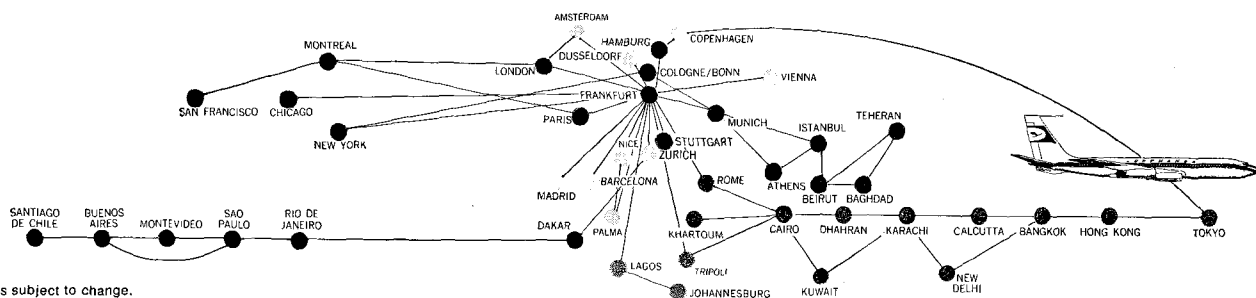
City _____ State _____ NE-9



Togethermess is a trip on LUFTHANSA

...it's a little nicer for all the family than on most airlines, because our considerate, cheerful people take special care that you'll all be cosily together and have exactly what pleases *each* of you. Ask your Travel Agent about our effi-

cient, friendly service. He'll agree it's helped make us one of the top 4 airlines flying to Europe. Ask, too, about our extensive tour program and new low fares. Lufthansa German Airlines! Offices in principal cities of the U.S.A. and Canada.



All routes subject to change.

Wool carpet is what every other carpet is trying to be



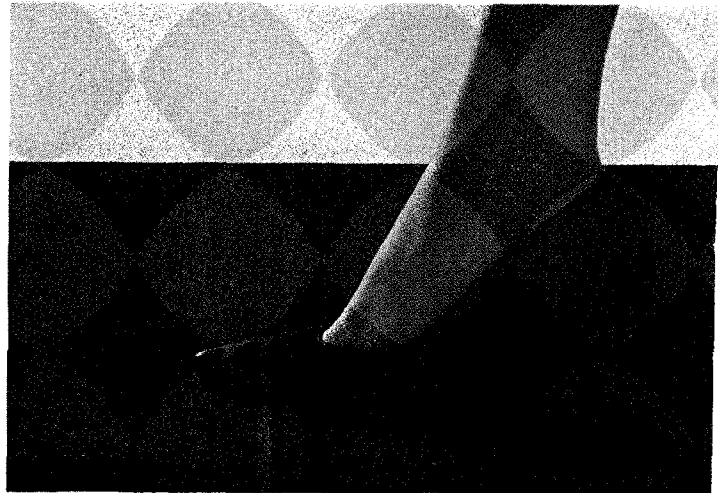
Wool carpet has lasting color. Wool has a natural thirst for color. So it drinks in lots of vibrant color, and keeps it for life. Other carpets say their "wealth" of color will last—just like wool's. It won't. For carpet that has everything, **THE ANSWER IS WOOL.**

© Wool Carpets of America

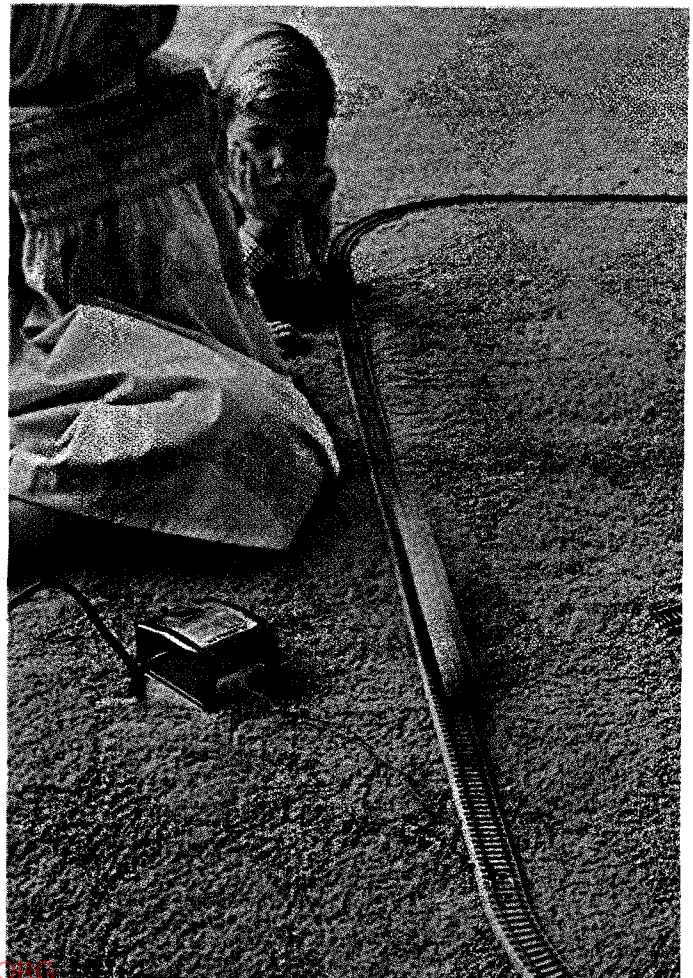


FOR THESE REASONS:

Wool carpet has natural resilience. Wool is born with natural bounce in its every fiber. It just can't be squelched by trampling, running, restless feet. Other carpets know a good thing when they see it. So they've tried to copy wool's resilience. They can't.



Wool carpet has enduring beauty. Wool is beautiful to begin with, and stays beautiful. Wool is lush, warm, inviting. Wool resists flame, cleans easily. Wool leads the way to lasting carpet fashion. Other carpets wish they'd wear like wool. They don't.





GRIM STUFF

Southern locale comes across nevertheless.

I WAS not bewitched but I was bothered and bewildered by a three-character number called "Baby Want a Kiss," at the Little Theatre. This has to do with a couple of glossy, neurotic Hollywood types who visit a reclusive old acquaintance in the country and talk and talk. Their talk is vulgar and witless. The comedy was written by James Costigan, who plays the old acquaintance, and it also has the services of Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward. A large sheepdog appears in the first act. He is the most likable party around.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Slim Stuff

WITH one exception, the cast and the director at the East End have imposed an almost total dimout

JAMES BALDWIN, of course, has long been intimately concerned as an essayist and novelist with interracial relationships in the United States, and now he has written a highly polemical drama, "Blues for Mister Charlie," on the subject. In this play, at the ANTA—the first of his to reach Broadway—he takes us to a small Southern town and quickly establishes the fact that between the Negro and white residents of the place there can be no real understanding. Having begun with this Q.E.D., the author is hard put to it, as time goes by, to demonstrate with any real theatrical force the propositions that led him to his conclusion. The method he employs is hopelessly discursive—flashback piled upon flashback—so it is difficult for a spectator to figure out whether a character who has died violently in Act I will stay dead or turn up breezily alive in Act II. Mr. Baldwin, who takes about three hours to say all he has to say, is unquestionably an eloquent man, but the plot he has contrived for "Blues for Mister Charlie" is fairly familiar. In brief, we are confronted with a young Southern Negro who has gone North, been disillusioned by finding conditions there not much better than those in his birthplace, taken to dope, and, finally, having given up the habit, returned home. Above the Mason-Dixon Line, this lad acquired some notions of independence that don't sit well with the white folks back home, and it is only a matter of time before he is gunned down by a semiliterate red-neck. As it happens, both the killer and his victim are objectionable by any sane standards, which, of course, weakens Mr. Baldwin's case, and his firm implication that whites en masse are incapable of showing any humanity whatever toward the Negro is, to say the least, debatable. Mr. Baldwin's whites are all pasteboard creations—even a liberal publisher whom he introduces to establish the fact, presumably, that non-Negroes are not all completely despicable. Apparently, the publisher once loved a colored girl, and this has made him sympathetic toward Negroes, but his feelings don't seem to go any deeper, and he never moves out from the shadow of ambiguity

in which Mr. Baldwin has placed him.

There is no lack of melodrama in "Blues for Mister Charlie" ("Mister Charlie," incidentally, is a term that Negroes use to designate a white man), and the actors, under the direction of Burgess Meredith, are always interesting to watch. Special praise, I think, should go to Al Freeman, Jr., and Rip Torn, who play the Negro youth and his killer, respectively, and certainly to Pat Hingle, who is cast as the publisher. But all the others on view—and they are many—are meritorious, too. The drama is performed on a practically bare stage, yet the feeling of the



"I'll tell you what your trouble is, Milton. You'll take advice from anybody."



ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN
WHEN YOU WEAR

FAME



PARFUM DE CORDAY
THREE-FIFTY TO THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS

©1962 PARFUMS CORDAY, INC.

on "Arms and the Man," Bernard Shaw's bright satire on romantic attitudes toward war and other matters as displayed in the Balkans back in the eighteen-eighties. The exception is Philippa Bevans, in the part of the foolish mother of the not really foolish heroine. By simply performing professionally—for although she does well, the question here is not of good or bad acting but of acting at all—she does her colleagues a disservice, time after time snapping the audience out of any easy acceptance of this slack, amiable production of this unslack, sharp-witted play. It must be said, I guess, that the other members of the company don't get in Shaw's way, that the words are audible and plausibly emphasized, and that the laughs (diluted) come at the right places, though not at all of them. But there is no relish, no fun, and no style, and many of the points just slide by. Shaw wrote "Arms and the Man" in 1894. The posturings he spiked are not especially prevalent at the moment, but they could well be half an hour from now.

—EDITH OLIVER

SPRING COMES TO GREECE

[Barbara Westebbe in the *Athens Daily Post*]

EASTER DAWN AND RESURRECTION and hope and life and what do we do with it? In the midst of the blooming forth and the lambing time, man makes bigger "clean" bombs and feasts and may start exercising "tomorrow." Up the mountains in pine fresh air in sun splashed peace. The earth is pregnant with promise of harvests yet undreamed. Man not hold out his heart to his brother: he holds his puny ago above the seasons smile. The Government add to their War Department Staff and where is that Department of Peace and Plans for Humanities Tomorrow? What sunset will come to such a down? The various religions have holiday. The school children are pleased for vacation's sake and pleased that they get various holidays this year.

While writing this a baby snail has crawled up my typewriter, a messenger of the new year's life time. His tiny eye stalks stare. He negotiates the bar of the typewriter without stopping for the vibration. Will man be thus viewed if he pleased surprise as we have met our new guest, who we now put on the little bouquet behind the pencils.

"I believe that Hatfield's criticism of me for this end of my part in his dismissal will be resented by my friends, as well as the thinking people of Montana," Murray said in a prepared statement.—*Missoula (Mont.) Missoulian*.

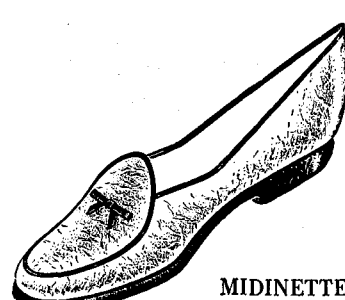
Hastily prepared statement, that is.

De Busschere of Bruges
Shoe Artisans for over 300 years



Belgian Shoes

Cousu Main Par
De Busschere



MIDINETTE
Calf \$22.50

Superb hand-sewn, soft soled
casuals—of barefoot comfort.
Full color brochure on request.
Available only in our salons.

MR. HENRI BENDEL Owner-President

BELGIAN SHOES, Inc.
60 East 56 St., New York 22, N. Y.

IN CALIFORNIA: I. MAGNIN & CO.
San Francisco • Beverly Hills • Los Angeles

They just "naturally" go farther at Hotel Hershey! • "Incomparable" • We do, too... to make your entire stay



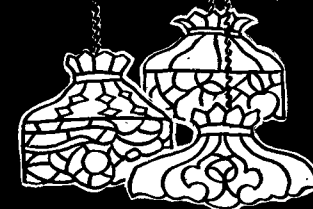
Hotel Hershey

Hershey, Pennsylvania

Member of Distinguished Hotels of the World

Represented by ROBT. F. WARNER Inc.
New York: JU 6-4500 • Wash., D.C.: RE 7-2642
Chicago: RA 6-0624 • Boston: LA 3-4497

Rendezvous for old friends



O. HENRY'S

STEAK HOUSE

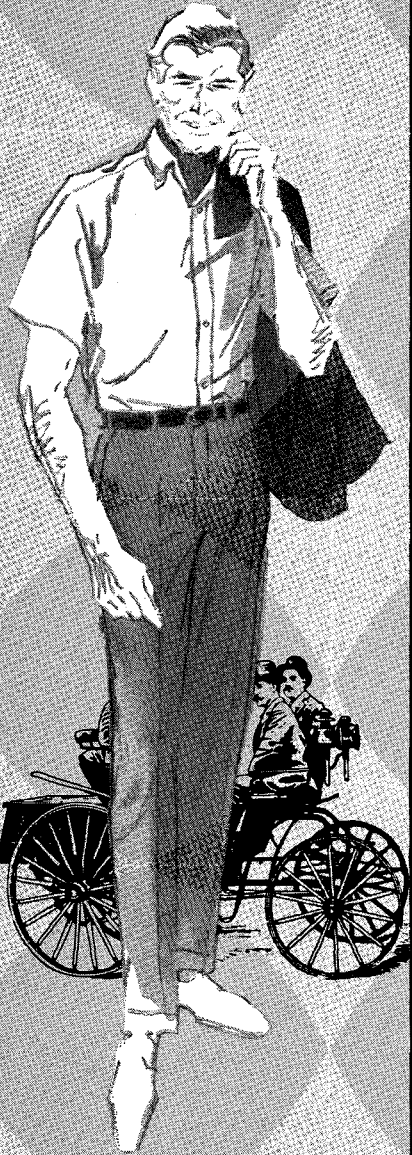
4th Street and 6th Avenue
GREENWICH VILLAGE, CH 2-2000



In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

(Advertisement)

trousers by
Newman



avored by
the demanding
gentleman
for over
half a century

Newman quality is always in style . . . impeccable fit, fine craftsmanship, choice fabrics . . . our tradition is still the trend.

SOL NEWMAN TROUSERS, LTD.
53 West 23 St., New York 10, N.Y.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Housewarming

IN designing the New York State Theatre, in Lincoln Center, Philip Johnson has broken the barrier of architectural Calvinism decreeing that modern man must pay for his sins by working and playing in glass-and-concrete boxes. The new theatre, as many visitors know by now, combines the latest thing in efficiency with a sort of baroque elegance that gently glosses it over, and Mr. Johnson has indulged his fancy by decorating the place with innumerable spangles resembling enlarged versions of those rear reflectors used in lieu of taillights by bicyclists. There is a chandelier in the ceiling of the auditorium that is made of these spangles. There are clusters of them hanging in the outdoor balcony overlooking the Lincoln Center Plaza, where passersby can see them. They are stuck to the walls of the main lobby and to the fronts of the balconies. They have lights in them, and they are about as functional as a Christmas tree, which—in case you haven't thought about it—is very functional indeed, since a Christmas tree lifts the human spirit and remains an unconscious symbol of rejoicing in many a psyche. The lighting in the lobby is soft, unlike that in Philharmonic Hall. The colors of the auditorium itself are a soothing garnet red and old gold, and the galleries follow the traditional horseshoe pattern, except that on the sides their rows of seats are narrowed sufficiently to give everybody a good look at the stage. The lobby is equally festive, with a separate promenade for each balcony surrounding and overlooking the main gathering place. And holding down the floor of the latter are two monumental sculptures, each of a pair of nude or near-nude women, made of Carrara marble so highly polished that it resembles yoghurt. These are by the late Elie Nadelman. I am not sure that they are great sculpture, but they are at least very good substitutes for it, having substantial mass and weight, and reminding one that one is in a place where human beings are still important; namely, a theatre. Altogether, Mr. Johnson has created a kind of adult toy, which is, I venture to say, exactly what a theatre should be.

I have thus far attended two performances in this theatre—the opening night of the New York City Ballet's

spring season, and last week's Wednesday-night performance, when a Balanchine opus called "Clarinade" had its première. Opening night was given over to a somewhat enlarged and reworked version of Balanchine's evening-length "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with all the stalwarts of the familiar cast, including most of the company's finest dancers. The scenery had been redone for the stage of the new auditorium, which is much larger than that of the City Center, and the last-act set had been completely redesigned to give the action the effect of taking place in a huge Oriental pavilion. The



change from the City Center required, I am sure, a considerable amount of refocussing of the eyes by many spectators besides me. We had at last a stage big enough to accommodate the Bolshoi troupe or the Royal Ballet of London. Gone were all the compromises and make-do operations that the former theatre had forced upon the ingenious Mr. Balanchine. This was big-scale ballet of the international type. I must say that I felt a twinge of nostalgia for the old, limited surroundings, and several questions occurred to me: How would the simpler, leotard-and-blank-back-drop ballets look in this opulent setting? Would the new theatre cause Balanchine to embark on a new, more monumental sort of choreography? I secretly hoped not, as I am very much attached to those less pretentious, though intricate, ballets that he created in the old house. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was, of course, a big production, obviously suited to the new environment. But, I wondered, what about the more intimate numbers? Well, I needn't have worried; Wednesday night's bill allayed all my fears. "Clarinade" turned out to be an adolescent romp in which Balanchine demonstrated an unfailing eye for the street-corner attitudes of bemused American youth. It was anything but large-scale formal ballet, and it looked fine. The other items on the program that night were "Serenade," with Maria Tallchief, Jillana, and Patricia Wilde; "Pas de Deux," stunningly performed by Patricia McBride and Jacques d'Amboise (here the large stage permitted Mr. d'Amboise leeway for some magnificent leaps); and "Symphony in C," with Patricia Neary, Mimi Paul, Con-



If he's so smart, why isn't he rich?

If you've ever consulted a travel agent, you may have noticed that, endearingly, his main interest in money seems to be in saving *yours*. Not even your fondest aunt could be more concerned with your budget, your itinerary, your welfare along the way, and your enjoyment once you get there.

What's more, a travel agent (unlike your aunt) does his traveling for *your* benefit: so that he can rely on his own personal experience when he recommends a hotel, a tour, or an airline.

Which brings us to our role in this

beautifully altruistic scheme of things. And while we wouldn't dream of touting AIR-INDIA as "the airline preferred by experts"—we think you'll agree with your travel agent that AIR-INDIA does offer a truly unique transatlantic service.

Certainly there's no other airline on which you can experience such opulent warmth of Indian atmosphere...such beguiling arts of Eastern hospitality. And few airlines can match AIR-INDIA's worldwide record of dependability, its million-mile pilots and veteran crews.

Ask anyone who's flown AIR-INDIA. Ask anyone's aunt. Better yet, ask your travel agent.

Jets daily to London — Europe and the East from New York. For reservations or information see your travel agent or ask your nearest AIR-INDIA office.


AIR-INDIA.

*The airline that treats you like a Maharajah
Over 30 Years of Flying Experience*

"Barbra belts out a smash!"

New York Journal-American



"Funny Girl has fireworks. Barbra Streisand sets an entire theatre ablaze." *Time Magazine*

"Funny Girl is just this side of paradise." *New York World Telegram*

"Jule Styne has written one of his best scores." *Howard Taubman, New York Times*

"It's Barbra's evening, and long may she wave." *Walter Kerr, New York Herald Tribune*



© 1964 Ray Stark (S)VAS 2059

Original Broadway Cast album available now! Exclusively on Capitol Records.



To the
millions of
out-of-towners
who came
to New York
to eat
at
Kenny's
Steak Pub:

While you're here,
visit the World's Fair.

LEX AVE. AT 50TH ST. EL. 5:0666. OPEN SUNDAY 5 P.M. PIANO NITELY.

rad Ludlow, and Edward Villella standing out among many others.

Only two things seemed to me to mar the new setup, and both of them, relatively unimportant, concern the stage floor. The auditorium's acoustics, by some gift of providence, appear to be nearly perfect—so nearly perfect that the clatter of the female dancers' reinforced slippers can be clearly heard over the music whenever there is a concerted movement. The other flaw (though I may get used to it, and cease considering it one) is the color of the stage floor—under normal lighting, a light blue that does not offer much contrast to the dancers, especially when they are dressed in formal white or light-blue costumes. But these, as I have said, are small points. The important thing is that our great ballet troupe now has a theatre worthy of its accomplishments.

ON Sunday night, at the beginning of the week, the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra appeared in Carnegie Hall under its comparatively new and youthful conductor Bernard Haitink. The program opened with Beethoven's not very often heard Piano Concerto in C, Opus 15 (officially designated as No. 1, though the number is chronologically misleading), in which Daniel Wayenberg was soloist, and the rest of the evening was devoted to Bruckner's Eighth Symphony. The Concertgebouw is an orchestra of strong traditions, going back at least to the time of Willem Mengelberg, and is not as subject to the whims of changing leadership as our own orchestras are. Its tone remains as mellow and smooth as old woodwork, and it has a chamber-music intimacy. Mr. Haitink appears to be a very capable maestro for it. The concerto was admirably executed. Mr. Wayenberg turned out to be an assured artist of solid technical attainments—not, perhaps, the most poetic of pianists but a conscientious and thoroughly schooled musician. Bruckner with the Concertgebouw is always a special pleasure, because of the devotion with which he is played, though Mr. Haitink is, I think, still a bit young to have encompassed all the architectural secrets of the Eighth. The faster movements were well done, except for some uncalled-for ritardandos at the end of each of them, but the great Adagio did not, to my mind, reach the mood of lofty contemplation that is implicit in it.

I HAVE long felt that Bellini's "I Capuleti ed I Montecchi," which, of course, is about Romeo and Juliet, is

"CAUSE FOR CELEBRATION!"

—HOWARD TAUBMAN, TIMES

Beatrice Lillie
Tammy Grimes
Edward Woodward
"High Spirits"

"SEASON'S BEST MUSICAL COMEDY!"
—Covers, United Press

Directed by Noel Coward

Mail Orders Filled. Evgs.: \$9.60, 8.60, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.95. Wed. Mat.: \$5.75, 5.00, 4.30, 3.60, 3.00. Sat. Mat.: \$6.25, 5.75, 4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 3.00.

ALVIN THEATER, 52nd St. W. of B'way. CI 5-5226



MEREDITH WILLSON'S

Here's Love
Here's Love
Here's Love
Here's Love
Here's Love
Here's Love
Here's Love
Here's Love

*AMERICA'S JOYOUS MUSICAL

SHUBERT THEATRE 227 W. 44 ST., N.Y.C.
MATINEE EVERY SUNDAY at 2:30

THE THEATRICAL EVENT OF THE DECADE!



Alec Guinness
Dylan

with KATE REID

PRICES: Evgs.: Mon. thru Sat. Orch. and Boxes: \$7.50; Balc. \$6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60. Wed. Mats.: Orch. and Boxes \$4.80; Balc. \$4.30, 3.60, 2.50. Sat. Mats.: Orch. and Boxes \$5.40; Balc. \$4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.50.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE, 236 W. 45 St. Cir 6-9156

UNANIMOUSLY ACCLAIMED MUSICAL HIT!

HELLO,
DOLLY!

MAIL ORDERS FILLED

EVGS.: \$9.60, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60. WED. & SAT. MATS.: \$5.50, 4.80, 4.30, 3.80, 3. SAT. MATS. sold out thru Dec. 26.

ST. JAMES THEA. 246 W. 44th St., N. Y. C.

"DELIGHTFULLY WHACKY COMEDY!"

—Time Magazine

SANDY DENNIS
DON PORTER in

The New Smash Comedy Hit!

ANY
wednesday

PRICES: Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. \$6.90; Balc. \$5.75, 4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3.00. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. \$7.50; Balc. \$6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 4.20, 3.60. Wed. Mat.: Orch. \$4.80; Balc. \$4.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40. Sat. Mat.: Orch. \$5.40; Balc. \$4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3.00.

MUSIC BOX THEA. 239 W. 45 St. Cir 6-4636



a rather boring opera, not in any way comparable to "Norma" or "I Puritani," and its concert performance in Carnegie Hall on Tuesday night by the American Opera Society confirmed this impression. The production did have some redeeming features, however—two, to be precise: the singing of the veteran Italian mezzo-soprano Giulietta Simionato, one of the most dependable musicians among today's vocalists, and the singing of the young and ravishingly pretty American soprano Mary Costa. Miss Simionato undertook the role of Romeo (in accordance with the venerable transvestite traditions of this opera), and Miss Costa was the Juliet. Since Miss Simionato's virtues are well known to all serious opera buffs, attention tended to focus on Miss Costa, and by the time the opera was over, she had been singled out for several ovations. She has not yet quite reached her full potential—her voice showed a certain lack of variety in color, and her half steps need tightening (that old difference between sharps and flats)—but she will very soon, I am sure, emerge as a superb lyric *spinto* soprano, with both reserves of power and dazzling coloratura technique.

ON Friday night, I went uptown to the Juilliard School of Music to hear the New York première of Leoš Janáček's opera "Katya Kabanová." It was attractively staged, and was attractively sung by a reasonably capable student cast. I had been curious about the operas of this Czech composer, which have attained a recent vogue in England but have remained almost unknown here. I found "Katya Kabanová" somewhat disappointing. Its libretto is strong enough (barring a perhaps inevitably awkward English translation), being a variation on the well-worn theme of adultery and tragedy found in "Madame Bovary," "Anna Karenina," and elsewhere. Its music is very Czech, frequently charming, and, now and then, even gripping. But in this opera, at least, Janáček seems a bit short-winded—incapable of sustaining a dramatic mood or a musical idea for any length of time. We are to have more Janáček operas shortly, and it may be that I shall alter this initial impression. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

89TH ST. EAST
LUXURY LIVING AT
AIR-CONDITIONED
200 EAST END AVENUE
OPP GRACIOUS SQ MANSION
—Adv. in the Times.
Overlooking the Oriental River.



COZY SPOT FOR TWO

(When you travel the Cook's Independent Way)

The whole wide world is yours—when you enjoy Cook's Independent Travel. Every reservation, every detail is personally planned to suit your desires. All you do is have a good time—with whom you wish, where you wish, for as long as you wish and for exactly as much as you planned on spending. In other words, when you travel the Cook's Independent way, you go completely on your own—yet completely free of the uncertainty of unplanned travel. For further information, including free booklet "Europe On Your Own," write: Dept. A, Thos. Cook & Son. Or see your Travel Agent.

THOS. COOK & SON
587 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

the best trips start at

COOK'S

Sportswear at its best
Loomtogs

Tennis everyone? From our TENNIS WHITES COLLECTION. Quick dry Arnel® blend crepe. Arnel® jersey panties; tennis socks. Sizes 6 to 18, \$20. At fine stores listed & branches . . . or write Loomtogs, Inc., 1410 Broadway, New York 18.

DESIGNED BY LEO NARDUCCI

B. Altman, New York; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D. C.; J. L. Brandeis & Sons, Omaha; Burdine's, Miami; and leading stores everywhere.

ANNALS OF LAW

THE GIDEON CASE—III

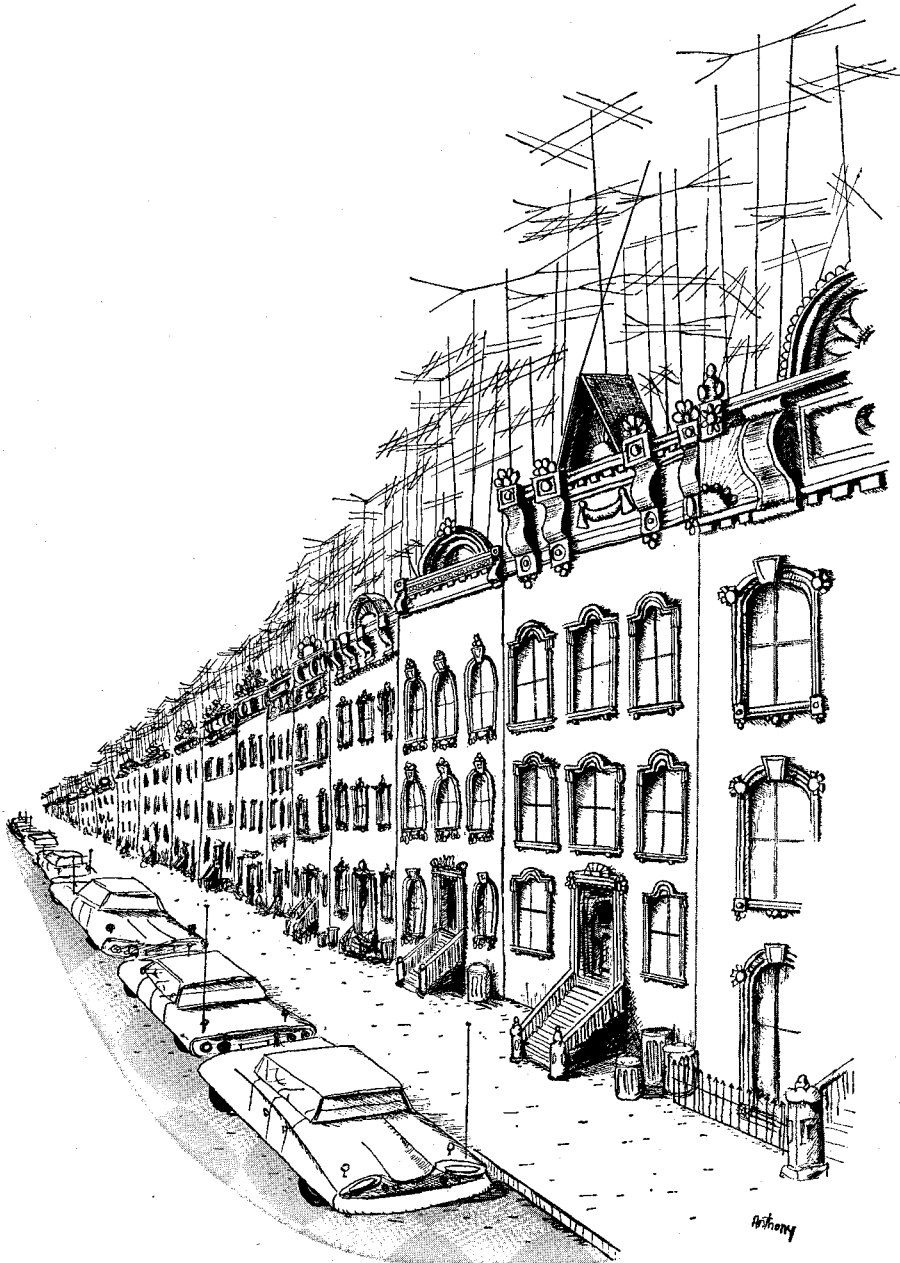
ON June 4, 1962, the Supreme Court of the United States announced that it would review the case of Clarence Earl Gideon, an obscure and impoverished Florida convict. A year before, Gideon had been tried for breaking into the Bay Harbor Poolroom, in Panama City, Florida, "with the intent to commit petty larceny;" at the very beginning of the trial, he had asked the judge to appoint a lawyer to defend him, but the judge had refused; Gideon had been convicted and sentenced to five years in the Florida state penitentiary; while in prison, he had applied unsuccessfully to the Florida Supreme Court for a writ of habeas corpus, on the ground that he had been imprisoned illegally; then he had mailed to the Supreme Court of the United States a pencilled petition for

a writ of certiorari—simply a request that the Court hear his case.

Naturally, the Supreme Court cannot hear every case that a huge, litigious nation might wish to bring before it. But unimportant as Gideon the individual was, the issue he raised—the right to counsel—was certainly not unimportant. In agreeing to hear his case, the Supreme Court indicated that it would reconsider one of its own decisions—a ruling made in 1942, in the case of *Betts v. Brady*. The *Betts* decision held that an indigent defendant in a state criminal trial was not automatically entitled to a free lawyer; he had a right to one only if he was the victim of some "special circumstances." These circumstances, as interpreted by the Supreme Court over the years, came to include such things as the defend-

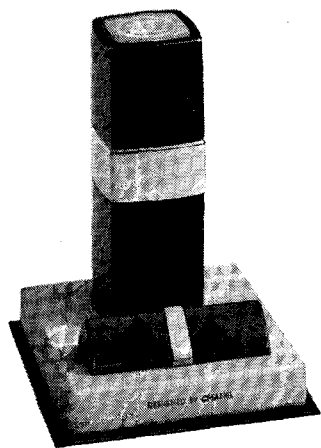
ant's illiteracy, ignorance, youth, or mental illness, the complexity of the charge, and the conduct of the prosecutor or judge at his trial. From the start, there had been severe criticism in legal circles of the decision in *Betts v. Brady*. The arguments on both sides were complex. The Sixth Amendment grants American citizens the right to counsel, but the Supreme Court has held that it applies only to trials in federal courts. The Fourteenth Amendment forbids the states "to deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law" or "to deny to any person . . . the equal protection of the laws." Some justices, notably, in recent years, Justice Hugo L. Black, have felt that the Fourteenth Amendment "incorporates" the Sixth Amendment and the rest of the amendments comprising the Bill of Rights—in other words, makes them applicable to the states—but the majority view has favored a process of "absorption" of the Bill of Rights, necessarily gradual and to be advanced case by case, and in the *Betts* case the majority had held that the right to counsel was not sufficiently "fundamental" to be absorbed into the Fourteenth. The Supreme Court had, however, extended the right to counsel in state courts to all cases involving the death penalty. These various issues—and others—were undoubtedly in the minds of the justices when they agreed to review Gideon's case and to reconsider *Betts v. Brady*.

When the Court decides to hear the case of an impoverished petitioner, it appoints a lawyer for him, and in Gideon's case it appointed Abe Fortas, of the prominent Washington law firm of Arnold, Fortas & Porter. Fortas was not an expert on the Fourteenth Amendment in general or on the right to counsel in particular, so he began by asking one of his younger partners, Abe Krash, to direct research for Gideon v. Cochran. At once, there began the extraordinary process by which a large law firm digests a legal problem. Bright young men break the problem down into tiny components, write a treatise on every conceivable issue, and cover every exit. From this jumble of material, a skilled lawyer ruthlessly eliminates all that is extraneous to create a legal work of art—a particular understanding of the case at hand. This understanding permeates the lawyer's brief and his oral argument, and it may transform a simple question—for instance, "Should Clarence





Eau de Cologne from 3.50



Spray Perfume and Cologne
(Both Refillable) 10.00



For
Mother's Day
and
Every Day



Perfume from 7.50



CHANEL



**MORE
AND
MORE
PEOPLE
LIKE THE
SERVICE
AT
"New York's Biggest
Little Hotel"**

**THE TUSCANY... ONLY
HOTEL IN THE WORLD WITH
COLOR TV, ADJUSTABLE
BED AND BARCA-LOUNGER
CHAIR IN EVERY ROOM**

other
Tuscany Innovations:
EVERY ROOM HAS: Air-Condition-
ing, FM Radio, Bathroom Extension
Phone, Butler's Pantry, Electric
Shoe Polisher, Irish Linen
Towels.

Our Restaurants Are Extraordi-
nary, Too! Just around the corner
from Grand Central, air terminals,
most shops and theatres.

May we send you a brochure?

THE Tuscany

39th Street just east of Park Ave.
NEW YORK 16
Bertram Weal, General Manager
MU 6-1600, Teletype 212-867-6585



**EMILY SHAW'S
INN**

POUND RIDGE, N. Y.

Finest type of American Food and Cocktails

Merritt Parkway, exit 35, north on 137,
or Route 22 to Bedford Village.

John F. Shaw, Pres.
CLOSED MONDAYS • Pound Ridge 4-5779
VISIT OUR WALK IN WINE CELLAR

Earl Gideon have had a lawyer at his trial?"—into a sophisticated Constitutional concept, not necessarily more remote from life but far richer in its reflection of history and philosophy and the ideas of individual justices, past and present.

Arnold, Fortas & Porter had taken on for the summer a student named John Hart Ely, who was to enter his final year at the Yale Law School that fall. Krash decided to assign him the basic research on *Gideon v. Cochran*, and for the next two months Ely, working on nothing else, sent a steady stream of memoranda to Krash and Fortas—some in response to requests from them, others on his own initiative. On July 25, 1962, Ely submitted his first really independent, creative paper on the subject, headed "Application, Ambiguities and Weaknesses of the Special Circumstances Rule." He had examined the ways in which the rule of *Betts v. Brady* was actually applied in the state courts—the Florida courts especially—and he had discovered that they almost always rejected such claims and the Supreme Court almost always accepted them. The source of this divergence, Ely suggested, was the number and variety of special circumstances that the Supreme Court had said were relevant; after listing more than twenty of the circumstances that had been mentioned in majority and dissenting Supreme Court opinions, Ely declared, "It is difficult to imagine a case in which at least five 'relevant' factors could not be compiled for either side." And then he explored an idea that had been suggested originally by Fortas. "The Court has said that if it were to discard the *Betts* test, it would be guilty of 'an unwarranted federal intrusion into state control of its criminal procedure,'" Ely wrote. "Perhaps the vagueness of [the special-circumstances doctrine] can be used to turn this argument against its proponents." In other words, a flat requirement of counsel in all cases might be less of an intrusion into the states' criminal processes, for the nature of the *Betts* approach required state courts to guess whenever they applied it, and a wrong guess might mean having to try the accused all over again later. Guessing was inevitable, Ely said, because the *Betts* test was "an amalgam of personal and retrospective factors." The trial judge could weigh some elements, like the defendant's age and degree of literacy, but elements like the prosecutor's behavior could be surveyed only after the trial had begun. Another weakness of the special-circumstances rule was

INDIA MADRAS BLAZERS



New lightness for this classic favorite made exclusively for The Arthur M. Rosenberg Company in a richly colored, solid navy blue handwoven India Madras, styled with 3/16" welt seams and patch and flap pockets. **\$39.50**

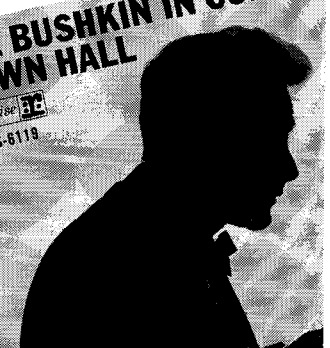
Spring/Summer Catalog Now Available
Travel Exhibits in 25 Cities. Dates on Request.

Indianapolis—Sheraton Lincoln—May 11, 12
St. Louis—Bel Air West—May 13, 14
Kansas City—Muehlbach—May 15, 16

NEW HAVEN'S FINEST CUSTOM LABEL SINCE 1898

THE Arthur M. Rosenberg co.
TAILORS—FURNISHERS
NEW YORK: 16 EAST 52ND ST.
NEW HAVEN: 268 YORK STREET

**BUSHKIN BREAKS IT UP
AT TOWN HALL!**



**JOE BUSHKIN IN CONCERT
TOWN HALL**

reprise **RE**
R RS-6119

HIS
NEWEST
ALBUM
ON
REPRISE

Gin and Vodka's new rival...

**Gavilan
Tequila!**

Send for free recipes: Foreign Vintages, 630 5th Ave.,
N. Y. 20, N. Y. Sole U.S.A. Distributors. 90 proof.

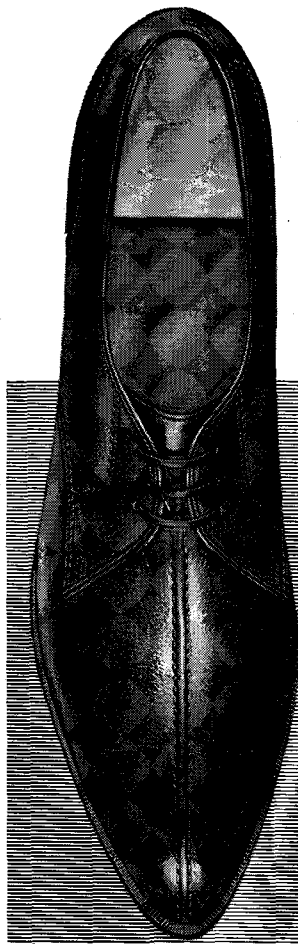
Enro, the name that's hard to remember

(Shirtbuilders)

that "errors in its application stand little chance of being corrected," Ely continued, adding, "It is unlikely that there are many convicts who, like Gideon, have the knowledge, ability, and ambition to institute an appeal."

The next day, Ely submitted a memorandum on the distinction that the Court had made between capital and non-capital cases. Providing lawyers only when the death penalty was involved was illogical, he said, because often non-capital charges were more complicated than capital ones. Then he discussed an area of the law in which the Court had recently rejected the distinction. A congressional statute provided for military trial of civilians accompanying the armed forces overseas, but in 1957, in ruling on the cases of two women who had been convicted by court-martial of killing their soldier husbands, the Court held that the Constitution entitled the wives to civilian trial by jury. In 1960, the question arose, in the Court, of the validity of military trial in non-capital cases, and the government argued that these should be distinguished from capital cases. But Justice Tom C. Clark, writing for the majority, said he could see no grounds for the distinction; all military trials of civilians overseas were held to be unconstitutional.

BY mid-August, it was time to see about printing the record of Gideon v. Cochran. The process of getting up the record begins with the lawyer for the petitioner, who submits to the Court Clerk's Office a "designation," or list, of the material he thinks should be printed. The other side is given an opportunity to see the list and suggest additions or deletions, after which any disagreements are resolved by the justices themselves. Printing the record, which is often a routine matter, was no such thing in the Gideon case, because there was a question about what the record was. Technically, the transcript of his trial was not before the Supreme Court; the only documents that *were* before the Court were his manuscript application for habeas corpus, which had gone to the Florida Supreme Court, and a few other fragmentary items. The Florida court had not asked for the transcript, and usually the Supreme Court does not consider material that was not before the lower appellate court. Nevertheless, Fortas wanted to include the transcript of Gideon's trial in the record. "If we didn't put it in, some justice might say, 'How can we pass on this grave Constitutional question without even look-



Glowing Persian Black fine grain leather, its plush elegance simply decorated with a stitched center seam leading straight to the tip of the slim toe. Each skin is hand selected . . . only one in a thousand measures up to Stetson's demanding quality specifications.

Ask for Style No. 7329.

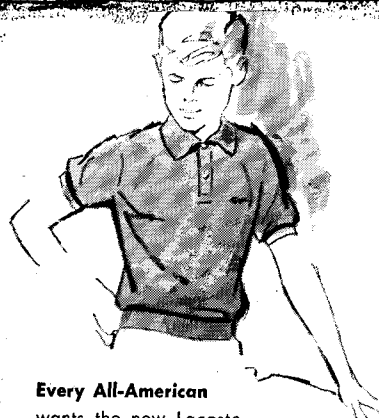
STETSON SHOES FOR MEN

\$26.95 to \$75.00 at better stores.



THE STETSON SHOE CO. INC. SOUTH WEYMOUTH, MASS. 02190

VANDIC
cravats
STYLED BY HERBERT BERGHEIM
in the gentlemen's domain 7.50 to 15.00
At Fine Stores • yApré Cravats, Inc., 99 Madison Avenue, New York 16 • In Montreal: 901 Bleury Street



Every All-American
wants the new Lacoste
"alligator" polo shirt with
contrast trim . . . terrific
in cool, long-wearing cotton.

By Izod, Jr., 6-12 **3.95**
Prep, 14-20 **4.50**

Clay/olive trim; blue or white/
navy; red/white or navy/white.

- Popular solid colors in gold,
red, olive, maize, tan, navy,
white or light blue.

BOYS' CLOTHING
Mail-phone N.Y., PL 7-9000
Westchester, SC 3-3000

FIFTH AVE.
AT 52nd ST.

de Pinna

NEW YORK • WESTCHESTER
MIAMI BEACH • FORT LAUDERDALE



*Redwood Empire
Dick dwarfed by
world's largest trees.*

One of nature's truly inspiring wonders! And only 81 minutes nonstop from San Francisco on a fabulously scenic trip via PACIFIC, 'your airborne guide along the Coast,' providing over 180 flights daily to 37 cities in California, Oregon and Nevada.

PACIFIC AIR LINES
Jet-Powered F-27  Martinair Service

ing at the transcript?" he later told a reporter. Accordingly, he submitted a formal designation that included the transcript. A copy went to the Florida Attorney General's office, and on August 31st an Assistant State Attorney General filed a motion to strike the transcript. "Matters which took place at the trial which were not alleged in the petition for habeas corpus are not involved in the instant case, and therefore have no place in the printed record," the motion said. Fortas replied that "informed adjudication requires access to all relevant data," and added, "Respondent would blind the Court to information which may be of consequence in resolving the question framed by the Court itself when granting certiorari." On October 15th, the Court handed down a unanimous order settling the dispute in Fortas's favor. Within a week, the record was printed. A while after reading the transcript, Fortas said, "I am convinced that this judge tried to help Gideon defend himself. He just did a bad job, as any judge would; it's not a judge's role to be a defense counsel. He made mistakes. But how corrosive it is for federal-state relations to have a federal court tell that judge later that he did not do an adequate job!"

Under the Court's rules, the petitioner's brief was due thirty days after the justices received the printed record, but Fortas kept raising further questions with Krash and other lawyers in the office. He was interested less in abstract conceptual doctrines than in practical considerations, and in November he received a memorandum from Krash dealing with several such considerations. The majority opinion in *Betts v. Brady* had dwelt on the fact that an absolute requirement for provision of counsel might logically extend all the way down to traffic courts, and that there simply were not enough lawyers to go around. Fortas did not want to shy away from that supposed horror; he thought that few persons charged with minor offenses would want lawyers, but he was quite prepared to say that those who did want them should have them. Krash suggested a more conservative way of arguing the Gideon case. The Supreme Court had held that the Sixth Amendment's jury-trial guarantee "in all criminal prosecutions" did not apply to "petty offenses," he noted, and pointed out that under the Fourteenth Amendment the same line might be drawn in state cases. Fortas agreed. The second practical consideration concerned the stage of a case at which a lawyer should be provided. The police had expressed the fear that

there's dancing again
in the
EMBASSY CLUB
Milt Shaw
and his Orchestra
at Dinner & Supper
Minimum \$4 per person
Closed Monday

...and in the
CAFE AMBASSADOR
Ray Hartley
at the Piano
Cocktails and Dinner

Sheraton East
PARK AVE. AT 51ST ST.
PLAZA 5-1000

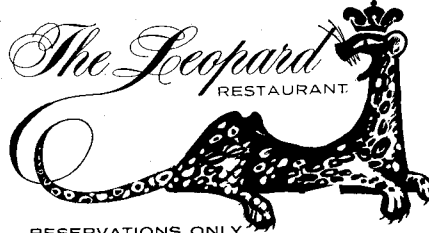
BAMER HOTEL
mexico city

service
beyond
comparison

Ask your travel agent
U.S. Representatives:
Robert F. Warner Inc.

New York, N.Y.	Chicago, Ill.
Tel: JUDson	Tel: RANDolph
6-4500	6-0624

The Leopard
RESTAURANT



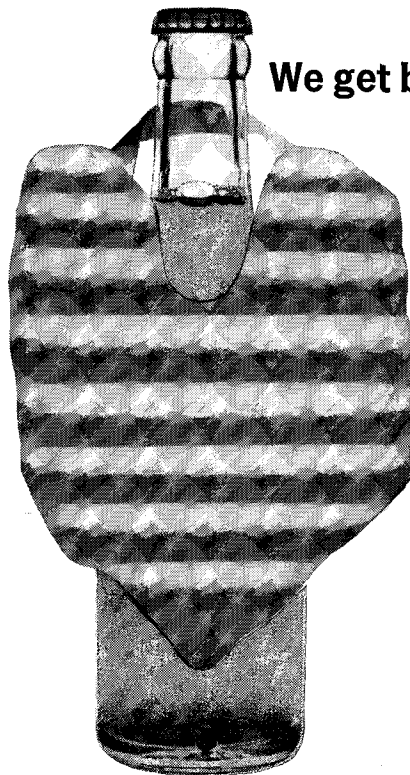
RESERVATIONS ONLY
253 EAST 50TH ST., PL 9-3735

early access to lawyers would discourage prisoners from confessing, and in 1958 the Supreme Court had rejected the claim of a man with adequate funds that he should have been allowed to call in his lawyer before being questioned by the police. Fortas felt that the time a man needs a lawyer most acutely is just after his arrest, but because Gideon had not asked for a lawyer until his trial, he decided that he need not go back beyond the point of trial. A third practical consideration had to do with the effect that a victory for Gideon would have on other prisoners who had been tried without counsel. Both Fortas and Krash felt that the possibility of a wholesale emptying of prisons was perhaps the most powerful emotional argument against overruling *Betts v. Brady*. (Justice Felix Frankfurter, arguing against an earlier attempt to overrule *Betts v. Brady*, had said that "the abrupt innovation" of a universal counsel requirement "would furnish opportunities hitherto un contemplated for opening wide the prison doors of the land.") One way to avoid this, Fortas and Krash knew, would be to apply a new, absolute counsel rule only "prospectively;" that is, only to future cases. The Supreme Court had declared that there was nothing unconstitutional about prospective overruling, though it has never used the procedure itself. Still, Fortas decided to argue for "retrospective" overruling. For one thing, as Krash had pointed out in his memorandum, anyone whose conviction was voided could be retried, and might end up with a more severe sentence—something that had happened in past retrials. For another, many states already provided counsel for the poor in their criminal courts. The situation in the various states had never been clearly outlined until a few months before Fortas's brief was due. At that time, Yale Kamisar, a professor at the University of Minnesota Law School, sent Krash a definitive article he had written on the subject for the autumn, 1962, issue of the *University of Chicago Law Review*. Kamisar had found that thirty-seven states provided counsel in all felony cases, and that in eight others the practice of appointing counsel in serious cases had developed—at least in the larger cities—without the benefit of any statute or court rule. The five remaining states were Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, North Carolina, and South Carolina.

Before returning to law school, Ely had drafted a brief, and toward the end of October Krash set about revising it. Then Fortas spent a week in

Give bottles a sporting chance, we say. That's why we designed the Mead Bottle Master®. It has separators that protect bottles from foul play—all the way down. (Has anyone ever thrown a six-pack at an umpire?) Not all good ideas come from Mead. But you'd be amazed how many do.

MEAD
packaging



We get bottles home safe

Mead Packaging, a division of The Mead Corporation Dayton, Ohio.



Only they know the secret

Only four monks of the Carthusian Order know the secret of making Chartreuse, a secret preserved for more than 350 years. Their dedication is rewarded by your enjoyment of this superb liqueur. Before or after dinner, or as a delightful chilled drink,

Chartreuse is enjoyable in a variety of ways. For illustrated booklet on Chartreuse, write Schieffelin & Co., 30 Cooper Sq., New York, N. Y., Dept. F. Yellow, 86 Proof. Green, 110 Proof.

CHARTREUSE

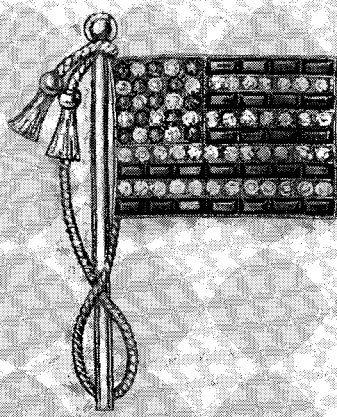




FOR WOMEN
our exclusive new shirt
of English striped voile

Made by us in our own work-rooms...with button-down collar and long sleeves...this light-weight shirt of handsome English cotton voile is unusually attractive. In soft blue, pink or gold stripes on white. Sizes 10 to 18, \$12.50

ESTABLISHED 1818
Brooks Brothers
346 MADISON AVE. COR. 44 ST • NEW YORK 17, N.Y.
BOSTON • PITTSBURGH • CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES



American Classic☆☆

Three cheers for the red, white and blue for Decoration Day, any day. Here's one pin that's never out of style, yet "stripes" of mock-ruby baguettes mark it as distinctively different. \$5.00 plus tax.

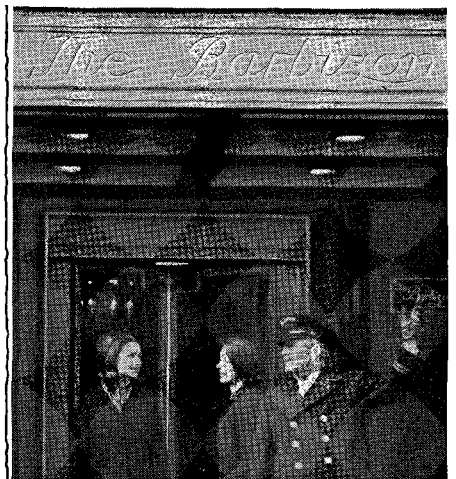
Pin by
Albert Weiss

At finer stores near you, or write:
Albert Weiss and Co., Inc., 15 W. 37th St., N.Y. 18

the firm's library soaking himself in the right-to-counsel issue—an unusual amount of time for a senior partner in a large, busy law firm to devote to that sort of activity. A little later, Fortas spent a weekend in a hotel room blocking out notes for the brief on the hotel's stationery. From these notes, Krash did a fresh draft. This, after some smoothing and tinkering, was the final product.

FORTAS filed his brief on November 21st. It was fifty-three pages long, and it was a frontal assault on the decision handed down in the case of *Betts v. Brady*. In an introduction, Fortas said that under the *Betts v. Brady* rule "the quality of criminal justice and the relations between the federal and state courts have suffered." For one thing, the rule had "not assured and cannot be expected to assure that counsel will be provided where necessary in the interests of fundamental fairness." For another, it had compelled "continual, unseemly, and improper intervention by the federal courts in state criminal proceedings—not on the basis of applying a concrete, fundamental principle but by the corrosive and irritating process of case-by-case review." It went on to say, "*Betts v. Brady* has not meant, and will not mean, less federal intervention in state criminal proceedings than would be the case if the Fourteenth Amendment were construed to require that counsel be furnished in all state criminal prosecutions. Because of the intensely factual, subjective and *post-facto* nature of its standards, *Betts v. Brady* means more federal intervention on a case-by-case basis, and in a much more exacerbating form."

The brief proper, which was in five sections, made these major points: First, a defense lawyer is essential in a criminal trial. Constitutional rights are meaningless "in the absence of legal assistance." A judge cannot really protect a defendant and be a judge at the same time. The existing distinction between capital and non-capital cases is irrational. Second, the demands of federalism do not require adherence to *Betts v. Brady*. Most states now, in fact, appoint counsel for a poor defendant, and the *Betts* rule, with its uncertain standard of "special circumstances," results in "federal supervision over the state courts in its most noxious form." Third, the *Betts* rule does not work. Few state courts seem to follow the Supreme Court's wavering applications of it. And it is altogether unfair to the poor defendant, who has to persuade an Appellate Court without a lawyer's help that he suffers from circumstances requiring



UNEXCELLED FOR SMART AMBITIOUS YOUNG WOMEN

More than ever, as the years go by, New York's leading residential hotel for young women gains stature with the young, smart, and ambitious. There is nothing like the famous Barbizon for convenience, inspiration, and security. It is an excellent address, located in the center of New York's fashionable East Side. Schools, cultural centers, Fifth Avenue shops, department stores, Metropolitan Opera, Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center and the theatres are all nearby. Inspiration is part of your every day. Within the Barbizon are two restaurants, recital halls, a swimming pool, sun deck, specialty shops, incomparable privacy. Throughout the years young women have loved it, and some of the world's most successful women have been Barbizon girls. You do really live at the Barbizon. Try it during the World's Fair. Daily from \$6.25. Weekly on request.

The Barbizon

Lexington Ave. at 63rd St., New York, N. Y. 10021

MOTHER'S DAY DINNER

Luchow's
RESTAURANT

THE GOURMETS' RENDEZVOUS
Since 1882

110-112 EAST 14th STREET
GR-7-4860

We park your car
at dinner

THE RESTAURANT ON THE MOUNTAIN



A mountain retreat just a pleasant ride away. Superb food. Modest price. Japanese decor. Dick Handle at the piano nightly. **The Restaurant on the Mountain.** Suffern, N. Y. Exit 15 N. Y. Thruway. Call 914 EL 7-1500.



ALL THAT IS
NEW ORLEANS!
*Commander's
Palace*

FRENCH
AND
CREOLE
CUISINE

Washington at Coliseum Sts., New Orleans, La.

a lawyer. Fourth, the right to a lawyer should extend at least to the trial phase of all serious criminal cases. The Court need not now decide whether counsel must be appointed for the poor at earlier stages of a case, or for lesser offenses. Fifth, "the practical implications with respect to persons already in prison do not militate against overruling *Betts v. Brady*." Prisoners are always subject to retrial, and the Court was not moved by such counsels of fear when it took long steps to tighten criminal procedure in two recent cases—*Mapp v. Ohio*, in which it overruled an earlier decision and held that illegally seized evidence must be excluded in state criminal trials, and *Griffin v. Illinois*, in which it held that the right to appeal a criminal conviction cannot be conditioned on having the money to buy a trial transcript.

The brief concluded, "For the reasons stated, *Betts v. Brady* should be overruled, and the judgment of the court below should be reversed." It was signed by Fortas, Krash, and an associate named Ralph Temple, and a footnote acknowledged the "valuable assistance" of one who could not sign, because he was not a member of the bar—"John Hart Ely, a third-year student at the Yale Law School, New Haven, Connecticut."

Fortas mailed the brief, as the law required, to opposing counsel—the Florida Attorney General's office. He also sent a copy to Gideon, and Gideon answered:

DEAR SIR:

This is to thank you for sending me a copy of the brief you have prepared and presented to the Supreme Court for my cause. Everone and myself thinks it is a very wonderful and brilliant document.

I do not know how you have enticed the general public to take such a interest in this cause. But I must say it makes me feel very good.

Sincerely yours
CLARENCE EARL GIDEON

IN the ordinary criminal case, the advantage is overwhelmingly with the state, since it has abundant resources of men and money, and that had certainly been true at the trial of Clarence Earl Gideon. In the Supreme Court, the odds may be reversed, as they were in this instance. Gideon was represented by a large law firm, and it had done many thousands of dollars' worth of legal work in his behalf. On the other side was just one lawyer, a man who had never set foot in the Supreme Court Building. He was a twenty-seven-year-old Assistant Attorney General of Florida named Bruce Robert Jacob. Florida's Attorney General, Richard W. Ervin, had formal charge of represent-

BACCARAT ...the crystal of Kings...since 1764

BACCARAT ...for brides...for gourmets...for hostesses



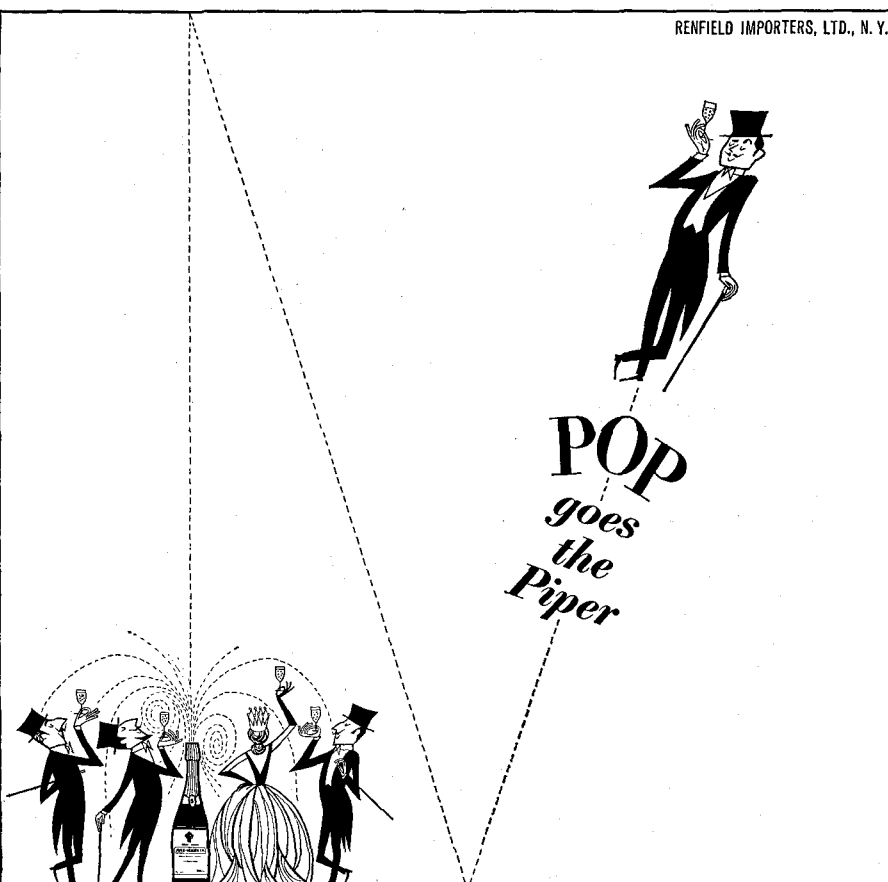
BACCARAT ...stemware...gifts...from France

PERFECTION, by BACCARAT, created in 1933 at the request of the wine merchants of the region of Bordeaux, and according to their specifications, is a connoisseur's glass, yet it is perfect also for the bride or hostess who likes refined simplicity — \$6.25 each.

Write Dept. N9 for illustrated brochures featuring stemware or gifts, 25c each, and/or one dollar for "How to Choose and Use Wine Glasses."

at fine stores and at
BACCARAT
55 East 57th St., N.Y.C.

RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.



PIPER-HEIDSIECK
CHAMPAGNE

no wonder the French never drink water

CHAMPAGNE AVAILABLE IN PIPER BRUT 1959 VINTAGE • PIPER EXTRA DRY NON-VINTAGE • CUVÉE DES AMBASSADEURS AND PIPER PINK.



urban or suburban...
swing along with

Serbin

Swing-y Shirtwaister® in a Zing-y Print! Big, bold, block print in a stimulating combination of red, gold and olive. It's a cool, casual cotton with the easy lines you love! Fly-front... convertible club collar... and full, release pleat skirt. Self belt. Sizes 8 to 18. \$18. Slightly higher on west coast.

For your nearest Serbin dealer, dial Western Union by number. Ask for operator 25.

ing the state's interest in the case, but it was Jacob who wrote most of the legal papers, made the argument, and bore the responsibility for the case from beginning to end. After the Supreme Court agreed to hear the case, Jacob drafted a letter to the Attorneys General of all the other states, and it went out over the signature of Attorney General Ervin, who had approved it. The letter read, in part:

Four members of the present Court have expressed the view, at one time or another, that [Betts v. Brady] should be overruled and that the concept of the right to counsel under the Sixth Amendment should be embraced within the due-process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. If the minority can obtain one more vote, Betts will be overruled and the states will, in effect, be mandatorily required to appoint counsel in all felony cases. Such a decision would infringe on the right of the states to determine their own rules of criminal procedure.

Because of the importance of the question, I am hereby inviting the Attorneys General of all states to submit *amicus* briefs in the Gideon case. Also, I would appreciate any advice or aid you can offer....

Although this country's legal system generally upholds the thesis that complaints may be brought to a court only by those who are personally affected, the role of the *amicus curiae*, or friend of the court, is well established here. By definition, the *amicus* is not personally involved in the lawsuit in which he takes an interest. The *amicus*—a person or an institution—may be interested because the court's decision may someday have an effect on him or it (as when various Southern states submitted briefs in the school-desegregation cases to help the states defending the lawsuits). Or the *amicus* may be an organization with a worthy social aim (as when twenty-one racial, religious, and civil-liberties groups joined in asking the Supreme Court to outlaw restrictive real-estate covenants in 1948). The federal government very often comes into Supreme Court cases as an *amicus curiae*; it has done so in almost every major race-relations case in recent years, for instance.

What Florida was setting out to do was not at all unusual. State Attorneys General frequently file *amicus* briefs with the Supreme Court, almost always with the purpose of opposing federal restraints on state processes. Anyone might have expected the states to offer Florida a substantial show of support. They didn't. Only about half of the Attorneys General replied at all, and only a few of the replies were helpful.

There was one really critical reply, and that came from the Attorney General of Minnesota, Walter F. Mondale:

I believe in federalism and states' rights too. But I also believe in the Bill of Rights.... Nobody knows better than an attorney general or a prosecuting attorney that in this day and age furnishing an attorney to those felony defendants who can't afford to hire one is "fair and feasible."... As chief law-enforcement officer of one of the thirty-five states which provide for the appointment of counsel for indigents in *all* felony cases, I am convinced that it is cheap—very cheap—at the price. I can assure you that such a requirement does not disrupt or otherwise adversely affect our work.... I would welcome the courts' imposition of a requirement of appointment of counsel in all state felony prosecutions.

Mondale sent copies of his letter to several persons, among them the Attorney General of Massachusetts, Edward J. McCormack, Jr., who had set up a particularly active Division of Civil Rights and Civil Liberties in his office. McCormack passed the Mondale correspondence on to the chief of that division, Assistant Attorney General Gerald A. Berlin, and shortly before Labor Day it occurred to Berlin that he might write an *amicus* brief on the other side of the case—in behalf of Gideon. He readily got McCormack's approval. When Berlin had prepared his brief, McCormack and Mondale signed it, and then persuaded no fewer than twenty-one other state Attorneys General to sign. This development was totally unforeseen; indeed, one justice remarked that he would not have been surprised if all forty-nine of the other states had endorsed Florida's position.



The *amicus* brief for the twenty-three states advanced many of the same arguments as Fortas's brief—a coincidence, since Fortas didn't even know that Massachusetts was preparing a brief, and was as astounded as the justices when he got a copy of it—but it did have one distinctive section, dealing with the practical results of overruling Betts v. Brady. The brief advocated the provision of counsel only in felony cases, but it admitted that misdemeanors "might be foreseen as the troublesome next step." It also noted that "the question of adequacy of representation will someday present a problem to this Court," and that "representation alone does not solve the problems of the indigent accused, for there may be other vital expenses, such as the travelling expenses, daily fees, and subsistence of witnesses." Then it tackled the problem of prisoners who might have to be released and retried. One



Northwest Fan-Jets arrive in Tokyo while most jets would still be 2,000 miles away!

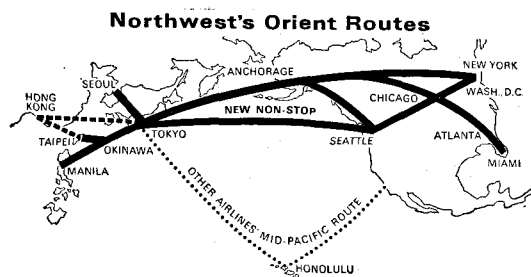
What makes it possible? Just this. Northwest—and only Northwest—flies shortcut routes from New York to Tokyo. (Chicago-Tokyo, too.) Compared to flying the mid-Pacific way, you save up to 2,000 miles—and as much as 8 hours—when you fly to Tokyo on Northwest Orient Airlines. **More flights added.** As of May 24th, we

have 12 flights a week from New York to Tokyo. (The other airline has just 3.) We also have 12 flights a week from Chicago to Tokyo. (No other airline flies to the Orient direct from Chicago.)

Relax en route. Northwest Jets to the Orient are all 320 Fan-Jets—world's largest passenger plane. They can fly farther than

any other jets—6,000 miles without stopping. On board, you'll enjoy Northwest's gracious service—Oshibori, hors d'oeuvres, gourmet meals. Also, complimentary cocktails, wines and liqueurs on first class.

Think about it. Then decide... it makes good sense to fly Northwest to the Orient. Why not start planning your trip today?



We've added more flights—starting May 24th

12 Fan-Jets weekly to Tokyo from New York, Chicago, Seattle (including 8 non-stops from Seattle). Northwest also flies to Okinawa, Manila, Taipei and Seoul. Connections to Hong Kong, Bangkok—all the Orient!

*For immediate reservations, call
Northwest Orient Airlines or your travel agent*

 **NORTHWEST ORIENT AIRLINES** / **THE FAN-JET AIRLINE**

THE *Greens*
ATHENS, GEORGIA



Lunching at the club or shopping in the city you'll love this crisp 3 piece suit of acetate and rayon by MISS Laura, in hot pink, gold or turquoise. Sizes 8 to 16. \$45.00

LOOKING

forward to a visit to New York City?

On a budget? Then homelike Beekman Tower Hotel in the exclusive and convenient East 40's is for you. The only hotel on the East River . . . directly overlooking United Nations buildings, it provides spectacular, ever-changing views of the city's magnificent skyline.

Twenty-six stories of bright, cheerful, outside rooms. "Personalized" service that reflects the best of New York. Even more economical rates for families and groups.

Home of New York's famous
"Top O' The Tower" Cocktail Lounge
Directly convenient to World's Fair

Beekman Tower HOTEL

49th Street at First Avenue
(3 Mitchell Place, New York 17, N. Y.)

Send color folder and rates. (2)

Name _____

Address _____

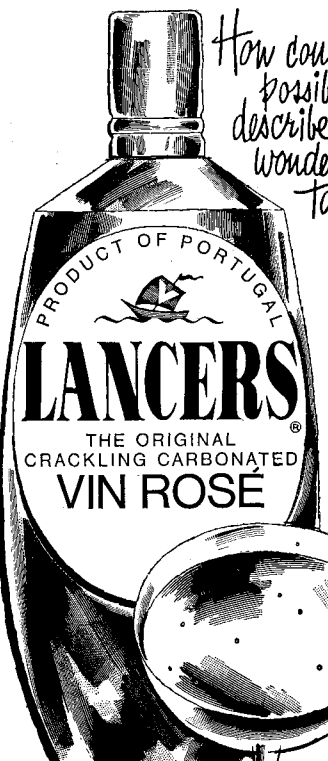
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

course, it said, would be to let all the prisoners come under the new decision. It favored another course, which was "for this Court to determine that, since the standards which it establishes are dependent, not upon the specific intention of the framers of the Constitution, but upon the lessons of experience, it is appropriate not to give those standards retroactive effect." On this point the states' brief was in direct conflict with Fortas's.

Another *amicus curiae* on behalf of Gideon was the American Civil Liberties Union. The A.C.L.U. brief included an exhaustive survey of the handling of right-to-counsel cases by the state courts under the doctrine of *Betts v. Brady*. The survey covered all the decisions reported since 1942 by Appellate Courts in states without an automatic-right-to-counsel rule, and it showed that those courts very rarely found special circumstances requiring a lawyer. Of forty-four cases in Pennsylvania, for example, only one had been adjudged to present such circumstances. After losing in the state courts, the brief said, a prisoner might ask the Supreme Court for review, but if he did, review was "usually denied, often because there was no hearing granted in the state courts that would have revealed the possible validity of a Constitutional claim." Then the prisoner could submit a petition for habeas corpus to a Federal District Court, which might mean going through a whole new round—from the District Court to a Court of Appeals and then to the Supreme Court again. The number of habeas-corpus petitions filed in the Federal District Courts—and particularly in the Supreme Court—was increasing rapidly, and this, said the brief, took up large amounts of judicial energy.

On the other side, as it turned out, only two states spoke up for Florida, in an *amicus* brief that was written by George D. Mentz, an Assistant Attorney General of Alabama, and that was signed by the Attorneys General of that state and of North Carolina. Mentz's brief made a strong appeal for federalism and states' rights, saying, "When finally the millennium is reached," all criminal defendants will have lawyers and the poor will all be saved "the pangs of hunger or the discomforts occasioned by a lack of adequate clothing, suitable housing or other creature comforts." The brief went on to assert that a defendant's right to counsel was not imposed on the states by the Fourteenth Amendment. More specifically, the brief continued, Alabama lawyers

How could we possibly describe its wonderful Taste!



AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE
IN AN UNUSUAL EARTHENWARE CROCK OR GLASS JUG

VINTAGE WINES, INC.
NEW YORK 19

CONTINUOUS DANCING
NIGHTLY (EXC. MON.)
MATINEES THURSDAY
AND SATURDAY 1:30
MODEST ADMISSION
CHARGE
NO EXTRAS!
NO TICKETS!
NO HOSTESSES!



THE
WORLD'S
MOST
BEAUTIFUL
BALLROOM
RESTAURANT
BAR

ROSELAND DANCE CITY

52nd STREET WEST of BROADWAY

DISTINCTIVE DINING
The Murray Hill
RESTAURANT • COCKTAIL BAR
Park Ave. at 42nd St. — S.W. Cor.

LE VALOIS
45 EAST 58th ST. • MURRAY Hill 8-7630

LUNCHEON
COCKTAILS
DINNER



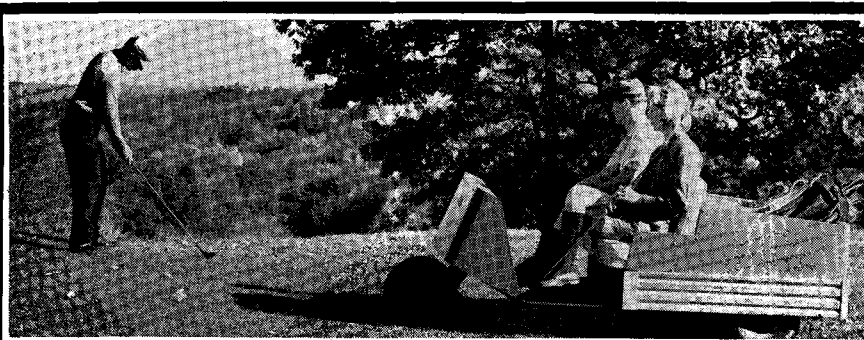
Also Superb
Private
Facilities
(Parties of
40 or Less)

had agreed that an indigent defendant without counsel "stands a better chance of obtaining from a jury either an outright acquittal or less severe punishment than one represented by an attorney." The brief made several further points: Only a few lawyers would be "equal matches for career prosecutors." In this trial, Gideon had "presented the available defense about as ably as an average lawyer could have done." A universal counsel requirement might be "an unbearably onerous financial burden" for poorer counties. (Indeed, there were only seventy-seven practicing lawyers in the six counties of the Florida judicial circuit where Gideon was tried, but Mentz apparently did not know this.)

That left only Florida's brief to be filed. Jacob had worked on it during the summer, but only sporadically. It had been a busy summer for Jacob. He had been married, he had spent two weeks at a National Guard camp, and he had left the Attorney General's office to go into private practice. He had agreed to finish up the Gideon case, but he felt that, in fairness to his new job, he should work on it only in his spare time. When he got around to writing his brief, in the late fall, he had lost any hope he might have had of winning the case. Perhaps the most discouraging thing had been the retirement, on August 28th, of Justice Frankfurter, the Court's strongest spokesman for the view that the states should be left free, within broad limits, to determine their own criminal procedure.

Jacob's brief, which covered seventy-four pages, began with a section arguing that Gideon was not entitled to counsel under *Betts v. Brady*. Gideon had "made no affirmative showing of any circumstances or unfairness which would have entitled him to counsel under the Fourteenth Amendment." Jacob held that the transcript of Gideon's trial was not properly before the Supreme Court, but said that if it was considered it would prove that Gideon had had a fair trial: "Petitioner took an active role in his defense and showed that he possessed much skill and facility in questioning witnesses." And Gideon's record showed that he was fifty years old when he was arrested, that he had finished the eighth grade, and that he had been convicted of four felonies—indicating that, in the words of Justice Owen J. Roberts's majority opinion in *Betts v. Brady*, he "was not wholly unfamiliar with criminal procedure."

The second section of the brief argued that *Betts v. Brady* "should not be overruled or modified." Its themes had



Good Golf...and a change of pace ...only 100 miles from New York and Philadelphia

You'll enjoy golf more than ever before on Buck Hill's championship 27-hole course. You'll be pleased with what's new at Buck Hill! An entirely new West Wing with 80 guest rooms. Also enlarged dining area, an additional function lounge and fully automatic elevators. Come for the golf, tennis, other sports—and the fun of being here. Only 2½ hours from New York and Philadelphia.

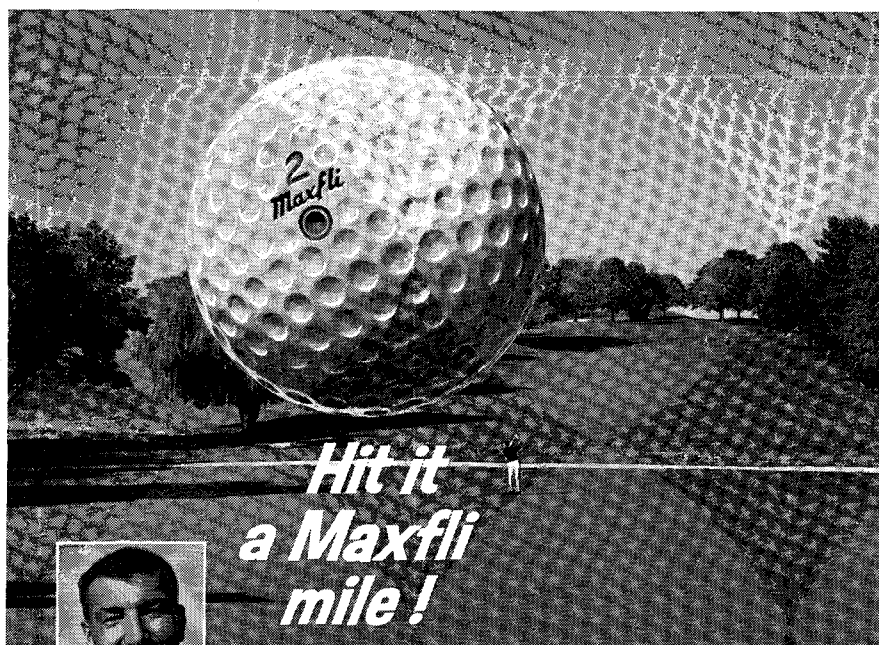


THE INN

Buck Hill Falls

IN THE POCONOS OF PENNSYLVANIA

For reservations and information: New York—30 Rockefeller Plaza West, Circle 5-5620; Philadelphia—PEnnypacker 5-2433



Ed Furgol* does. Take an easier swing with a 4 iron, or hit a 5 iron instead... the Super Maxfli can make that much difference in your mid-iron play. This we promise... no other ball in your bag can out-drive the Super Maxfli. (Continuing tests prove it.) Be bolder on the greens... this ball holds your putting line from any distance. And its bright white finish keeps its shine round after round. Super Maxfli... at your professional's shop.

*Member Dunlop Golf Advisory Staff.



Dunlop... known 'round the world for quality in sporting goods and tires

The Elegant Touch

DRESS-UP VEST, OF IMPORTED IRISH LINEN, FOR SPRING AND SUMMER. THE COLORS, WHITE AND NATURAL. STATE SUIT SIZE. \$21.50

Please add 65c per package for postage



at
Paul Stuart

18 EAST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

FOOL MISTAKES WERE KEEPING ME BROKE

So I Sent \$7 to The
Wall Street Journal

I always seemed to make mistakes. I sold some land when prices were low. I bought a home when prices were high.

Then one day I picked up a copy of The Wall Street Journal. I saw right away that it had the facts I needed to help me in my personal affairs and in my job. So I sent \$7 for a Trial Subscription.

The Journal not only enables me to earn more money — it also tells me how to get more value for the money I spend. And articles on taxes guide me on what to do to keep my taxes down.

This story is typical. The Journal is a wonderful aid to men making \$7,500 to \$30,000 a year. To assure speedy delivery to you anywhere in the U.S., The Journal is printed daily in seven cities from coast to coast.

The Wall Street Journal has the largest staff of writers on business and finance. It costs \$24 a year, but in order to acquaint you with The Journal, we make this offer: You can get a Trial Subscription for 3 months for \$7. Just send this ad with check for \$7. Or tell us to bill you. Address: The Wall Street Journal, 44 Broad St., New York 4, N. Y. NY 5-9

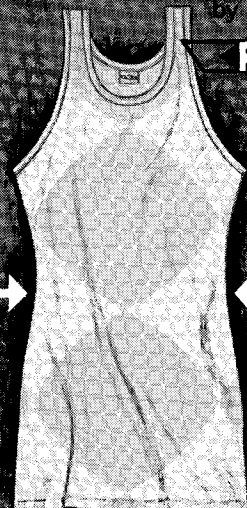
been sounded in Supreme Court opinions. First, there is no historical basis for automatic appointment of counsel in all cases. The practice varies among the states, and so the right cannot be called "fundamental." Second, our federal system counsels against such requirement. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes warned against use of the Fourteenth Amendment to prevent the states from experimenting in what he called their "insulated chambers." Third, the whole idea of "due process of law" is based on flexibility, not on a "fixed formula." And the Betts rule is sufficiently "clear and consistent." It works the way the common law works, developing from case to case. For centuries, lawyers have distinguished one case from another on the basis of factual situations and circumstances. Fourth, overruling of Betts v. Brady would have grave consequences. The right to counsel would have to extend to lesser crimes, and the result would be "an enormous burden on members of the bar." Even civil cases might logically have to be included, and the jails might be emptied. A survey of the Florida prisons shows that 5,093 of the 7,836 inmates had no counsel when tried, so "as many as 5,093 hardened criminals may be eligible to be released in one mass exodus in Florida alone."

Jacob ended with a cautionary plea: "If this Court should decide to overrule Betts, Respondent respectfully requests that it be accomplished in such way as to prevent the new rule from operating retrospectively."

On December 17th, before Jacob had finished the brief, he received a letter from the Supreme Court, saying that Gideon v. Cochran would be "reached for argument on Monday, Jan. 14, 1963."

THE Court is a place of contrasts, of paradoxes. It is grandiose and intimate, ritualistic and informal, austere and human—the most aloof and the most approachable of all the institutions of government. "Grandiose" is certainly the word for the building itself. When it was being built, in the early nineteen-thirties, Justice Harlan F. Stone used to tell his friends that the justices would be "nine black beetles in the Temple of Karnak." The visitor who climbs the marble steps and passes between the marble columns of the huge pseudo-classical façade finds himself in a cold, lofty hall, again all marble. Great bronze gates exclude him from the area where the justices work in private—their offices, their library, their conference room. In the courtroom,

**ATHLETIC SHIRTS OF
DUPONT NYLON...
TAILORED FOR LESS BULK**



REIS

TAILORED SIDES

\$2.50

Contoured athletic shirt of 100% DuPont nylon tricot. Dries fast... ideal for travel. Long-wearing. Sizes 34-46.

Also made from DuPont nylon tricot:
Boxer \$2.50 Brief \$1.95 T-Shirt \$3.95

At your favorite store or write:
ROBERT REIS AND CO.
350 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., N.Y.

The moccasin



... a classic by Barrie Ltd. of New Haven. Made from Scotch grain or Puritan Veal—not cowhide • full leather-lined — not unlined • genuine hand-sewn forepart — not machine-stitched • hand-antiqued and polished to perfection. Best-looking, longest wearing, most comfortable in any class. Available in Chestnut Brown Veal ☐ Tan Saddle Veal ☐ and Black Veal ☐ — or Golden Tan Scotch Grain with Leather Soles ☐ or Genuine Crepe Soles. ☐

Order by mail, state shoe size — only \$19.95 post-paid! Address all orders to Barrie Ltd., Dept. 5A 260 York St., New Haven, Conn.

Free brochure on request

Barrie Ltd. Booters NEW HAVEN HARTFORD

Lou Ebling's

The Rob Roy



LUNCHEON DINNER

Route 22 • Armonk Village, N. Y. • ARmonk 3-3071

CRUISE THE MAINE COAST
SAIL ABOARD THE SCHOONER
"STEPHEN
TABER"



\$125 weekly, special rates for June and September. For illustrated folder write: Capt. Jim Sharp c/o Stephen Taber Box 561, CAMDEN, MAINE

there are more columns, an enormously high ceiling, red velvet hangings, and friezes carved far up on the walls. The ritual opening of each day's session contributes to the feeling of awe. The Court Crier smashes his gavel down on a wooden block, everyone rises, and the justices file in through the red draperies behind the bench and stand at their places as the Crier intones the traditional words: "The honorable the Chief Justice and the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. Oyez, oyez, oyez. All persons having business before the honorable the Supreme Court of the United States are admonished to draw near and give their attention, for the Court is now sitting. God save the United States and this honorable Court." But when an argument begins, all the trappings and ceremony seem to vanish. In the most informal way, Court and counsel converse, and it is conversation—direct and unpretentious.

Of the small part of the process of decision in the Supreme Court that is exposed to public view, the most revealing is just this conversation—oral argument. When it is done well, oral argument—the exhaustive probing of a single set of facts—shows how our adversary system of justice can make truth emerge from conflict. It also shows how penetrating the questions are that the Supreme Court must answer—ordinarily, the listener finds himself persuaded by the last voice he has heard—and the comments from the bench, which are sometimes funny and sometimes blunt, remind one that the Court is a collection of strong-minded individuals. Oral argument is more important in the Court's decisional process than many lawyers realize. They seem to regard it as a ceremonial affair, serving only to put a gloss on the contentions made in their briefs, but the Court does not feel that way. A strong argument, according to Justice John Marshall Harlan, "may in many cases make the difference between winning and losing, no matter how good the briefs are." There are two reasons for this. One is that a brief cannot answer back. The other is the place that oral argument has in the timetable of the decisional process. At a formal conference, held on most Friday mornings when the Court is in session, the justices customarily take a tentative vote on all the cases that have been argued in the previous four days, and the arguments, since they are fresh in the justices' minds, may shape the whole impression of a case. Moreover, a lawyer who succeeds through argu-



DENMARK • FINLAND • NORWAY • SWEDEN

... when two seasons blend into one exciting month. Enjoy summer sightseeing and amusements in ideal weather, coupled with the debut of new fall events.

See Scandinavia in September

Enjoy opera, concerts, ballet and the Design Cavalcade, introducing daring new concepts of art and craftsmanship... perfect time to shop. Choice transatlantic space available for delightful September vacations.

See a Travel Agent. Write:

SCANDINAVIAN TRAVEL COMMISSION

Dept. A-25, Box 260, New York 17, N. Y.



This man is enjoying a Holiday

Whatever your job, it's a holiday anytime you light up a pipeful of flavorful, aromatic Holiday Mixture. There's relaxation built into its blend of five custom-selected tobaccos, with the aroma men relish and women welcome, too. Get Holiday today!



Larus & Brother Co. Inc., Richmond 8, Va.
Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877



In Our New PRINCE & PRINCESS BOUTIQUE



DUCK on DUCK, each 7.00

Yellow ducks appliqued on stylish blue cotton duck. Sun dress or two piece short set, sizes 3 to 6x

**F.A.O.
SCHWARZ**
Children's World

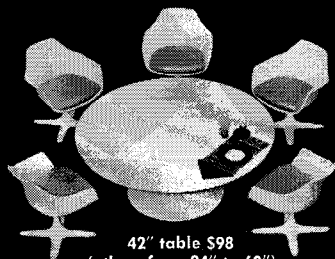
FIFTH AVE. AT 58TH ST., NEW YORK
MAIL OR PHONE ORDERS ACCEPTED-MU 8-2200

GROWING UP?



30" table \$60 chair \$39

GROWN UP?



42" table \$98
(others from 24" to 60")
chairs \$75 each

Shaped pedestals and molded forms in many colors. Made of fiberglass, formica and cast aluminum, polished or painted. Upholstered shells in a choice of exciting fabrics or vinyl. Juvenile & adult sizes.

furniture associates
new york

351 east 61st street, new york 21/pl 1-0575
monday-saturday: 10-5

Come see, or send for color catalog B—\$1

ment in arousing a strongly favorable interest on the part of even one justice obtains for his cause a spokesman in the conference room. It has been said that no oral presentation, however effective, is likely to be able to change the deep-rooted philosophical positions held by the members of the Court—especially the senior ones. But there are ways of getting around those entrenchments, of suggesting narrow grounds (which the Court almost always prefers) for a decision in favor of one's client.

Gideon v. Cochran was not "reached for argument" on Monday, January 14th. The Court's Chief Deputy Clerk, Edmund P. Cullinan, sees to it that counsel are in Court earlier than they really need to be, so that there can be no chance that a case will end unexpectedly with no new one ready for the justices. The Court sits for argument from 10 A.M. to 2:30 P.M. (with noon to 12:30 out for lunch) Monday through Thursday, and as soon as one case is finished the next one is called. Because Monday is the day when opinions are announced, arguments were delayed on January 14th for the reading of opinions. At noon, President Kennedy read his State of the Union Message, and the justices went over to the Capitol for that ceremony. In the afternoon, and from 10 A.M. to 11:05 A.M. the next day, the Court heard an anti-trust case.

Then Chief Justice Earl Warren, as is the custom, called the next case by reading aloud its full title: "Number 155, Clarence Earl Gideon, Petitioner, vs. H. G. Cochran, Jr., Director, Division of Corrections, State of Florida, Respondent." The lawyers in the Gideon case moved forward to two long tables just below the bench.

While arguing a case, a lawyer stands at a small rostrum between the two counsel tables, facing the Chief Justice. The justices decide in advance how much time opposing counsel are to have for argument and rebuttal; in this case it was one hour each. The party that lost in the lower court goes first, so the argument was begun by Fortas. As he stood, the Chief Justice gave him the customary greeting, "Mr. Fortas," and Fortas made the customary opening, "Mr. Chief Justice, may it please the Court . . ."

Gideon's case, Fortas said, presented "a narrow question"—the right to counsel—unencumbered by extraneous issues; the charge was a felony, not any lesser offense; Gideon's indigence was conceded, so there was no question about that; he had made a request for counsel, and he had made it at his trial,



Exclusively...

A Residential Hotel

Carlton House takes pleasure in announcing a few choice apartments of two to four rooms, furnished and unfurnished, for immediate or Fall rental.

Carlton House

Madison Avenue at 61st Street
New York 21, N. Y.

TEmpleton 8-3000

John D. Green, President

Rudolph G. Obermeier, Res. Mgr.



Indian 'TENT' Dress
you'll want a closet full!

*Imported Fine
Cotton*

Turquoise
Sapphire Blue
Jet Black
Natural
Chinese Gold
Avocado
Mandarin Red

\$12⁹⁵
S-M-L

Send for Catalog

Penthouse Gallery

15 W. 55 ST., DEPT. Y-232, N. Y. 19, N. Y.

Serving Dairy Food Over 40 Years



Steinberg's
DAIRY RESTAURANT

* COMPLETE DAIRY FOOD CATERING ANYWHERE

FIFI

This winsome little poodle delights children of all ages. One of our wide assortment of soft toys. Various sizes. Reasonably priced. Send for your free catalog.



\$4.95
Size 16"
Guaranteed
No C.O.D.

Toy Parade BOX 297
Sandy Springs, Ga.

not at any earlier, and hence more doubtful, point in the criminal proceeding. Fortas next recited the facts. In a deep, deliberate, somewhat mournful voice, he told the justices about the morning when Clarence Earl Gideon was asserted to have broken into the Bay Harbor Poolroom and stolen "some wine, perhaps some cigarettes, and an unstated amount of money." Fortas described Gideon's participation in his own trial, his attempts to cross-examine witnesses and address the jury. Then, on this meagre foundation of facts, he began to build his legal argument. "This record does not indicate that Clarence Earl Gideon was a person of low intelligence, or that the judge was unfair to him," he said. "But to me this case shows the basic difficulty with *Betts v. Brady*. It shows that no man, however intelligent, can conduct his own defense adequately."

At this point, Justice Harlan asked, "That's not the point, is it, Mr. Fortas? *Betts* didn't go on the assumption that a man can do as well without an attorney as he can with one, did it? Everyone knows that isn't so."

Actually, it could have been fairly argued that Justice Roberts, in *Betts v. Brady*, had gone on exactly that assumption. He had certainly said that that particular trial was so simple that there would have been little for a lawyer to do. Fortas, however, accepted Justice Harlan's proposition for the implicit concession it was, and used it in driving on to his point about federalism. "I entirely agree, Mr. Justice Harlan, with the point you are making," he said. "Namely, that of course a man cannot have a fair trial without a lawyer but that *Betts* held this consideration was outweighed by the demands of federalism. . . . My purpose was to show that this case is not *Tweedledum* and *Tweedledee* with one tried by counsel. . . . Under our adversary system of justice, how can our civilized nation pretend that there is a fair trial without the counsel for the prosecution doing all he can within the limits of decency, and the counsel for the defense doing his best within the same limits, and from that clash will emerge the truth? . . . I think there is a tendency to forget what happens to these poor, miserable, indigent people—in these strange and awesome circumstances. . . . I was reminded the other night, as I was pondering this case, of Clarence Darrow when he was prosecuted for trying to fix a jury. The first thing he realized was that he needed a lawyer—he, one of the country's great criminal lawyers. . . . And so the real basis of

Ah!
AUSTIN HILL

Poplin
with ZE PEL
born to be
out of doors

Don't stir this season without AH Bermuda shorts. More calculated comfort: AH Culottes infused with all the feeling and 25 colorings of Spring. Both—65% "Dacron" polyester for wrinkle resistance and 35% cotton . . . protected against stains and rain with ZE PEL* fabric fluoridizer. At selected stockists in sizes 8 to 18. Culottes about \$12. Shorts about \$10. Or write Austin Hill Ltd., Baltimore 2, Md., or 1407 Broadway, New York, for one nearest you.

*DuPont's registered trademarks



SEE THE EUROPE ONLY SEEN BY CAR!

Exciting, uncrowded, economical Europe. It's the Europe *only* seen by car. Purchase, Lease or Rent a car from Auto-Europe and see Europe at its level best. For complete information, Auto-Europe's *free*, full-color guide, "The ABC's of European Auto Travel" covers everything on wheels...it's as necessary as a passport. For free copy see your travel agent or write—

New York: 25 W. 58 St. PL 2-2424. Chicago: 153 E. Ohio St. MI 2-3211. Beverly Hills: 268 S. Beverly Drive. BR 2-3149. San Francisco: 150 Powell St., EX 2-7894. Seattle: White-Henry-Stuart Bldg. MA 2-3456. Toronto: 88 Eglinton Ave. E. HU 7-0173. Vancouver, B.C.: 685 Hornby St. MU 1-5936.



Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
Car preference (if any).....Dept. 13

DELTA

Jet service
well worth
checking into...



From reservation to destination, you'll find Delta people friendly, courteous, genuinely eager to please. Next trip, Jet with Delta... see what a pleasure personal service can be.



DELTA

the air line with the **BIG JETS**

Betts v. Brady must be the understanding sensitivity of this Court to the pull of federalism."

This last statement of Fortas's seemed, for some reason, to anger Justice Harlan. This usually gentle man reddened, leaned forward, and said very sharply, "Really, Mr. Fortas, 'understanding sensitivity' seems to me a most unfortunate term to describe one of the fundamental principles of our Constitutional system."

"Mr. Justice Harlan," Fortas replied, without a flicker of emotion, "I believe in federalism. . . . But I believe that Betts v. Brady does not incorporate a proper regard for federalism. It requires a case-by-case supervision by this Court of state criminal proceedings, and that cannot be wholesome. . . . Intervention should be in the least abrasive, the least corrosive way possible." Fortas had intended to use this argument later, but Justice Harlan's question had given him the opportunity to clinch the point dramatically, so he abandoned his earlier outline and made the thrust at once.

"I have read all the cases now, state and federal [involving the Betts doctrine], and it is a fascinating inquiry," Fortas went on. "As I read the opinions of this Court, I hope I may be forgiven for saying that my heart was full of compassion for the judges having to review those records and look for 'special circumstances.'"

"When was the last time we did not find special circumstances?" Justice Potter Stewart asked him. "I think there have been none in my four and one-half terms on the Court."

"I think it was Quicksall v. Michigan, in 1950," Fortas said, adding, "Of course this [the special-circumstances approach] is wrong. How can a judge, when a man is arraigned, look at him and say there are special circumstances? Does the judge say, 'You look stupid,' or 'Your case involves complicated facts'? It is administratively unworkable."

"The states are recognizing that," Justice Harlan said.

Fortas took up that point and outlined the situation in the states. He used Professor Kamisar's figures, but he said he did not agree that the movement by the states to act on their own argued against a step forward now by the Supreme Court. He noted the *amicus-curiae* brief filed by the twenty-three

states, and declared that he was "proud of this document as an American;" then he argued that the growing acceptance of the right to counsel made a reinterpretation of the Constitution easier. "I believe we can confidently say that overruling Betts v. Brady at this time would be in accord with the opinion of those entitled to an opinion," he said. "That is not always true of great Constitutional questions."

Justice Arthur J. Goldberg raised the problem of the limits on what Fortas was asking. At what stage of a criminal case must a lawyer be supplied? In what kinds of cases?

"Do we have to pass on that?" Justice Clark interposed.

"No, sir, not at this time," Fortas said. But he gave his opinion anyway—that a lawyer should be provided at least from the first arraignment of the prisoner before a magistrate

and on through his trial and appeal, and that the right should apply in all save "petty offenses."

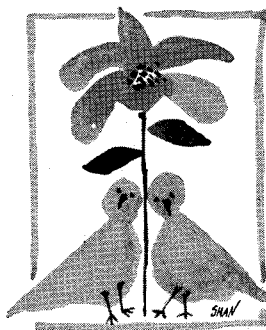
Justice Stewart said that the definition of "petty offenses" might produce difficulties—that it might be "more of this ad-hoc judging you're trying to get away from"—and then he asked, "What about traffic violations?"

Fortas replied that he personally saw no difficulty in providing lawyers even for traffic offenders who wanted them. He knew that sounded strange, he said, but it would work; only an occasional "oddball" would ask, and it would be easy to say to him, "Yes, sir, go right down the hall to that door, that's the public defender's office, they'll see you."

It was noon then, and the Court rose for lunch.

After lunch, Fortas hoped to say just a few words more and then reserve about ten minutes of his time for a rebuttal, but he was still being questioned when the Marshal of the Court threw the switch for a small white light on the lectern, indicating that counsel has only five minutes left. And the questions continued.

Justice Stewart asked whether he was right in his impression that Fortas was not arguing the old proposition that the Fourteenth Amendment incorporated the Sixth Amendment as such. Fortas agreed that he was not. But an answer that pleases one justice may arouse another, and this one aroused Justice Black. He asked in a puzzled



**Start
with a
Pacific
Fabric...**

**and
leave the
rest to
Geo. W.
Heller!**



A stretch fabric from Pacific's Lastika™ collection is a wise beginning for slacks. Especially if you're as quality oriented as Geo. W. Heller. In these new blends of Dacron* polyester and worsted, you'll enjoy a new freedom of motion, a new sense of comfort and neatness...properties that show Heller's elegant tailoring to particular advantage. See these lightweight slacks for Spring and Summer at such fine stores as those listed below. Pacific Mills Worsted Company • A Division of Burlington Industries



Pacific

*Du Pont's t.m.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH, NEW YORK • MARSHALL FIELD & CO., CHICAGO • NEIMAN-MARCUS, DALLAS

DUNDEE

CREATES COLORS JUBILEE
and stripes become strokes of genius!

DEEP BLUES, COOL BLUES,
SKY BLUES WITH
NEW HUES OF
GREEN, OLIVE
AND LAVENDER!
NEVER-BEFORE COLORS
AND NEVER SO MANY
IN ONE TOWEL!

There are 6 other
many-splendored,
superbly striped
versions to coordinate
with solid Colors
Jubilee. Stripes and
solids available singly;
in complete ensembles
of bath, guest,
fingertip towels
and face cloth.
Bath size
about \$2.25.
Also in
Golden Crown
gift sets.



TOWEL MAKERS
SINCE 1888
DUNDEE MILLS, INC.
SHOWROOMS:
1075 6TH AVE., N. Y. 18
MILLS: GRIFFIN, GA.

way why Fortas was laying aside that argument.

"Mr. Justice Black," Fortas replied, "I like that argument that you have made so eloquently. But I cannot as an advocate make that argument because this Court has rejected it so many times. I hope you never cease making it."

Justice Black joined in the general laughter.

"You are saying," Justice William J. Brennan said helpfully to Fortas, "that the right to counsel is assured by the Fourteenth Amendment whether by absorption, incorporation, or whatever."

"Mr. Justice, you seem to know me well," said Fortas.

At that, a red light on the lectern, which marks the end of counsel's time, went on. Fortas's hour was up. As he sat down, though, the Chief Justice said he would give him an additional five minutes for rebuttal and would give Jacob an additional five minutes, too.

Next, J. Lee Rankin, who had been the last Solicitor General in the Eisenhower administration and then had gone on to New York to practice, appeared as a friend of the court, on behalf of the A.C.L.U. One of the high points of his argument came when Justice Harlan accused him of making "sweeping generalizations" about the impossibility of fair trial without counsel. Rankin agreed that it was not absolutely impossible to be tried fairly without a lawyer's help, but he said that *Betts v. Brady* had the generalization backward; it assumed that only in the special case did a man need a lawyer, while the truth was that only in the special case did a man not need one.

At one-ten that afternoon, Bruce Jacob's turn came. Looking extremely young and earnest, he took his place at the rostrum and began by giving a little more description of Gideon—his age (fifty-two), his color (white), and his previous felony convictions (four). Then he complained about the inclusion of the trial transcript in the printed record.

"Why do you bother about that?" Justice Harlan asked.

"O.K., I won't press it," Jacob said.

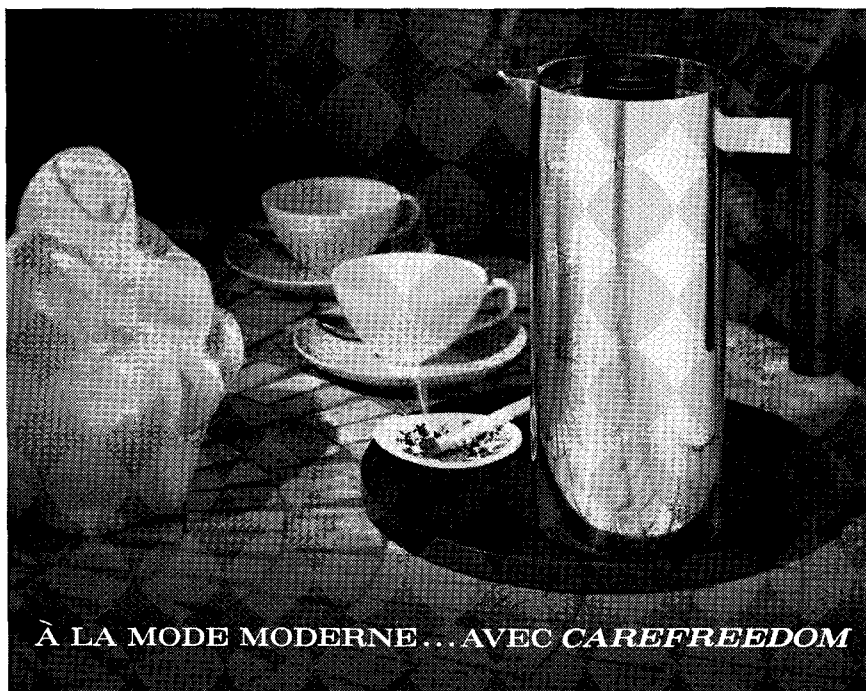
"You are not questioning our jurisdiction in this case?" Justice Byron R. White asked.

"No, Your Honor."

From then on, Jacob was deluged with questions. He could scarcely talk for five minutes without interruption.

Some of the more significant exchanges went as follows:

JUSTICE BLACK: Why isn't it [*Betts*



À LA MODE MODERNE... AVEC CAREFREEDOM

Cette carafe stainless steel . . .
Unobtrusive beauty of this stainless steel insulated carafe for hot or cold drinks harmonizes perfectly with any decor of home or office. No polishing, ever . . . just a rubdown with a cloth quickly removes fingermarks and stains, restores its all-the-way-through sheen.

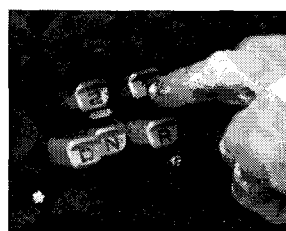


(Only the ENDURO® Stainless Steel is produced by Republic Steel: The name and address of the carafe manufacturer will be supplied on request to Republic Steel Corporation, Department NY-8361, 1441 Republic Building, Cleveland, Ohio 44101)

Stainless Steel

BY REPUBLIC STEEL CORPORATION

Sales Offices and Representatives in Principal Cities



Europe at your fingertips...

in your own new Renault Dauphine or R-8 with push-button automatic transmission. Up to 64 kilometers per gallon (40 miles of Europe!). All this driving comfort and economy for as little as \$1,215 f.o.b. Paris. ♦ Over 5,500 Renault dealers throughout Europe are ready and equipped to help you should the occasion arise. Learn more about the car geared for American driving that knows its way around Europe. Visit your Renault dealer or mail this coupon today, and we'll see that you get the full story on the Renault Overseas Plan.



RENAULT OVERSEAS SALES
RENAULT, INC., 750 THIRD AVE.
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10017

N-6

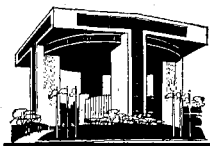
NAME _____ ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____



Don't miss the biggest thrill of the Fair—the dramatic “straight-up” take-off of the Sikorsky S-61, latest 24-passenger helicopter. **See all The Fair.** Locate the exhibits and snap your own aerial photos on a spectacular 10-mile, figure-8 ride. Continuous helicopter flights from the rooftop Heliport in the Transportation Section. **Save time** by getting tickets in advance for the whole family. Adults \$6.50, children \$3.50. Special arrangements for groups. **See your travel agent** or write NYA.

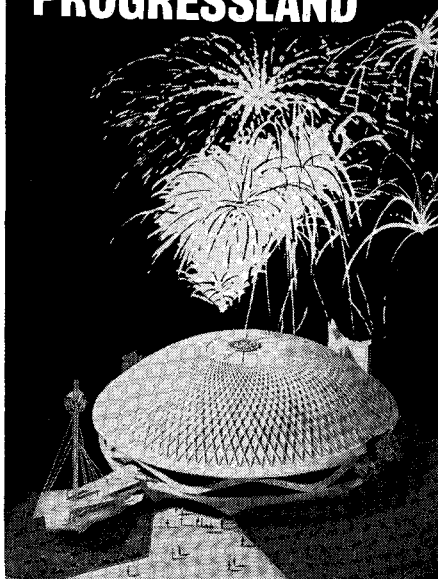
SIGHTSEEING HELICOPTERS
OPERATED BY
NEW YORK AIRWAYS

LaGuardia Airport Station, Flushing 71, N.Y.



12th year—over one million passengers carried on regularly scheduled flights between Kennedy International, Newark and LaGuardia Airports and Wall Street Heliport, and to the Fair.

You'll love *WALT DISNEY'S*
magic touch at
**GENERAL ELECTRIC
PROGRESSLAND**



See the Carousel of Progress, Sky-Dome Spectacular, Atomic Fusion, fascinating Medallion City (ADMISSION FREE)

NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

v. Brady] as much interference with the states as an absolute rule? One of my reactions to Betts was the uncertainty in which it leaves the states.

JACOB: I don't think Betts is that unclear.

JUSTICE BLACK: How do you know what the “special circumstances” are?

JACOB: Each time this Court decides a case, we know another special circumstance.

JUSTICE BRENNAN: In recent years—in four cases I think—we have reversed cases from your state every time.

JACOB: We prefer case-by-case adjudication. . . . It may not be precise, but we prefer it that way because it gives the state some freedom in devising its own rules of criminal procedure.

Later on:

JUSTICE BLACK: What historical support have you found for the distinction between capital and non-capital cases?

JACOB: Your Honor, I can't think of any.

JUSTICE BLACK: I can't, either. That's why I asked.

JUSTICE STEWART: There is nothing in the language of the Fourteenth Amendment, certainly, to make the distinction. It speaks of life, liberty, or property.

JACOB: There is a practical distinction between capital and non-capital cases if you want to draw the line somewhere. Everyone is fearful of being put to death. . . .

JUSTICE BLACK: Maybe they're fearful of spending years in the penitentiary, too.

Then:

JACOB: By imposing an inflexible rule, we feel this Court would be intruding into an area historically reserved to the states. It would stifle state experimentation. For example, a state might eliminate prosecutors as well as defense counsel and leave the whole trial to the judge.

JUSTICE HARLAN: Don't go too far now.

JUSTICE STEWART: Gideon would not be allowed to represent others in court.

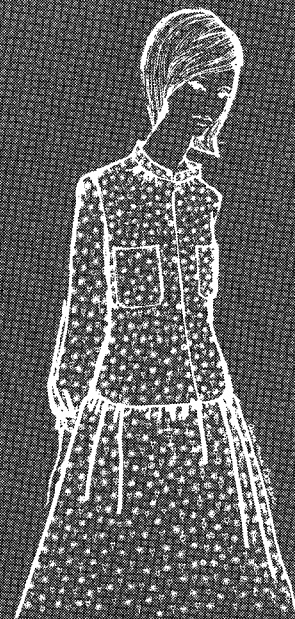
JACOB: If a defendant asked for him, I'm sure the judge wouldn't object.

JUSTICE BLACK: The local bar association might!

JACOB: I'm sorry, Your Honor, that was a stupid answer.

Jacob next talked about the consequences of overruling Betts v. Brady. The new doctrine would necessarily extend to trivial cases, he said, and not only would the cost of providing counsel be tremendous but indigents would be demanding other free services as well—psychiatrists, expert witnesses, and so forth. “In effect, this Court would be requiring the states to adopt Socialism, or a welfare program,” Jacob declared. Then he said that 5,093 convicts who were then in Florida prisons had been tried without counsel and might be eligible for release if Betts v. Brady was overruled. “If the Court does reverse, we implore it to find some way not to make it retroactive,” he

the village store



Calico Kate Found Her Fate . . .

At the fair by cutting a caper there with a gent from East of Somewhere. She wore a dress with a beguiling country air made all the more entrancing by its big city flair. In blue or red cotton. 6-14. 20.00. Please mail orders to 217 Pierce St., Birmingham, Mich. Add 50¢ for postage. Catalog on request.

Come visit us in person at:

NEW YORK CITY, Lexington at 63rd St., PL 2-6895
Birmingham, Grosse Pointe, Saginaw, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Luxury
in the New York manner
Regally spacious guest rooms and suites
... heart of Rockefeller Center area
... adjacent to everything of interest
in New York. Meeting, banquet rooms.
Two notable restaurants

Hotel Dorset
Just off Fifth Avenue
30 West 54th Street
A Bing & Bing hotel

Mario's
Villa d'Este *Villa Borghese*
58 E. 56 ST. 65 E. 55 ST.
Open Daily 12 • Sun 5 Open Daily 12 • Closed Sun
PL 9-4025 PL 1-2990
SUPERB FRENCH AND ITALIAN CUISINE
Lavish CONTINENTAL DINNERS

OLD WORLD ATMOSPHERE
LITTLE HARRY'S
FAMOUS DETROIT RESTAURANT

added. "We have followed Betts in good faith."

Chief Justice Warren wanted to know whether some of those 5,093 Florida convicts were illiterate. His point was plain—and deadly. Even under *Betts v. Brady*, an illiterate defendant was entitled to counsel.

"I have no way of knowing," Jacob said.

"No, but what do you think?" the Chief Justice pressed. "Do you think most of them are literate or illiterate?"

"I don't know, but I am sure some of them are illiterate."

Now George Mentz, of Alabama, took over. He was an older man, gray-haired, more experienced than Jacob, and much more at ease. He was questioned just as frequently, but the questions seemed to give him less pain. He answered in a charming Southern voice, making graceful concessions.

"I candidly admit that it would be desirable for the states to furnish counsel in all criminal cases," he began. "But we say the states should have the right to make that decision themselves."

One of the exchanges went:

JUSTICE HARLAN: Supposing you had a choice—as you see it, representing the state—of maintaining Betts on the books and then having a succession of cases come to this Court every one of which was reversed by finding special circumstances, so that everyone would know we were only paying lip service to Betts, or of overruling it.

MENTZ: We'd rather see them decided case by case.

JUSTICE HARLAN: Even though you know how all of them will come out?

MENTZ: Hope springs eternal. (*Laughter in the courtroom*)

THE way the Supreme Court deals with a case after argument is concluded has been described in general terms by the justices. At the Friday conference immediately following the argument, the case is discussed. When everyone has had his say—and sometimes the discussion extends into the next conference—a preliminary vote is taken. Within the next few days, the Chief Justice, if he is in the majority, either sends a formal note to one member of the Court assigning the opinion to him or keeps it for himself; if the Chief Justice is in the minority, the senior justice on the side that prevailed at the conference assigns the opinion. The members of the minority usually agree among themselves on who will write the dissent. Notwithstanding such assignments and agreements, any member of the Court is free to write his own concurring or dissenting opinion if he wishes. In the early days of the Re-

Barbra, Liz, Dick, Farley, Noel, Marge, Gower, Bea, Tammy & Marlene

don't come to The Rainbow Room to see the celebrities. They come to eat.

Dinner from 6. Sat. & Sun. from 5. Cocktails from 4. Plaza 7-9090. 65th floor, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y.

Whether dining by the sea, or dancing under the stars. . . . Whether swimming in the surf or pool, or strolling the miles of secluded, private beach. . . . Whether golf is your game, or tennis, skeet, riding, fishing or boating your sport. . . . You'll glory in the comfort of your rooms in the Hotel, Apartments or Beach Houses. Completely air-conditioned. American Plan.

THE CLOISTER SEA ISLAND, GEORGIA

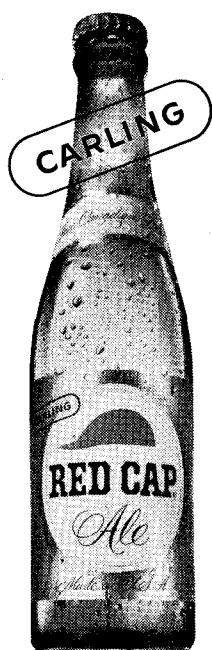
(Also fully furnished rental homes available)



This is the life for you in a setting you'll love at any season—

Sea Island

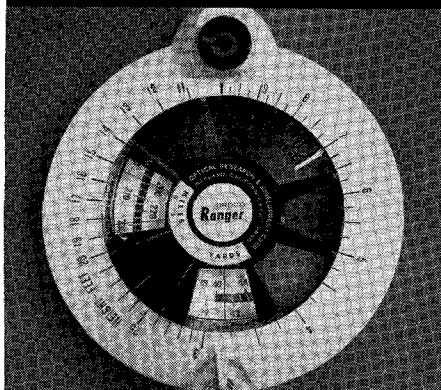
Write direct, see Travel Agent or Robert F. Warner, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y., JU 6-4500, also Boston/Chicago/Washington/Toronto



Discover the brave new world of Ale. Try Red Cap.

Taste for yourself how Red Cap Ale goes a step beyond even the smoothest beer. It's extra bold and hearty because more hops, more malt and longer aging go into every drop. Such a brew is Red Cap Ale. Try it. Brewed here in the U.S.A. by Carling Brewing Company, Cleveland, Ohio, brewers of Black Label Beer.

HOW FAR? To the green? To the next boat?



YACHTSMEN • GOLFERS • ARCHERS • HUNTERS

Direct reading All Hands/Ordco

RANGE FINDER

with self-contained computer. Order by mail **\$29.50**

Extremely valuable to measure accurate distance from 6 ft. to as far as eye can see. Direct read-out in yards and/or miles. First real innovation in stadiometric optical measurement since the sextant. Understand: despite its hand-use, portability, ease of reading, this is a modern scientific tool used by surveyors, civil engineers etc., and recommended; Ranger is the ONLY optical range finder whose accuracy remains constant as distance increases. Money back guarantee, of course.

MAIL COUPON FOR RETURN MAIL SHIPMENT!

All Hands, Inc. Dept. N, Hingham, Mass. 02043
Gentlemen: Enclosed is my check for \$29.50.
Send postpaid, your ALL HANDS/ORDCO RANGER

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

public, Jefferson, who feared Chief Justice John Marshall's persuasive power over his brethren, expressed the belief that every member of the Court should have to write out his own opinion in every case. A few years ago, Justice Harlan, as he began reading a dissent that was the fourth opinion in the same case, said dryly, "We have almost reached Jefferson's ideal."

When draft opinions are completed, they are sent to the Court's print shop and set in type. The proofs are carefully numbered, so that none can stray, and they are circulated among the justices, who send their comments back to the author. Sometimes minds change at this stage. The justice who has been assigned the opinion may find after research that he cannot maintain the position he took at the conference; a new majority may then form behind his revised views, or the opinion may be reassigned. Dissenting drafts may change votes—sometimes enough votes to convert the minority into the majority. Exchanges of views by memoranda, new drafts, and personal discussions continue until everyone is as nearly satisfied as is possible in the limited time available. Inevitably, in trying to please so many editors, the author of the majority opinion finds himself removing much of the personal flavor from his product. The dissenter, on the other hand, as Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes observed in 1928, can "express his individuality . . . he is a free lance." Hughes went on, "A dissent in a court of last resort is an appeal to the brooding spirit of the law, to the intelligence of a future day, when a later decision may possibly correct the error into which the dissenting judge believes the court to have been betrayed."

No one but the justices and their law clerks and some printers (who are equally dedicated to secrecy) has any idea how a case is going to come out until, on some Monday, the opinions on it are announced. There are no news leaks from the Supreme Court—one of the many features distinguishing it from all other Washington institutions. Not even the date of decision can be accurately estimated; it may come just a few weeks or many months after argument.

As it happened, it was two months after argument that the Gideon case was decided. There was no advance notice. There never is. The Supreme Court is one of the last American appellate courts where decisions are announced orally. The justices, who are divided on so many issues, are divided on this practice, too. Some regard it as



For that well-dressed feeling!

Sport "Long-Play" socks by Marum. Have a fling in colorful, care-free, casual, socks that stay fresh no matter how hard you play! Machine wash and dryable, color-fast. Exclusive blend of 75% Orlon® acrylic, 25% stretch nylon in 24 exciting colors including new frosty shades. One size fits 10-13. \$1.50 the pair.

marum

MARUM KNITTING MILLS, INC.
40 E. 34th Street, New York 16, N.Y.

enjoy the best for less . . .

Modified American, Family and European Plans at pleasing rates which include Free Parking, Free TV and Free BATHERAPY!

NOW—fully air-conditioned

CLARIDGE

HOTEL

Atlantic City

Area Code 609-345-1271



Mitzi Holmes' Jager House

LEXINGTON AVENUE at 85th STREET
Exceptional Continental Food
Enchanting Viennese Music
Spacious Banquet Facilities
Reservations: RH 4-3820



SAILING VACATION

NEW WINDJAMMER "MARY DAY"

Accommodations and Meals

\$125 per week, tax included

No extras or tips

FOR RESERVATIONS OR FOLDER

WRITE:

Capt. H. S. Hawkins
Sedgwick, Maine

a waste of time; others value it as an occasion for communicating, however briefly, with the live audience in the courtroom. Techniques of opinion-reading vary. Justice Frankfurter never looked at his text but expounded from memory; Chief Justice Warren once accused him of saying things that were not in the opinion. Others stick closely to the text, and some read brief summaries. Justice Black's technique seems to vary with the opinion; he gives fuller and more emotional treatment to an opinion that he regards as of particular importance.

The reading of the Court's opinions on any Monday always begins with the most junior justice who has an opinion that day, and on Monday, March 18th, opinions in several cases were read. Then, in ascending order of seniority, it was Justice Black's turn. He looked over at his wife, who was sitting in the box reserved for the justices' friends and families, and said, "I have for announcement the opinion and judgment of the Court in Number 155, Gideon against Wainwright." (Not long before, H. G. Cochran, Jr., the director of the Florida prison system and the man whom Gideon originally sued, had been replaced by Louie L. Wainwright.) Justice Black leaned forward and gave his words the dramatic emphasis befitting a great occasion. Speaking directly to the audience in the courtroom, he described Clarence Earl Gideon's case and how it had reached the Supreme Court of the United States. "It raised a fundamental question—the rightness of a case we decided twenty-one years ago, Betts against Brady," Justice Black said. "We asked the lawyers on both sides to argue to us whether we should reconsider that case. We do reconsider Betts and Brady, and we reach an opposite conclusion."

By now, pageboys were passing out opinions in the case to the Solicitor General and a few newspaper reporters. There were three other opinions—Justices William O. Douglas, Clark, and Harlan had added theirs to the opinion of the Court—but not one of them was a dissent. A quick look at the end of each showed that it concurred in the overruling of Betts v. Brady. On that essential result, then, the Court was unanimous.

Justice Black began reading sections of his opinion. Since 1942, he said, the problem of the Constitutional right to counsel in state criminal trials had been "a continuing source of controversy in both state and federal courts." Then he said that Gideon had "conducted his de-



Casually yours

The all new Florsheim rubber-soled Casual, of course—the fun shoe that can get down to business, that makes life worth living—and loafing.

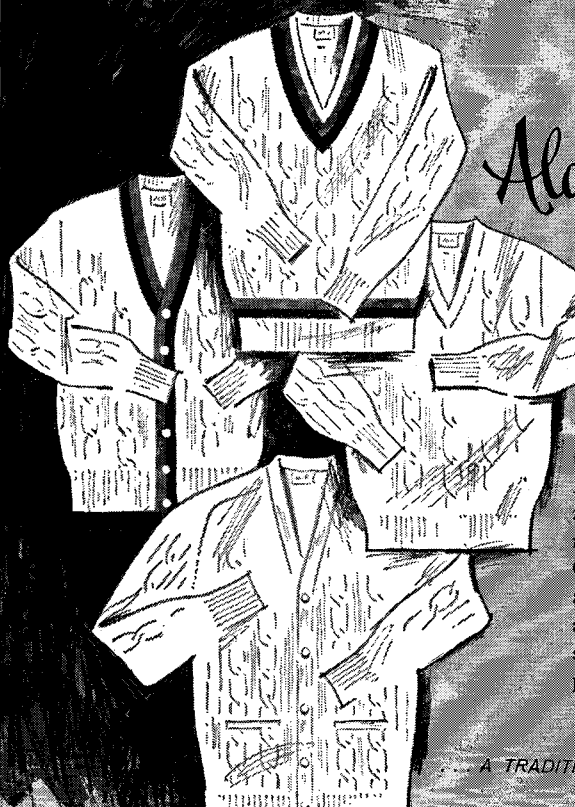
The price? Unbelievably low!

The CASUAL; calfskin, in black, driftwood, old salt, desert gold.

Florsheim

Florsheim Casual styles \$1995

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 6 • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN
A DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY



Alan Paine

From England . . .

Men's All-Wool White Cable Sweaters

Four handsome versions of the original tennis classic by Alan Paine. *True cable—made on hand frames.* Pullover, navy/maroon trim, about \$19. Cardigan, navy/maroon trim, about \$21. All-white pullover, about \$17. New all-white saddle shoulder cardigan, two pockets, about \$25.

A TRADITION IN MENSWEAR

Baltimore, Md. Hutzler's
Boston, Mass. R. H. Stearns Co.
Chicago & Detroit Capper & Capper
Hartford, Conn. G. Fox & Co., Inc.

Los Angeles, Cal. J. W. Robinson
Minneapolis, Minn. Dayton's
New York, N.Y. Bloomingdale's
Philadelphia, Pa. John Wanamaker

Pittsburgh, Pa. Joseph Horne Co.
San Francisco, Cal. Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Seattle & Pebble Beach Littler
Washington, D.C. Woodward & Lothrop

For other stores write: FRANK L. SAVAGE, INC., 17 EAST 37 STREET, NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

D/R



D/R INTERNATIONAL, INC.
53 EAST 57th ST., N.Y. 22
866 LEX. AT 65th, N.Y. 21

DESIGN RESEARCH, INC.
57 BRATTLE STREET
CAMBRIDGE 38, MASS.



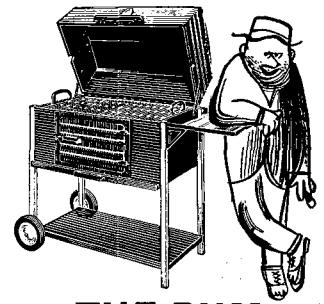
SANDY LANE HOTEL in BALMY BARBADOS

On a 380-acre estate with 1000 feet of beach, this gracious modern hotel enjoys the cool Caribbean trade winds all year long. All bedrooms face the sea... water skiing, sailing... deep sea fishing available... 2 all-weather tennis courts, golf... dancing, 2 air-conditioned restaurants. See Your Travel Agent or Robert F. Warner, Inc., New York/Boston/Chicago/Washington/Miami/Toronto.

Sandy Lane Hotel
BARBADOS, WEST INDIES
HENRY C. PETTEYS, MANAGER

fense about as well as could be expected from a layman." The case, he went on, was "strikingly like" the Betts case, and "since the facts and circumstances of the two cases are so nearly indistinguishable, we think the Betts v. Brady holding if left standing would require us to reject Gideon's claim that the Constitution guarantees him the assistance of counsel."

The rest of Justice Black's opinion, which ran to ten pages, was, like Fortas's brief, a frontal assault on Betts v. Brady. He did not press his own theory that the Fourteenth Amendment incorporated the Bill of Rights. For purposes of this case, he accepted as the law Justice Benjamin N. Cardozo's formulation that particular guarantees of the Bill of Rights "implicit in the concept of ordered liberty" had been "brought within the Fourteenth Amendment by a process of absorption" and thus made applicable to state proceedings. "We accept Betts v. Brady's assumption, based as it was on our prior cases, that a provision of the Bill of Rights which is 'fundamental and essential to a fair trial' is made obligatory upon the States by the Fourteenth Amendment," Justice Black said. "We think the Court in Betts was wrong, however, in concluding that the Sixth Amendment's guarantee of counsel is not one of these fundamental rights. Ten years before Betts v. Brady, this Court, after full consideration of all the historical data examined in Betts, had unequivocally declared that 'the right to the aid of counsel is of this fundamental character.' Powell v. Alabama... (1932). While the Court at the close of its Powell opinion did by its language, as this Court frequently does, limit its holding to the particular facts and circumstances of that case, its conclusions about the fundamental nature of the right to counsel are unmistakable." After mentioning other early decisions that had emphasized the importance of counsel, Justice Black went on, "Governments, both state and federal, quite properly spend vast sums of money to establish machinery to try defendants accused of crime. Lawyers to prosecute are everywhere deemed essential to protect the public's interest in an orderly society. Similarly, there are few defendants charged with crime, few indeed, who fail to hire the best lawyers they can get to prepare and present their defenses. That government hires lawyers to prosecute and defendants who have the money hire lawyers to defend are the strongest indications of the widespread belief that lawyers in criminal courts are necessari-



THE BUM

It started with that thing he's leaning on. Our customer, the bum, was affluent. He purchased his Char-Broil Covered Portable Pit with a flick of a check, a condescending smile, and a slightly watering tongue.

He brought it home, this bum. Night after night, day after day, he charbroiled, shish-ka-bobbed, spit-cooked, barbecued and smoke-cooked. The air was laden with savory loot. People came from miles around. His in-laws moved in. He quit working, stayed cooking. It took three grocery stores to furnish his needs. Then his dough ran out. So did everyone else. All that's left is his Char-Broil, which he and other literate bums claim is the world's greatest contribution to the culinary arts.

It is. Take a chance, gambler. One thing we'll guarantee. You'll be the fattest bum in town.

Columbus Iron Works Co.

Dept. N.Y., Columbus, Ga.

Write for our free Char-Broil Cook Book. Once you get it, you're well on your way.

Le Restaurant
Par Excellence

LUNCHEON - COCKTAILS
DINNER - OPEN SUNDAY

QUO VADIS

26 EAST 63rd ST. at MADISON AVE., N.Y.C. - TE 8-0590

RESTAURANT

L'Aiglon

PRE-THEATRE DINNER
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES

13 E. 55TH, N.Y.C. PL 3-7296

CONTINENTAL
CUISINE OF
DISTINCTION
FOR LUNCHEON
AND DINNER

OPEN SUNDAYS

The finest in
Italian food

ITALIAN

24 W. 55TH, N.Y.C.

daily
except
Sunday

luncheon
cocktails
dinner

PAVILION

JU 6-5950

Villa Pierre

OUTSTANDING FRENCH CUISINE
graced by SUPERB ITALIAN SPECIALTIES

RECOMMENDED
BY HOLIDAY
MAGAZINE

LUNCHEON and DINNER OR 1-8920
GLEN COVE ROAD
GLEN COVE, LONG ISLAND

Mrs. Fitz-H met
Odol in Oslo and
rediscovered it in Gary.



THE SUBTLY FLAVORED SUPER CONCENTRATED MOUTHWASH THAT'S INTERNATIONAL

ties, not luxuries. The right of one charged with crime to counsel may not be deemed fundamental and essential to fair trials in some countries, but it is in ours." The opinion came to an end without any mention of the scope of the decision: what kinds of criminal cases it covered, if any, apart from felonies; at what stage of the proceeding counsel was required; whether the decision applied retrospectively, to persons already in prison. All those questions were presumably to be answered when they were raised specifically by later cases. Justice Black concluded, "The judgment is reversed and the cause is remanded to the Supreme Court of Florida for further action not inconsistent with this opinion."

Justice Douglas, while joining in Justice Black's opinion, was not content to let the occasion pass without rearguing the old proposition that the Fourteenth Amendment incorporated the Bill of Rights. Justice Clark did not accept the reasoning of Justice Black. He rested his concurring opinion on the fact that the Court had already established an absolute right to counsel in cases involving the death penalty, even under *Betts v. Brady*, and he drew the parallel with the overseas court-martial cases. Justice Harlan also followed a path of his own. "The Court has come to recognize . . . that the mere existence of a serious criminal charge constituted in itself special circumstances requiring the services of counsel at trial," he said. "In truth the *Betts v. Brady* rule is no longer a reality. This evolution, however, appears not to have been fully recognized by many state courts, in this instance charged with the front-line responsibility for the enforcement of Constitutional rights. To continue a rule which is honored . . . only with lip service is not a healthy thing. . . ."

A FRIEND of Bruce Jacob's telephoned him from Washington to give him the news of the decision, and Jacob said, "It's only the beginning." It was. Justice Stewart had said in 1960, "Even if *Betts v. Brady* should be overruled tomorrow, there is no way that the Court could, or indeed that it properly should, see to it that in the day-to-day administration of criminal trials throughout the country truly adequate representation of indigent defendants were provided." That job was up to the bar and the courts and the legislatures. In *Johnson v. Zerbst*, twenty-five years before *Gideon v. Wainwright*, the Supreme Court had laid down the rule that federal criminal defendants had an



Back to Baroque Grand Damask by Callaway

If you're so bored with modern solid colors and angular shapes that you could scream—don't. Go back to Baroque with Grand Damask—a great towel by Callaway. Enjoy the slow movement of a curved line, the relaxed richness of the ornate design. Grand Damask is a luxury to use, too. In 15 magnificent colors, at The J.L. Hudson Co., Detroit, and at other fine stores. Callaway Mills, Inc., La Grange, Georgia. 

STEEL YOURSELF



for the Techbuilt in steel!

◀ That's right, we said steel! Architect Carl Koch's award-winning Techbuilt House is now designed in steel. Steel for strength, low maintenance, safety against fire, termites, rot. With components of special Armco steels, the steel Techbuilt house can be tailored to your particular whims — both as to room arrangements and interior materials.

► Send \$1.00 now for complete Portfolio bulging with floor plans, pictures and facts on Techbuilt homes in both steel and wood, plus the intriguing Techbuilt Vacation Cottage. Write Techbuilt Products, Inc., Department NY 59, Box 139, Cambridge, Massachusetts.



TECHBUILT®

The Rage, Miss Patti Page.

At the
Empire Room
April 27 to May 29



Two shows nightly.
Music by the Meyer Davis
and Horace Diaz orchestras.
Pre-theatre dinner from \$4.75.



The Waldorf Astoria
CONRAD N. HILTON, PRESIDENT

absolute right to counsel, but Congress, despite the urging of every United States Attorney General from that day to this, had done nothing whatever to implement the decision, neither furnishing funds nor establishing any system that would provide counsel for the poor, except for a District of Columbia legal-aid measure passed in 1960. And so in 1963 federal judges still relied on their own random methods of appointing counsel for indigent defendants—to serve without pay, and without even compensation for out-of-pocket expenses. Naturally, this non-system was the subject of much criticism.

Early in 1963, Attorney General Robert Kennedy appointed a committee of scholars, practicing lawyers, and state and federal judges for a fresh review of the problem. The chairman was Professor Francis A. Allen, of the University of Chicago Law School, who had published a devastating analysis of *Betts v. Brady*. The committee proposed comprehensive legislation similar to but more complete than bills that had previously been considered. In summary, the proposal was that every Federal District Court be required to choose one of four systems for representation of needy defendants: assigning members of the bar but, for the first time, compensating them modestly; hiring a full-time or part-time public defender and staff; using counsel supplied by a local legal-aid society or other legal organization, which would be paid; adopting any combination of these three approaches. Such local option, the committee pointed out, would allow for the great differences between federal courts in urban areas, with a large volume of criminal cases, and those in the country, where criminal trials are a relative rarity. It was also proposed that defendants be required to pay whatever they could afford; that counsel be provided from the moment, shortly after arrest, when a defendant was brought before a judge or commissioner for a preliminary hearing, and continue through appeal; and that funds be provided for investigation, experts, and other services.

A week before the Gideon decision came down, President Kennedy submitted the Allen Committee's measure to Congress, as the proposed Criminal Justice Act of 1963. It had the support of the American Bar Association and of the Judicial Conference of the United States, representing all the federal courts, but it faced suspicion and resistance in the House of Representatives

from Republicans and some Southern Democrats. The House had always been the sticking point, though just why such legislation raised conservative hackles in the House was not altogether clear; in the Senate, even such a conservative Republican as Roman Hruska, of Nebraska, was a leading supporter of the legislation. The Senate acted promptly in 1963, passing the bill substantially as it had been proposed by President Kennedy. Then, for the first time, the Judiciary Committee of the House reported out a bill—but with the option of public defenders struck out and a limit of five hundred dollars put on the compensation for a lawyer in a felony case and three hundred dollars



for a lawyer in a case of misdemeanor. The House passed the bill on January 15th of this year, but the necessary negotiations to reconcile the two versions have been delayed by the struggle over civil rights; only this hurdle stands in the way of a historic first step by Congress to assist in the defense of the indigent.

The House's move represented progress on the federal level, but federal criminal prosecutions are few compared to the number of prosecutions brought by state and local governments—prosecutions, moreover, that are likelier to involve down-and-out defendants. The reaction of the states to *Gideon v. Wainwright* was swift and constructive. The most dramatic response came from Florida, whose rural-dominated legislature had for so long refused to relieve the problem of the unrepresented indigent. Shortly after the decision, Governor Farris Bryant called on the legislature to enact a public-defender law, saying—and his words might have given Clarence Earl Gideon wry amusement—"In this era of social consciousness, it is unthinkable that an innocent man may be condemned to penal servitude because he is unfamiliar with the intricacies of criminal procedure and unable to provide counsel for his defense." In May, 1963, barely two months after the Supreme Court had spoken, the Florida legislature approved a public-defender statute. In the four other Southern states that had not provided counsel for non-capital defendants, there were also prompt moves to adjust to the new Constitutional requirement.

The Court, for its part, quickly made it clear that it would apply continuing pressure to the states on the issue of the right to counsel. In the first three months after the Gideon decision, the



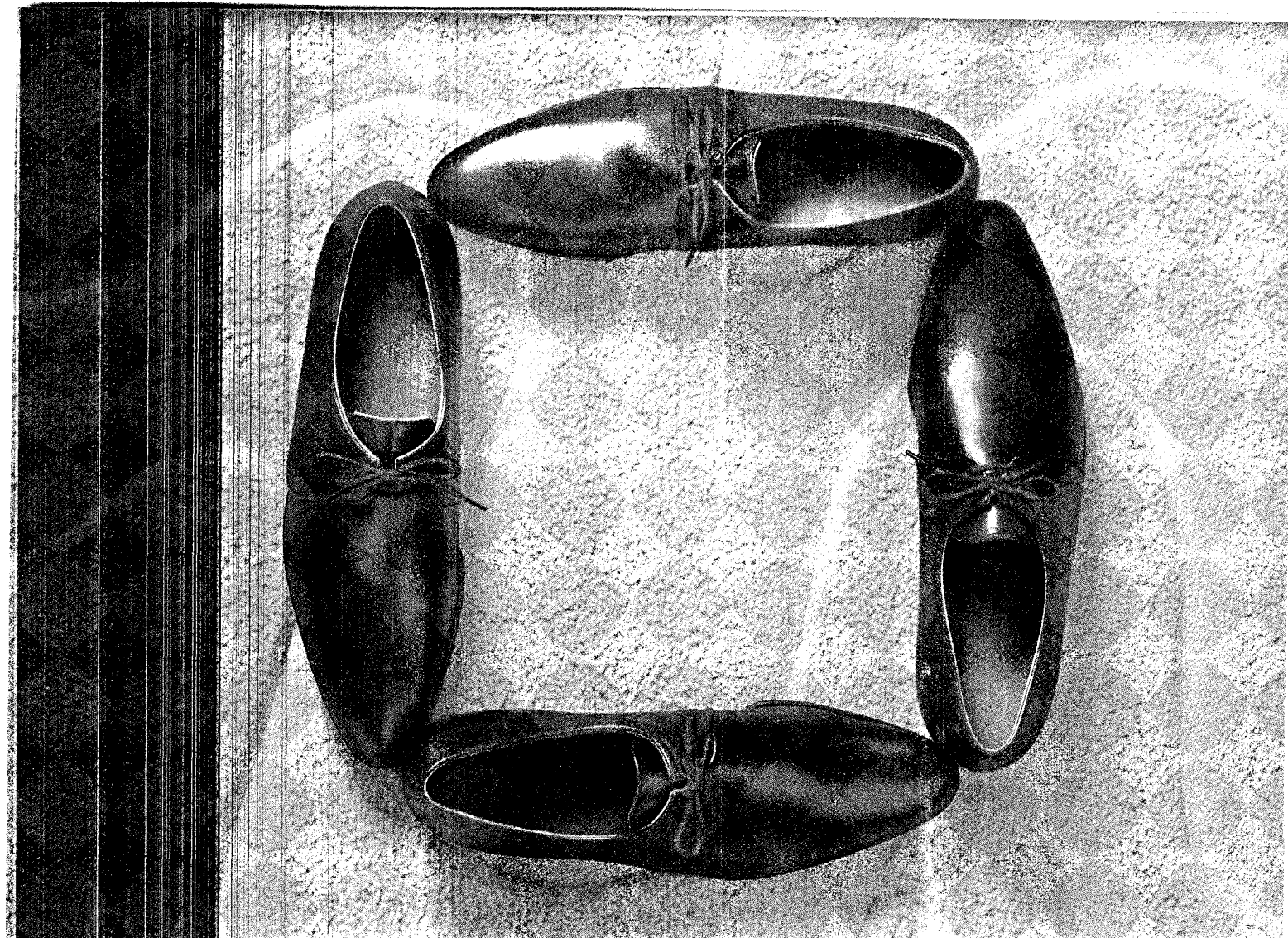
Spring foal—Photo by Mark Shaw

Unfetter yourself. You have a friend at Chase Manhattan to help you care for your nest egg, and to provide you with carefully considered investment advice. Try us at your convenience.

THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK

Head Office: 1 Chase Manhattan Plaza, New York, New York 10015





\$25 per sq. ft.

We don't have the nerve
to sell it
by the sq. yd.

When you order custom carpet from Lees, you pay a pile, you get a pile.

Our carpet above is about 1¼ inches high and so dense it's indecent.

We can make it in 100 different colors.

It's all hand-made. And what we've done with the wool is so beautiful, the sheep's mother can be very proud.

Last year, Lees made the absolute biggest custom carpet ever made.

It was so big and thick it had to be rolled on a telephone pole.

Is \$25 per square foot the most expensive carpet Lees makes?

Not really.

If you want to pay more, we can arrange it.

If you want to pay less, we make up some of the handsomest office carpetings you'll ever see for much less.

There's one that costs about \$15 per square yard installed and comes in 20 colors.

Just one thing. Lees gives every carpet the same shake.

We use the best fibers, yarns, dyes, people and standards in the business on every carpet regardless of price.

Expect the same treatment whether you pay \$15 per square yard or \$25 per square foot.

That's our custom.

For a lot of good, down-to-earth reasons, "those heavenly carpets by Lees."

© JAMES LEES & SONS CO., BRIDGEPORT, PA., A DIV. OF BURLINGTON INDUSTRIES



justices vacated thirty-one lower-court judgments, sending them back for reconsideration of prisoners' claims to counsel in light of the new rule. Among these judgments was the case of Allen Baxley, Jr., an illiterate Florida prisoner for whom Gideon himself had drafted a petition. In April, the Court unanimously reversed a Maryland conviction because the defendant had not had a lawyer at his preliminary hearing, at which he pleaded guilty. This decision made it clear that counsel was Constitutionally guaranteed not only at a trial but at any earlier proceeding, however brief or informal, which could affect the prosecution. The following October, the Court strongly indicated that it would apply *Gideon v. Wainwright* retroactively. The Florida courts went ahead on that assumption, and by January 1st of this year had released nine hundred and seventy-six prison inmates who had had no lawyers when they were convicted—many of them before the Supreme Court had ever heard of the *Gideon* case.

RESOLUTION of the great Constitutional question in *Gideon v. Wainwright* did not decide the fate of Clarence Earl Gideon. Although his triumph had shown that the poorest and least powerful of men can take a cause to the Supreme Court and bring about a fundamental change in the law, it was still not known whether in *Gideon's* case a lawyer would actually have made a difference. All that was known was that he was now entitled to a new trial, with a lawyer.

Soon after the decision, Fortas wrote to Gideon, telling him that he should have a local Florida lawyer represent him from then on, and saying that he himself had written to a Florida Civil Liberties Union attorney—Tobias Simon, of Miami. Gideon wrote Simon on April 9, 1963, "I humbly am asking you for any help that you can give me in the present situation. Because no one knows any better than me of what I am up against. I have no reason to believe now that I would receive a fair trial in the same court than I did before even with a court appointed attorney. I have my plea all ready to make but it probably will be denied me."

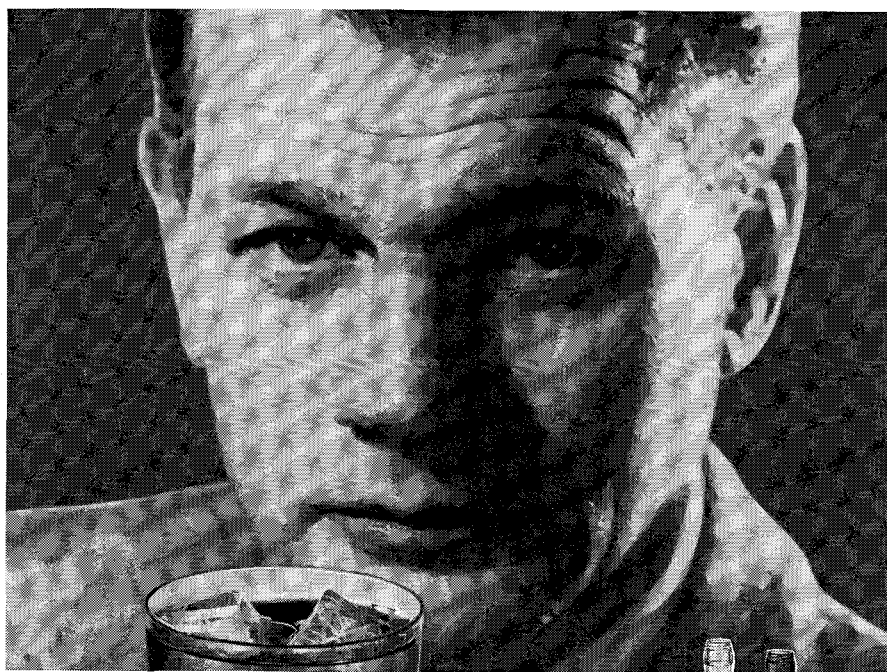
On April 15th, Simon replied that someone from the Civil Liberties Union would represent Gideon at his new trial. Gideon acknowledged that letter with thanks, adding that he wondered how long the Supreme Court of Florida could take to act on his case now "with-

If you're smart enough to smoke a pipe, why don't you smoke a great pipe tobacco?



Black Knight by Lane is the gold standard of English-type blends and one of the great experiences in a pipe smoker's life. It is rich and zestful, yet cool-smoking, with a unique natural aroma. Priced from 90¢ (2-oz. tin) up to \$6.00 (1-lb. tin). At better tobacconists everywhere. LANE LTD., 419 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016, blenders of quality tobaccos for over three generations.

Pipe by Charatan



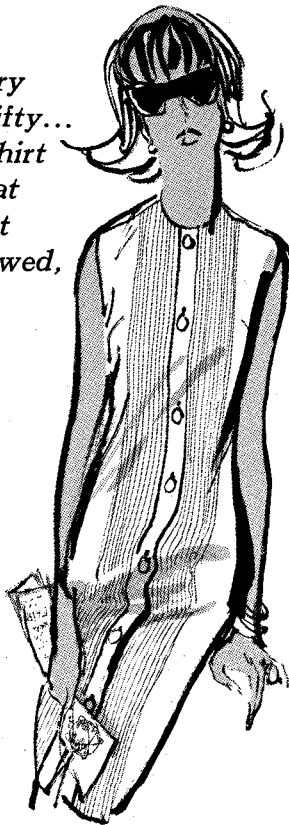
Dubonnet—the man's drink!

JOSEPH COTTEN, narrator of "Hollywood and the Stars" on NBC-TV Monday nights, enjoys drinking Dubonnet. Try it on-the-rocks, with soda, or mixed half Red, half Blonde.

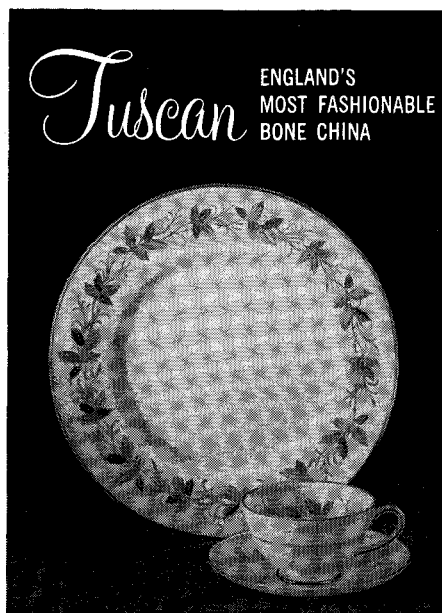


DUBONNET APERITIF WINE, PRODUCT OF U.S.A., ©1964 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y.C.

very
shifty...
a shirt
that
just
grewed,
\$6



Ship'n Shore



Tuscan ENGLAND'S MOST FASHIONABLE BONE CHINA
Send 25¢ for complete Tuscan pattern color brochure to:
EBELING & REUSS CO.
23rd and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. 19103

Houston's traditional host...
the RICE hotel

For reservations, phone SPring 7-5080
in New York or see your travel agent.

out becoming contemptible of the United States Supreme Court."

A few days later, Simon went to the state penitentiary, in Raiford, and interviewed Gideon for an hour and a half, finding him "irascible but spunky." In the interview, Gideon sounded even more forcefully the bitter notes of his letters. He said that he could never get a fair trial in Panama City; that, anyway, a new trial would constitute double jeopardy; and that the Florida Supreme Court should have released him outright. Under American law, a new trial won by a prisoner as a result of his own appeal is not double jeopardy, but when Simon pointed this out Gideon refused to discuss his case any further. He did agree, however, to have the A.C.L.U. represent him in the new trial.

On May 15th, the Florida Supreme Court issued an order entitling Gideon to a new trial, and the Circuit Court of Bay County, where Gideon had had his original trial, set July 5th as the trial date. On July 4th, Simon went to Panama City with a lawyer who had agreed to help him—Irwin J. Block, a former chief assistant prosecutor in Miami. They visited Gideon, who had been brought to the local jail. This is Simon's description of the meeting: "Gideon refused to be represented by either of us; he refused to be tried; he stated that the court had no power to try him, and that his trial in Panama City would only mean his return to the penitentiary. All efforts to calm him and to have him place some trust in us failed."

The next morning, Simon and Block met with the prosecution in the chambers of the judge who had presided over Gideon's first trial and was to handle the second as well—Robert L. McCrary, Jr. Gideon was there, too.

Judge McCrary began by observing that Simon was appearing as defense counsel.

"I do not want him to represent me," Gideon said.

"Do you want another lawyer to represent you?" Judge McCrary asked.

"No," said Gideon, and added, after a pause, "And I'm not ready for trial."

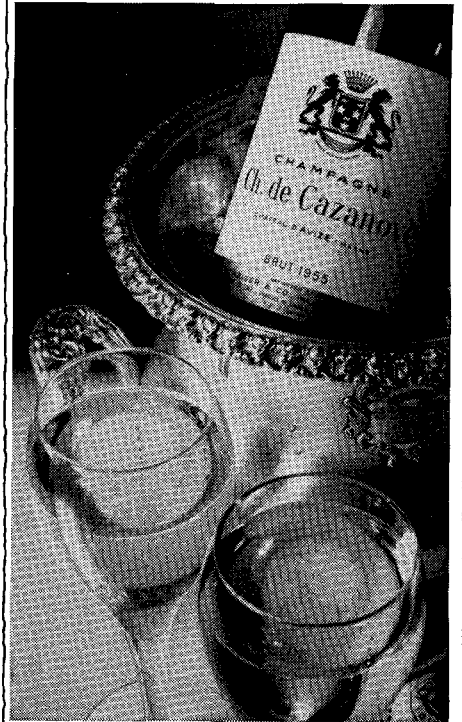
There may have been a touch of bewilderment in the judge's next question: "What do you want, then?"

"I want to file for an order to move my case from this court," Gideon replied. "I can't get a fair trial in this court; it's the same court, the same judge, everything and everybody connected with the court is the same as it was before and I can't get a fair trial here. . . . You're not even going to let me plead my case."

At this point, Simon explained how

CHAMPAGNE CH. de CAZANOVE

FOR THE MOST
EXQUISITE TASTE...
MAISON FONDÉE EN 1811



IMPORTED BY
PARK, BENZIGER & CO. INC.
NEW YORK

PLAYGROUND OF NEW ENGLAND!

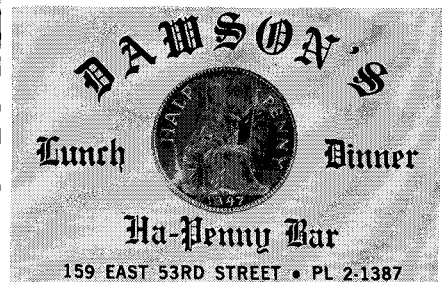
BERKSHIRE HILLS



Massachusetts

Everybody can do anything they want for their very own special vacation pleasure in the Berkshires. Just a short 2½ hour drive from New York City. Swimming, sailing, golf, theater, ballet and music. Excellent resorts, inns, motels and restaurants.

For Circle Tour Folder; Where to Stay Directory, write to:
BERKSHIRE HILLS CONFERENCE
100 North St., Pittsfield 35, Mass.



159 EAST 53RD STREET • PL 2-1387

MAINE Windjammer CRUISES



Since 1935 Authentic old-time sailing — 6 memorable days cruising "Down East." \$119—no extras—free folder.

Capt. Jim Nisbet

P. O. Box 404-N, CAMDEN, Maine, ph: 207-236-2938

he had got into the case, reading to the judge, among other things, Gideon's letter "humbly asking" for help. But, of course, Simon said, he and Block did not want to represent Gideon if he did not want them to.

Gideon repeated his wish: "I want to plead my own case. I want to make my own plea. I do not want them to make any plea for me."

"You don't want Mr. Simon and Mr. Block to represent you?" Judge McCrary asked.

"No," said Gideon. "I don't want them to represent me. I DO NOT WANT THEM." (The court reporter who transcribed the conference used capital letters.)

The judge excused Simon and Block, but he also made it clear that under no circumstances did he want Gideon to try his own case again. Did Gideon have money to hire a lawyer? No. Was there a local lawyer whom Gideon would like to have appointed to represent him? There was—a lawyer named W. Fred Turner, who was well known in Panama City.

"For the record," Judge McCrary said quickly, "I am going to appoint Mr. Fred Turner to represent this defendant."

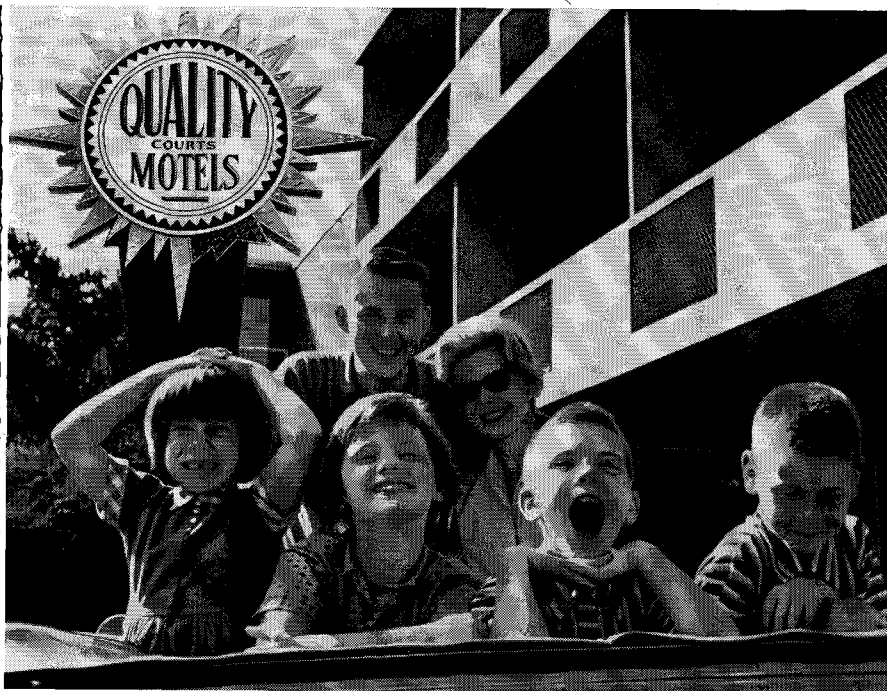
A moment later, Judge McCrary advised Gideon to get in touch with his new lawyer to file any motions he desired.

"I want to file my own motions," Gideon said. "If this is to be a matter of just sending me back to the penitentiary, I want to do it my way."

Gideon pulled from his hip pocket two crumpled pages, typewritten and single-spaced. These set forth his motions. Judge McCrary asked Gideon to read them to the court reporter. The motions were full of legalistic language, and Gideon seemed to have some trouble reading them. They made two main points—that a new trial was barred both by the rule against double jeopardy and by Florida's two-year statute of limitations on his alleged crime. (The statute of limitations does not apply when an appeal results in a new trial.)

Judge McCrary said he would rule on the motions later. Then he set a new trial date, August 5th—just a month away. He offered to free Gideon on a thousand dollars' bail, but Gideon could not raise it. He went back to the penitentiary.

On July 12th, Turner wrote to Judge McCrary asking that the trial be postponed for three weeks. He said there were "many, many legal problems" in this case—a case once considered so



Families have more fun at a Quality Courts Motel

The first thing fun-loving families look for when they travel in the United States and Canada is a sunburst sign. It tells them they're going to get all the famous Quality Courts extras—swimming pool, room telephones, free TV, air conditioning, baby cribs, free ice, dining facilities, wall-to-wall carpeting, free guaranteed phone-ahead reservations. American Express and Diners' Club cards honored. Write for free directory of 550 motels, including rates, to Quality Courts Motels, Executive Offices, Daytona Beach, Florida.

®Quality Courts and the sunburst emblem are trademarks of Quality Courts Motels, Inc. Note: franchises are now available in selected areas throughout the United States and Canada.



This is The Regency.

The European concept of a great hotel: elegance, individuality, warmth, service, service, and service. Can a new hotel fulfill this concept? Yes, say those who have stayed at the Regency.

The Regency Hotel

PARK AVENUE AT 61ST STREET • NEW YORK 21 • PLAZA 9-4100 • PIERRE BULTINCK, MANAGING DIRECTOR

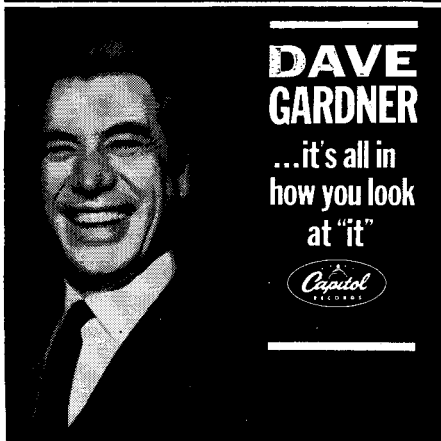


Taking the plunge in necklines with much fashion impact, our lightweight lacy knit sweater, mohair 75%, wool 25%, in these six great colors: pink, aqua, tangerine-peach, yellow, white or coffee bean. Sizes 34 to 40, designed for us by SPORTEMPOS—

mail orders please add 50c to
Helen Caro, Box 136, Wyncote, Pa.

Recorded in Concert!

This brilliant Southern humorist at his hilarious best. Why wait to start laughing? Get it today.



Exclusively on  (S) T2055

Sky Lodge and motel

"Luxury In The Rough" AAA

You'll love the informal atmosphere at this fine resort. 22 rooms in lodge and motel, each with private bath. All resort activities—swimming pool, golf, fishing. Excellent food, cocktail lounge. 2 miles N. of Jackman. Private airstrip adjoins.
E. R. Landgraf — Moose River, Maine

simple that the defendant could be required to make his own defense in it on a few minutes' notice. Judge McCrary refused the postponement. Then, on August 1st, he denied a series of motions presented by Turner—including Gideon's—to dismiss the prosecution. Observers thought that Gideon appeared pleased by the denial and was looking forward to the new trial. Judge McCrary warned him not to interfere with Turner or try to take over his own defense.

The courthouse in Panama City is a large brick building, painted yellow, with white columns from which some of the paint and plaster have peeled, to show the bricks inside. It stands on a rather seedy square set with palms. The courtroom, a simple, good-looking room with pale-green walls, seats about a hundred and fifty people. It is air-conditioned—a virtual necessity in Panama City in August. Gideon's new trial began promptly at 9 A.M. on August 5th. Judge McCrary was an unawesome figure in his robes, being informal and gracious, though decisive when necessary. The prosecution table was just in front of the bench. The original prosecutor, Assistant State Attorney William E. Harris, sat there again. But this time his boss was there, too—the State Attorney for that circuit, J. Frank Adams—and so was another Assistant State Attorney, J. Paul Griffith. The prosecutors seemed confident.

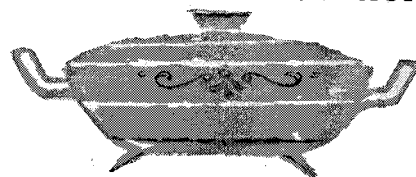
A jury of six is ordinarily used in Florida. There was a panel of twenty-eight men in the courtroom—all white. ("They just don't call any Negroes," a local newspaperman said.) Six of them were asked to come forward and sit in the jury box to be questioned for possible prejudice. Harris examined them first, and then Turner examined them, excusing two, without explanation. (He said later, privately, that he had gone over the whole jury list in advance—"You've got to know who they are, what they think"—and had excused these two because he knew that one of them didn't like alcohol and the other was "a convict.")

The jury was sworn just before ten. In a two-minute opening statement, Harris said the state expected to prove that Gideon had broken into the Bay Harbor Poolroom through a rear window, since a witness had seen him inside and in an alley after leaving. Turner waived his right to make an opening statement.

Henry Cook was the first witness to take the stand. He turned out to be a sallow-faced youth of twenty-two, with greasy black hair in a pompadour and

NEAT WITH MEATBALLS...

SUPERB WITH STROGANOFF



BERTOLLI CHIANTI CLASSICO

IMPORTED FROM ITALY

Costs a little more but well worth it —because it's the softest, mellowest Chianti you can buy!



Sole Distributor U.S.A. Munson G. Shaw Co., N.Y.

THE MCGUIRE SISTERS

are the threesome in the

PERSIAN ROOM

April 22-May 19

Performances at 9 and 12:15

For a lovely evening, call



PL 9-3000

THE PLAZA

HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

IN 50 U.S. STATES & CANADA FARM VACATIONS

Recommended farms & ranches extend warmest hospitality. Adults \$45, Children \$30 average. Farm-size meals • Fishing • Riding • Swimming • Bowling • Cow-milking • Hunting. Also, housekeeping cottages. Established 80pg. Guide gives reservation info, descriptions, photos. Send \$1 to:

FARM VACATION SERVICE

Dept. L, 36 E. 57 St., N.Y.C. 10022



Perez Blanco's

Liborio

Exotic Latin Cuisine

Luncheon • Dinner • Supper

Spanish Revue Nightly

150 West 47th Street • JU 2-6188



long sideburns. Under Harris's questioning, he told the same story he had told at the first trial: that he had come back to Bay Harbor from a dance in Apalachicola, sixty miles away, at five-thirty that morning and had spotted Gideon inside the poolroom; that he had followed Gideon down the alley to a telephone booth, then back to the poolroom; and that Gideon's pockets had bulged.

Turner began his cross-examination by asking who had driven Cook back from Apalachicola that night. Cook had trouble remembering, but he said the car was "an old-model Chevrolet."

"Why did they put you off two blocks from your home when they'd driven you sixty miles?" Turner asked.

Cook mumbled an inaudible answer, then repeated it: "I was going to hang around there till the poolroom opened up—seven o'clock."

In answer to another question, Cook said that the last drinks he had had that night were "about two beers at midnight."

A few minutes later, Turner went back to the question of why Cook and his friends had stopped outside the poolroom, and indicated his reason for asking. "Mr. Cook," he said, "did you go into the Bay Harbor Poolroom?"

"No, sir."

"Did you get a six-pack of beer?"

"No, sir."

Turner led Cook through a detailed description of the geography of Bay Harbor and the poolroom, indicating an intimate acquaintance with it himself. (He had gone to look it over.) Weren't there some advertising boards in the front window? How could Cook have seen past them and spotted Gideon, as he claimed? Weren't the windows on the alley too high to see through?

"You did not call the police then or later," Turner said. It was as much a comment as a question.

"That's right."

"Ever been convicted of a felony?"

"No, sir, not convicted. I stole a car and was put on probation."

That answer set off a long wrangle between the lawyers. At the first trial, Gideon had asked whether Cook had ever been convicted of a felony, and Cook had answered, "No, sir, never have." Turner now said that that was a false answer, reflecting on Cook's character and his credibility as a witness. State Attorney Adams popped up and said that it was not necessarily false, because Cook had evidently pleaded guilty and that was not the same as being "convicted." Turner said that it was the same. There was a suggestion that the

"Who could ask for anything more convenient than an automatic record changer?"

"YOU SHOULD."



The new Revere Stereo Cartridge System changes tapes automatically... and gives you full, rich, unmatched fidelity of music-on-tape! Makes recordings, too! Simply stack the cartridges and touch a button—this amazing instrument threads, plays, changes tapes automatically. Up to 15 hours of unattended stereo music. Choose from a wide variety of pre-recorded tapes, or record your own music from any sound source. See for yourself... at your nearest Revere dealers.

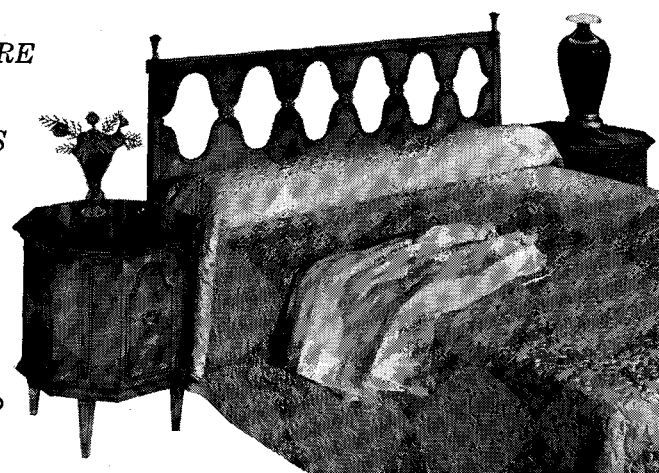
Revere-Wollensak Division 3M
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA 55119

ROMWEBER

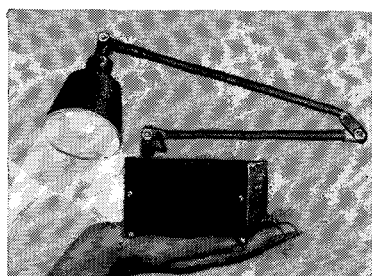
**FURNITURE
OF
TIMELESS
BEAUTY**

WRITE FOR
FREE
BROCHURE:
ROMWEBER,
BATESVILLE, IND

305 E. 63 ST.
NEW YORK 21,
NEW YORK



CHICAGO DALLAS LOS ANGELES ST. LOUIS BATESVILLE



HIGH INTENSITY LAMP. Tensor-Lite turns 360°; adjusts up, down, High-Low switch. Folded, 10x2½x2½" Light beige. 17.50

Hammacher Schlemmer
145 East 57th Street, New York, N.Y.

your next move...

Dinner
AT THE ELEGANT
RITZ RESTAURANT
IN THE
Carlton House
Madison Ave. at 61st St.

Private Suites for Social functions
For reservations call TE 8-3000

Operated by the Ritz Carlton Hotel Co., Inc.

camp or



ranch riding

Wherever your youngsters ride, they'll ride comfortably in expertly tailored attire, cut to prevent chafing and saddle sores. The prompt, expert attention given to each order (mail, phone or store visit) is the reason so many camps suggest Miller's for complete outfitting... this plus our large selection and sensible prices is the reason parents insist on Miller's. Send to Dept. N-2 for your free copy of Miller's camp riding folder.

MILLER'S 123 E. 24 ST. N.Y. 10 - DR 7/0800

Ceylon Isle of Delight



Vest pocket wonderland of Asia where colorful Kandyan Dancers, palm fringed beaches, coral gardens, cities half as old as time and spectacular festivals add to your pleasure.

Don't miss CEYLON on your trip around the world — it's so INEXPENSIVE.

Ask your Travel Agent or write to: Ceylon Embassy, 2148 Wyoming Avenue, N.W., Washington 8, D.C., or Ceylon Government Tourist Office, Colombo 1, Ceylon.

SUEDES CLEANED & RECONDITIONED LEATHERS

COATS • JACKETS • GLOVES • HANDBAGS
Cleaned, Reconditioned . . . Like New All Over Again! Bring-in, Mail or Call for U.P. Pick-Up Svc.
Send for Home Supply Of Miracle Leather Cleaner "LEATHERCRAFT" @ \$1.25 ppd.

LEATHERCRAFT PROCESS OF AMERICA INC.
62 W. 56th St. W. of 5th Ave., N.Y.C. • JU 6-3737

plea might have been made in a juvenile court, where there are no formal convictions. Finally, the judge allowed this exchange, which closed the cross-examination:

TURNER: Have you ever denied being convicted of a felony?

COOK: Yes, sir.

TURNER: When and where did you deny your criminal record?

COOK: Right here—at his last trial.

TURNER: That's all.

On redirect examination, Harris got Cook to say that at the first trial he had not understood the question about a felony. Turner moved to strike this testimony, saying, "I don't think this should go to the jury with any excuses or any embellishments. . . . I don't care if he's ignorant of the law or I am, that still doesn't change the spots on the leopard. He's a convicted felon." Judge McCrary let Cook's explanation stand, but Turner had impressed the jury with Cook's record.

The prosecution's second witness was Ira Strickland, Jr., the man who had operated the Bay Harbor Poolroom. Strickland, who was twenty-nine years old but quite bald, was no longer in the poolroom business. Now he was a stock clerk. Adams questioned him, going into much greater detail about the poolroom and Gideon's relationship to it than anyone had at the first trial. Had Gideon worked for Strickland? He had helped out sometimes, but he had never been on the payroll. Was Gideon authorized to be in the poolroom on the morning of the third day of June, 1961? No.

On cross-examination, Turner asked Strickland whether other persons had not operated the poolroom for him.

"Occasionally."

"Didn't the defendant ever operate it?"

"Well, occasionally."

There was no further explanation.

Turner pressed Strickland to be precise about what he missed from the poolroom when he arrived that morning, but Strickland said he could not be.

"Are you sure there was money in that cigarette machine?" Turner asked, in reference to the night before.

"Yes."

"How can you be sure?"

"I bought a pack myself."

Shortly before noon, Judge McCrary recessed the trial for lunch. Afterward, the state called Duell Pitts, the detective who had arrested Gideon in 1961. Like the other prosecution witnesses, he seemed to have no animus toward Gideon; indeed, he spoke about him rather gently. Pitts testified on di-

Oil and Gas Exploration Program

\$2,400,000

**of Participating Interests
Clinton Oil Company
1964 Oil and Gas Program**

We invite you to participate in an oil and gas exploration program wherein you acquire direct ownership interest in oil and gas leases and in drilling wells. \$10,000 per unit; minimum participation one unit.

**CLINTON
OIL COMPANY**
Wichita, Kansas

Temporary sales office:
Suite 795, The Waldorf-Astoria
New York City EL 5-3000

Offering is made only by the Prospectus and in states where the Agreement may lawfully be offered. Prospectus available on request by writing R. P. Clinton, President, Clinton Oil Company, 6810 West Highway 54, Wichita, Kansas.

R

Seasoned travelers say:
In New Orleans choose
THE ROOSEVELT

Why? More than \$3,000,000 has been spent in the past two years to refurbish and redecorate this world famous hotel. Here is every concept of modern comfort plus the spacious rooms and gracious charm of the Old South. 100% air-conditioned. Five dining rooms, superb cuisine, free garage, family plan rates. Convenient to everything. For reservations, contact:

The ROOSEVELT HOTEL
New Orleans, La. 70140
Phone 529-7111

Seymour Weiss, Pres. & Mgn. Dir.
A. C. Bellande, Mgr.

Los Travales de España

Shows 9 & 12
Sats.: 9-12-2 A.M.

LUNCH-DINNER-SUPPER
CHATEAU MADRID

42 WEST 58th ST. • PL 3-3773

HOUSE FOR SALE

MODERN ESTATE, Fairfield County. Contemporary Oriental house seen on TV "Person to Person." Pool, bowling alley, 5 to 50 acres ideal for investment, development. Low taxes. Brokers protected. For brochure, write G. M. Loeb, 42nd floor, 1 Chase Manhattan Plaza, or call John Garcia, 212 WH-4-2100

rect examination that he had been called by the policeman who discovered the break-in, that he had got Gideon's name from Cook, and that he had arrested Gideon in a downtown Panama City bar the same morning.

Under cross-examination, Pitts produced some notes he had taken on what Strickland had told him was missing from the poolroom that morning—four fifths of wine, twelve bottles of Coca-Cola, twelve cans of beer, about five dollars from the cigarette machine, and sixty dollars from the jukebox.

Then Turner asked a question that boomeranged: "When you arrested Clarence Earl Gideon that morning, how much money did he have on him?"

"Twenty-five dollars and twenty-eight cents in quarters, nickels, dimes, and a few pennies," Pitts answered.

On redirect examination, that damning point was reemphasized. "This twenty-five dollars and twenty-eight cents—he had no bills?"

"Not that I remember."

Preston Bray, a cabdriver whom Gideon had telephoned on the morning of the crime and who had driven him downtown, testified that Gideon had paid him with six quarters. He said Gideon had told him, "If anyone asks you where you left me off, you don't know; you haven't seen me."

On cross-examination, however, he said that Gideon had told him the same thing on other occasions.

"Do you know why?"

"I understand it was his wife—he had trouble with his wife."

There were these further exchanges between Turner and Bray:

Q. What was his condition as to sobriety?

A. What's that?

Q. Was he drunk or sober?

A. He was sober.

Q. Did he have any wine on him?

A. No, sir.

Q. Any beer?

A. No, sir.

Q. Any Coca-Cola?

A. No, sir.

Q. Did his pockets bulge?

A. No, sir.

There was another question by the prosecution here, on redirect examination:

Q. How did you know his pockets didn't bulge?

A. He was wearing a regular sports coat, and it didn't bulge.

That was the prosecution's case.

The jury was sent out, and Turner moved for a directed verdict of acquittal—a verdict by the judge—on the ground that the evidence went only to show Gideon in the poolroom, not



Italy's favorite drink.



America's favorite imported wine.

Bolla

EXCLUSIVE U.S. IMPORTER: FONTANA HOLLYWOOD CORPORATION, NEW YORK 13, N.Y.



The Playing Cards That Won't Blow Away!



Steel playing cards that handle and play like any fine quality cards, plus magnetic board. Make outdoor card-playing a pleasure instead of a steeplechase. Board, card tray and one deck of red cards, \$10.00. Extra red or green decks, \$3.00.

\$10⁰⁰
(20" x 20")

Available at Bloomingdale's, Lexington at 59th. EL 5-5900.
Also at Bergen County, Fresh Meadows, New Rochelle and Stamford.

Mail and phone orders filled for \$3.01 or more, exclusive of tax where required. Outside delivery area, add 90¢. A 35¢ charge on each C.O.D. Write Bloomingdale's, Box 1553, Grand Central, New York 22, N. Y.

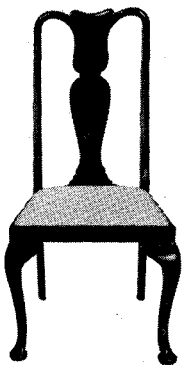
SINGING SPREE
NIGHTLY ★
SHOW TUNES ★
OPERA
Superb Italian Cuisine
Steaks & Chops
Closed Sundays

BIANCHI AND MARGHERITA
186 W. 4th St. • Bet. 6th & 7th Aves.
CH 2-2756 • OR 5-9852

JAPANESE RESTAURANT

Saito

TEMPURA BAR • TATAMI ROOMS
Cocktail Lounge • Private Banquet Rooms
131 W. 52 St., Bet. 6th & 7th Aves. JU 2-7809



QUEEN ANNE

from our
large collection
of English and
French dining chairs

A meticulously crafted replica of one of the finest Queen Anne chairs we have seen. Reproduced from the museum original, in the mellow luxury of old mahogany; and covered in lush Scalmandré silks. Gracious, comfortable chairs that are at home around a dining table, card table or as occasional chairs. Arm Chair 24" wide, 42" high; Side Chair 19 3/4" wide, 41" high.

side chair **\$135 ea.** arm chair **\$165 ea.**

F.O.B. New York City. Add \$8 per chair crating charge beyond normal delivery area.

There's no other shop like Lloyds in New York. For here, is one of the few places that you take your own sweet time to browse through a wonderful collection of fine antique and reproduction furniture, decorative accessories, and estate pieces. Here, your own sense of good taste and value can lead you to the pieces that you'd like to live with.

NEW 64 PAGE CATALOGUE \$1.00

LLOYDS

116 EAST 60th ST., N. Y. 22, N. Y., PL 9-7313

"One of the half dozen authors of first rank in America today."

—SUSAN SONTAG (NY Times)

JOHN HAWKES Second Skin

"Second Skin is Hawkes' best novel, a magnificent work of the imagination. The pleasures of the story are profuse and exciting."

—BERNARD MALAMUD

Clothbound, \$4.00 Paperbook, \$1.60

A NEW DIRECTIONS BOOK

333 Sixth Avenue, New York City 14



ASTI

ITALIAN AMERICAN CUISINE

Join the stars of Musicals and Opera in gay singing nightly—everything from "Pagliacci to Tin Pan Alley."

13 E. 12th ST. • CH 2-9868

breaking into it. He might have walked in after someone else had made the break-in.

Judge McCrary listened politely and said without hesitation, "The motion will be denied. Call the jury back."

Turner's first witness was one who had not appeared in the case before—J. D. Henderson, owner of a grocery store in Bay Harbor. Between eight and nine on the morning of June 3, 1961, he said, Henry Cook had come into his store and said "the law had picked him up for questioning" about the break-in.

"Picked who up?" Turner asked, with an air of mock disbelief.

"Henry Cook."

Henderson said that Cook told him about seeing someone in the poolroom but that he was "not sure who it was," and that "he said, 'It looked like Mr. Gideon.'" That statement, if it had been made by Cook, was much less positive than his subsequent testimony.

On cross-examination, Harris asked whether Henderson had ever had "any trouble with Henry Cook."

"No."

"Does he owe you any money?"

"He owes a grocery bill, forty-one dollars, for almost a year."

The second, and last, witness for the defense was Clarence Earl Gideon. Turner questioned him:

Q. On the morning of June 3, 1961, did you break and enter the Bay Harbor Poolroom?

A. No, sir.

Q. What was the purpose of your going into town?

A. To get another drink.

Q. Where'd you get the money?

A. I gambled.

Q. What kind of games?

A. Mostly rummy.

Q. Did you ever gamble with Henry Cook?

A. Sure, I gambled with all those boys.

Q. Did you have any wine with you?

A. I don't drink wine.

Q. Any beer? Any Coke?

A. No.

Q. What did you purchase in town?

A. I didn't purchase nothin' except somethin' to drink.

Q. That's what I mean. What did you purchase to drink?

A. Four or five beers, and I bought a half pint of vodka.

Q. What do you say about this charge that you broke and entered the pool hall?

A. I'm not guilty of it—I know nothing about it.

On cross-examination, Harris asked where Gideon was employed at the time.

"I wasn't employed. I was gambling," Gideon said.

There was a long exploration of when Gideon had last held a regular job. Then there were some questions



Bluebeard's Castle

ST. THOMAS • U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

Your hilltop paradise plus swimming pool, tennis courts, 300-year-old tower commanding Charlotte Amalie's sky-blue Harbor. Completely air conditioned rooms and Pirate's Parlour for cocktails and dancing, calypso. Cuisine real American, specialties West Indian. Bluebeard's own Beach Club with breeze-cool studio-rooms, dining, cocktail bar right on mile-long white sand shore. Be a V.I. Pirate!

Color folders from TRAVEL AGENTS or
LEONARD HICKS, JR. INC.

532 Madison Avenue, New York MU 8-0123
Atlanta • Chicago • Detroit • Miami
Toronto • Washington, D. C.

THE NEW

Edwin O'Connor

NOVEL

I WAS DANCING

"The season's gem
...by the country's
finest writer."

—Cleveland
Amory

\$4.75
ATLANTIC-
LITTLE,
BROWN

room setting exhibits

NEW Ideas For Home Decor

ideas that shape next decades "musts"
on display...to see...to feel...to sense

COMPLETE INFORMATION LIBRARY AVAILABLE



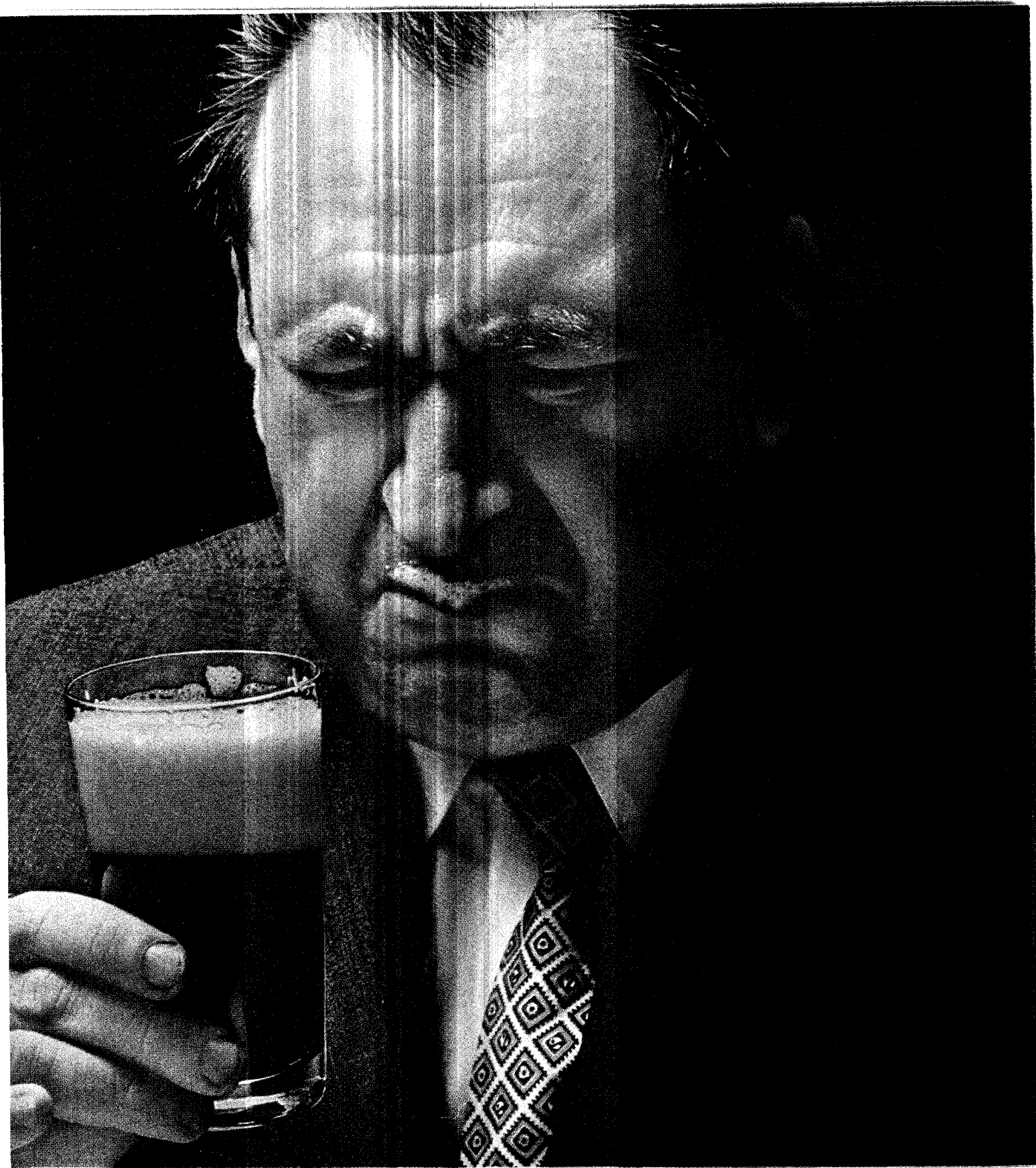
NATIONAL DESIGN CENTER

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

415 EAST 53rd STREET NEW YORK 22, NEW YORK 300 NORTH STATE STREET MARINA CITY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

OPEN FREE TO THE PUBLIC MONDAY THRU SUNDAY 10:30-5:30



HE HATES CAVIAR, TOO!

Nothing fancy about him. He's just plain Bill. Honest, hardworking and happy with his three squares a day. But you'd never make him an honorary member of gourmet society. Black olives, truffles, pâté de foie gras, venison? They're not part of *his* chow. So when it comes to brews, Guinness doesn't figure. The brisk, bright, not-quite-sweet, not-quite-sour, malty, winery flavor is

wasted on him. But gourmets love it. It takes more than one hearing to enjoy Beethoven's Ninth. It takes more than one bottle to enjoy Guinness's Stout. But it's a pleasure that grows and grows. Isn't it significant that though very few like Guinness when they first try it, it's the world's largest beer export, now selling in a hundred and thirty-nine countries?


IMPORTED BY HEUBLEIN FOOD IMPORTING CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When It's Hot



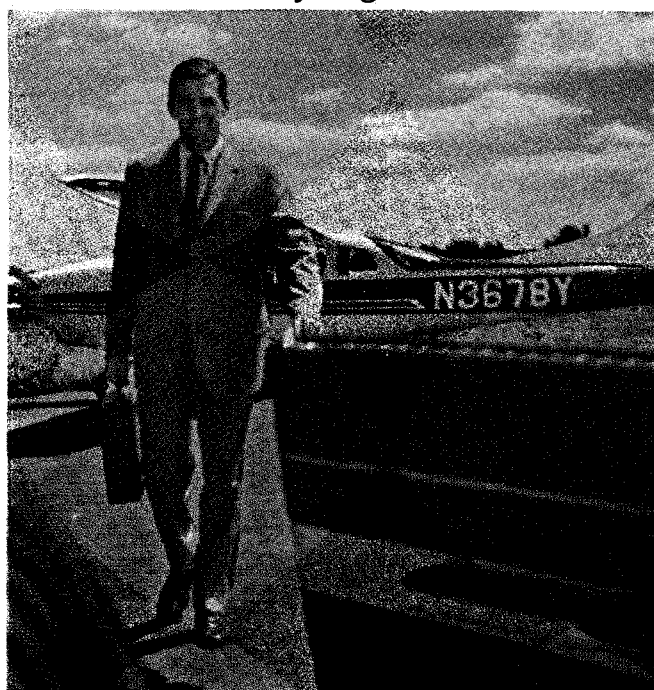
Pebble Stripes...



airy light...



Gant oxford...



strictly business

New: a soft-spoken expression in broad-stripings. Well disciplined zephyr weight oxford. Elbow length sleeves. Like all Gant shirts, Pebble Stripes has élan in a gentlemanly manner. In stripes of burgundy, blue or green. About \$7 at discerning stores. For one nearest you, write Gant Shirtmakers, New Haven, Connecticut.

GANT

SHIRTMAKERS

about Gideon's gambling, which he answered with a puzzled air, as if he were bewildered at Harris's failure to understand.

Q. Why did you have all that money in coins?

A. I've had as much as a hundred dollars in my pockets in coins.

Q. Why?

A. Have you ever run a poker game?

Q. You would carry a hundred dollars in coins around for a couple of days at a time?

A. Yes, sir, I sure wouldn't leave it in a room at the Bay Harbor Hotel.

Q. Did you play rummy that night?

A. No—I was too busy drinking.

Q. Have you ever been convicted or pled guilty to a felony?

A. Yes, five times, including this one.

At 2:40 P.M., the testimony was all in. Judge McCrary recessed the trial and called the lawyers and Gideon into his chambers to discuss how he should charge the jury. The lawyers wrangled over how much time they would have for closing arguments. Judge McCrary settled it by allowing each side forty-five minutes. Neither used that much.

For the state, Assistant Prosecutor Griffith made a straightforward closing argument, summarizing the testimony without dramatics.

In his closing argument, Turner was the model of the practiced criminal lawyer, dramatic but not too dramatic. His argument focussed on Henry Cook. "This probationer has been out at a dance drinking beer," he said scornfully. "He does a peculiar thing [when he supposedly sees Gideon inside the poolroom]. He doesn't call the police, he doesn't notify the owner, he just walks to the corner and walks back [as Cook had testified].... What happened to the beer and the wine and the Cokes? I'll tell you—it was left there in that old-model Chevrolet. The beer ran out at midnight in Apalachicola.... Why was Cook walking back and forth? I'll give you the explanation: He was the lookout." Having accused Cook and his friends of actually committing the crime, Turner spoke about the defendant. "Gideon's a gambler, and he'd been drinking whiskey," he said. "I submit to you that he did just what he said that morning—he walked out of his hotel and went to the telephone booth [to call the cab].... Cook saw him, and here was a perfect answer for Cook. He names Gideon."

Then Harris delivered a rebuttal to Turner. "Twenty-five dollars' worth of change—that's a lot to carry in your pocket," he said. "But Mr. Gideon carried a hundred dollars' worth of change in his pocket." He paused and raised his eyebrows. "Do you believe



Dubonnet—the man's drink!

VAN HEFLIN, celebrated star of stage, screen and television, appreciates the "touch of Paris" in every drop of Dubonnet.



DUBONNET APERITIF WINE, PRODUCT OF U.S.A., ©1964 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y.C.

SUBSCRIPTION

ORDER FORM



THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET • NEW YORK 36, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to The New Yorker, payment for which is enclosed.

☐ ONE YEAR—\$8 ☐ TWO YEARS—\$13.50

(Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions:

Canada, Latin America and Spain—\$1.00 per year;

Other foreign—\$3.00 per year.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

(Please include postal zone number)



TOP O'THE HILL

... where a breeze that knows no season playfully whips the folds of a china skirt and layers of pleated petticoats. Many collectors claim that this is the loveliest of all the Royal Doulton figurines. Do you know someone who will love it too? 7" high... \$38.50

ROYAL DOULTON



Send 25¢ for collectors book #8 of famous Royal Doulton figurines and jugs in color. Write Doulton & Co., Inc., Dept. 16N, 11 E. 26th St., New York 10, N.Y.

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

Secrets of Hollywood and Broadway lurk behind **THE Misty Curtain**

By **LUCY CORES**

"I did like it very much indeed....Well written...a delight." —PHYLLIS MCGINLEY.

\$3.95

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

Tonight's the night to read
THE NIGHT IS FOR MUSIC
by
George Selcamm



A searching novel of a strangely disturbing summer on Cape Cod.
\$3.95

NORTON

that? ... There's no evidence here that Cook and his friends took this beer and wine."

The jury went out at four-twenty, after a colorless charge by the judge, including the point of "reasonable doubt," which Turner had forecast.

At five-twenty-five, the jurors filed in, and the court clerk read their verdict. It was "Not Guilty."

"So say you all?" asked Judge McCrary.

The jurors nodded.

Judge McCrary had written of Gideon's first trial, "In my opinion, he did as well as most lawyers could have done in handling his case." But Gideon had not done as well as Fred Turner had. He did not have Turner's training or knowledge of the community, nor had he been able to prepare the case as Turner had, because he had been in prison before his trial. Turner had spent three full days interviewing witnesses and exploring the case. He had also gone out in Cook's back yard and picked pears with Cook's mother to see what he could find out about the prosecution's star witness. Actually, Turner knew a good deal about Cook, because he had twice been Cook's lawyer—no great coincidence in a small town like Panama City. He had represented Cook in a divorce action and defended him, successfully, against a charge of leading a drunk out of the Bay Harbor Poolroom, beating him up, and robbing him of a dollar and ninety-eight cents.

After nearly two years in the state penitentiary, Gideon was a free man. There were tears in his eyes and he trembled as he stood in a circle of well-wishers and discussed his plans. He was moving to Tallahassee, where he was going to stay with a friend. First, though, he would pay a last, triumphant visit to the Bay Harbor Poolroom. Could someone let him have a few dollars? Someone could.

"Do you feel you accomplished something?" a newspaper reporter asked him in the courtroom.

"Well, I did," said Gideon.

—ANTHONY LEWIS

(This is the last of a series of articles.)

Miss Diane Fraser from Cheticamp is presently visiting friends and relatives here.

Miss Diane Fraser from Cheticamp is presently visiting friends and relatives here.

Miss Diane Fraser from Cheticamp is presently visiting friends and relatives here.—*Truro (Nova Scotia) Victoria Inverness Bulletin.*

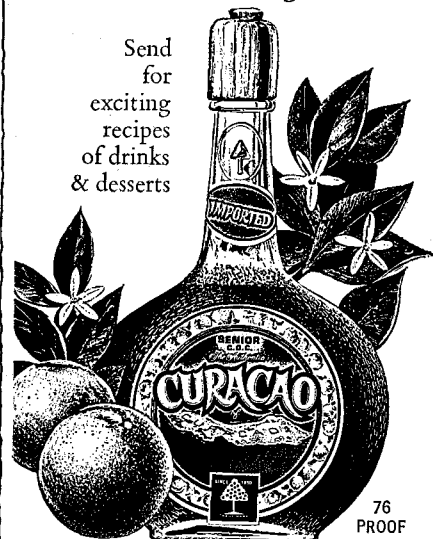
We won't argue with you.

SENIOR'S

CURACAO of CURACAO

The imported orange liqueur. From Curacao, Dutch West Indies. The only one made exclusively of the rare breed of orange grown nowhere in the world but this isle, where the whole delicious idea began.

Send for exciting recipes of drinks & desserts



JULES BERMAN & ASSOCIATES, INC.
9025 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif.

Seth Starkadder
a lamb in wolf's clothing, always busiest during the mating season down at

COLD COMFORT FARM

a novel by Stella Gibbons, with illustrations by Saxon.
"An admirable spoof."
—N.Y. Herald Tribune

\$4.50 DELACORTE PRESS

SEND TODAY FOR COLORFUL BROCHURE

Deer park Lodge

WISCONSIN'S FINEST RESORT

MANITOWISH WATERS, WISCONSIN

In the heart of Wisconsin's beautiful Vilas County

AAA

FRENCH CUISINE 112 EAST 52 ST/PL 3-1447

Le Manoir

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Time Past

PHOTOGRAPHS are said to preserve the past, but of course they do no such thing; they merely give us the means, more accurate-seeming but less trustworthy than written records, of composing—nearly always unconsciously—a past appropriate to our needs. So far is it from being the case that the camera cannot lie that one might much more reasonably argue that it cannot tell the truth; what it depicts is what we see it as depicting, which is to say that the mechanical camera's eye is at the mercy of eyes that are at the mercy of emotions, and in the enormous scrapbook of photographs that mankind has been accumulating for a hundred and fifty years now, each generation manages to discover in a single immutable likeness of a certain time and place a likeness different from that discovered by any other generation. Studying Brady's photographs of the Civil War, our grandfathers would surely have fixed their attention, as Brady did, on the then fresh horror of all those crumpled young bodies in the foreground; the fields, woods, stone walls, and dusty roads among which the bodies lay would have been too familiar to be worth their notice. For us, however, though the carnage remains only a little less terrible to behold than it was, the background landscape has assumed an extraordinary importance—has even taken on, despite the presence of the dead, a nostalgic charm. For such a landscape is largely lost to us, both as a reality in a United States six times as populous as it was during the Civil War and as a symbol of that pastoral innocence which, whether it ever existed, we enjoy mourning the loss of, and which is so readily brought to mind by any nineteenth-century rural scene.

Now, if still photographs of actual events prove so unstable a means of recapturing the past, what are we to make of the attempt on the part of movies to pretend to return to a past earlier than their own invention, giving us in a form that we know to be a fiction what appears to be the real thing? The attempt should fail, but every now and then, outrageously, it succeeds; flying full in the face of common sense, it convinces us that for once we've been shown things exactly as they were—that by openly telling a lie the camera has contrived to tell the truth. This is the unexpected triumph of an Italian



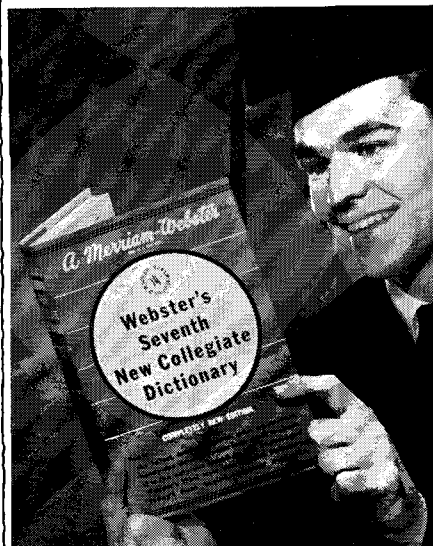
movie called "The Organizer," which, in a modest and scrupulous quasi-documentary style, purports to render an account of life among the textile workers of Turin in the closing years of the last century. Obviously, I oughtn't to have been able to believe a bit of it, and I believed it all; every foot of film must

have been the most cunningly calculated make-believe, and every foot of it struck me as authentic. It's a sad, beautiful picture, as well as a naïve and old-fashioned one, and I came away from it not altogether understanding the source of its power to move me. Let me show you, it says, in the quietest possible tone of voice, how hard life was and how nearly hopeless the struggle for social justice used to seem. Here are a few hundred workers, desperately impoverished and oppressed. Most of them are unable to read and write. They work fourteen hours a day in the mill, and the accident rate is so high that a fifth of them will be laid off, without compensation, as unemployable cripples. A group of them makes an ill-planned effort to frighten management into improving conditions. Nothing comes of the effort, and at that moment there arrives in town a slovenly, bespectacled ex-professor who has given up his life to the labor movement. He encourages the workers to strike the mill and to stay on strike as their food and fuel run low; for the first time in Turin's history, labor dares to stand up against management, and management is aghast. Rich, imperious, unprincipled, it will never give in to this "Socialist" conspiracy, and in the end, because "The Organizer" is so nearly like the genuine article, the strike is brutally broken and the starved workers return to the mill. Nothing appears to have been gained, but for as long as the struggle continued the workers felt the astonishment of hope; defeat will prove less important to them than their refusal to despair.

As the distraught and not very manly organizer-professor, Marcello Mastroianni is at once touching and comical; also excellent are Folco Lulli, Renato Salvatori, Bernard Blier, François Périer, and Annie Girardot. The director was Mario Monicelli, and the director of photography was Giuseppe Rotunno. I suppose it's he who deserves credit for the fact that the very grain of the film looks at least seventy years old.

—BRENDAN GILL

Give today's
high school graduate
this key to success
in college...



GIVE WEBSTER'S SEVENTH NEW COLLEGIATE

The new college dictionary that assures accuracy, authority through a massive program of English language research.

WORDS ARE THE KEY to success.

If you want to help today's high school graduate succeed in college or in that first job, give the new Merriam-Webster... required or recommended at schools and colleges everywhere.

This modern handy-size Merriam-Webster has 20,000 new words and meanings... 130,000 entries.

Webster's Seventh New Collegiate is based on a massive program of English-language research: the only one that assures accuracy, authority, completeness based on 10 million records of educated language usage.

For graduation, give Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary. Only \$5.75 — indexed \$6.75 — deluxe bindings to \$15 — at department, book, stationery stores. ©G. & C. Merriam Co. Springfield, Massachusetts 01101.

To be sure you're right — insist on

A Merriam-Webster

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Since 1847

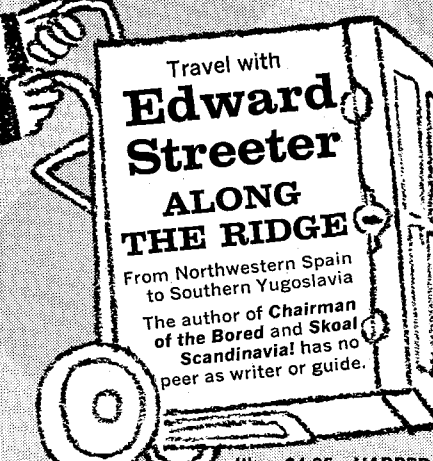
the trusted and authoritative name in dictionaries



**Make mine
an Old Fashioned... and
don't forget the
Angostura
Bitters**

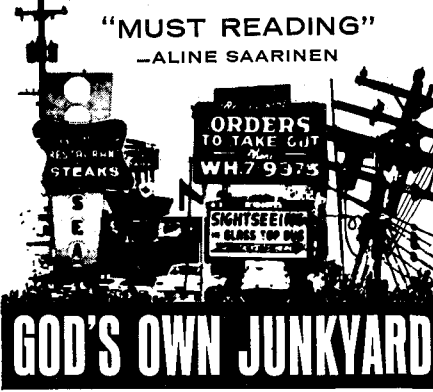
ANGOSTURA®
AROMATIC BITTERS

© T.A.W.C., 1963
The Angostura-Wuppermann Corp., 79-20 Barnwell Ave., Elmhurst 73, N.Y.



Travel with
Edward Streeter
ALONG THE RIDGE
From Northwestern Spain
to Southern Yugoslavia
The author of *Chairman
of the Bored and Skoal
Scandinavia!* has no
peer as writer or guide.

illus. \$4.95 • HARPER



"MUST READING"
—ALINE SAARINEN

GOD'S OWN JUNKYARD
THE PLANNED DETERIORATION OF AMERICA'S LANDSCAPE
By **PETER BLAKE**
illus. • At all bookstores • Cloth, \$4.50 • Paper, \$2.95
HOLT, RINEHART AND WINSTON, INC.

THE RACE TRACK

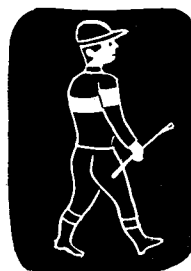
Star from the North

LET me tell you how I feel about Northern Dancer, who, as everybody knows, won the Kentucky Derby by a long neck from Hill Rise on Saturday. After he romped off with the Remsen at Aqueduct last autumn, I predicted that he'd win the Queen's Plate at Woodbine this June. That's how good I thought he was. Now I'll make another prediction: He will win the Preakness Stakes at Pimlico a week from Saturday. I'm not being led off the deep end by the remarkably fast time of the Derby—two minutes flat for the mile and a quarter, the fastest Derby ever run. Rather, I'd say that the shorter distance of the race in Baltimore, which is at a mile and three-sixteenths, will be in his favor, and, what's as much to the point, he probably won't be meeting as many horses as he met at Churchill Downs, and certainly not any better ones.

By any standard, this ninetieth Kentucky Derby was quite a horse race. Twelve three-year-olds went to the post, and the start was the quickest I've seen in years. Royal Shuck, the longest shot in the field (179-1), led as they passed the stand the first time, closely followed by Mr. Brick, who bumped Quadrangle soundly as they came out of the gate, and by Wil Rad, a forlorn California hope, and The Scoundrel. On the clubhouse turn, Mr. Brick slipped into the lead and kept up the headlong pace. At that point, Northern Dancer and Hill Rise were running side by side in the forefront of the second flight. Though Mr. Brick was still burning gas, The Scoundrel moved up to him as they came to the far turn. Meanwhile, Northern Dancer had improved his position steadily, and he joined the leaders in the next furlong. From there on, it was hammer and tongs, with Northern Dancer taking the lead by open daylight as they straightened out for the last quarter. A glance back, however, showed Hill Rise coming up fast. It seemed doubtful that he would catch Northern Dancer, but he made a game try, and as they passed the winning post Northern Dancer had only a neck to spare. Three lengths behind, The Scoundrel beat Roman Brother by a nose for third place; Quadrangle was fifth.

Owned by E. P. Taylor, the leading figure in Canadian racing (he's the

head of three tracks, he owns two breeding farms that would be show places even in Kentucky, and he has bred more King's Plate and Queen's Plate winners than anybody since the heyday of J. E. Seagram, in the nineties), Northern Dancer is the first Canadian-bred colt to win the Derby.



He is a sturdy, jaunty bay, with lots of quality but decidedly on the small side, standing only 15.2 hands, or five feet two. However, if you measure achievement with a cash register instead of a yardstick, you'll agree that he's done all right so far this season, winning five of his six starts—the Flamingo, the

Florida Derby, the Blue Grass Stakes, the Kentucky Derby, and an overnight—and earning \$394,872 in prize money. He has an interesting pedigree, too, being by Nearctic, who is of pure British stock, out of Natalma, a daughter of Native Dancer, whose only defeat was in the 1953 Derby. Horatio Luro, whose methods smack of the Argentine, British, and French schools of training, sent him to the post in fine condition, and Hartack rode him with confidence and judgment.

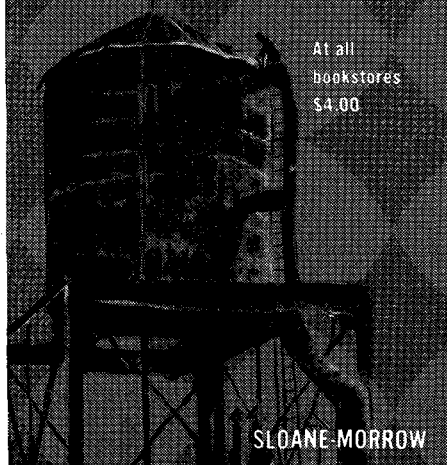
I DARESAY you've heard the excuses for Hill Rise—there are always scads of them for a beaten favorite. Though he may have had a bit of trouble shortly after the start, he went along easily enough with Northern Dancer until they reached the backstretch. Here Northern Dancer began to move, but Hill Rise, for reasons known only to Shoemaker, who rode him, delayed making his bid. When he did make it, he lost lengths on the stretch turn. And I don't believe, as some people said, that he would have beaten Northern Dancer in another furlong. Royal Shuck and Mr. Brick, who always does something unexpected, certainly set a pace that will go down in the records: they did the quarter in 0:22 $\frac{2}{5}$, the half in 0:46, six furlongs in 1:10 $\frac{3}{5}$, and the mile in 1:36. Both finished down the course. Quadrangle seems to be an unlucky horse and Roman Brother a game one. The others are not much.

BECAUSE I popped a splint (in my bad leg, of course) while looking for a twin double, I had to content myself with seeing the Derby on TV—

THE MAN JUST AHEAD OF YOU

ROBERT M. COATES

A new collection of stories by a master of the form, offering an extraordinary variety of mood and subject matter. All were first published in *The New Yorker*.



At all
bookstores
\$4.00

SLOANE MORROW

VERDICT

Suspended

a mystery by
HELEN NIELSEN

"Homicide by person or persons unknown" was the verdict — but for one man it was a goad to discover the truth or untruth of his own suspicions of himself.

At bookstores, \$3.95

MORROW

"One of the most remarkable women of our age — a poet of travel." — LAWRENCE DURRELL

Freya Stark
THE JOURNEY'S ECHO



16 Photos \$4.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

over C.B.S. I was quite content, though, for I escaped the herding around that you get at Churchill Downs. What I missed was the pleasant time I've always had in Lexington, where I like to spend a couple of days before the race. As it was, Jack Drees, my favorite racing announcer, did his usual fine job. The interviews with trainers and jockeys were interesting—especially the ones with Luro and Hartack, who is as articulate as Arcaro. Too bad stay-at-homes can't have something like it from the Big A. The script there hasn't changed in years.

AFTER Ahoy's performance in the Carter Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday, it should be clear that he is the top sprinter in training. Carrying 133 pounds and conceding chunks of weight to his opposition, he led most of the way, winning handily from Red Gar, Beau Purple's handsome younger brother, whom he spotted twenty-one pounds. Gun Bow, to whom he gave only seven, was third. Wiseacres had a notion that the seven furlongs of the Carter might be too far for Ahoy, but he appeared to be going as strong at the end as he was in the first half. One of the starters in the Carter was Chateaugay, last year the winner of the Kentucky Derby and the best of his age. It was his first appearance of the season, and after showing a flash of early speed he dropped out of contention. Sprinting has never been his dish. He was ridden by Baeza, who earlier in the week bought back, for \$100,000, the contract he had made giving Fred Hooper first call on his services. (For more than a fortnight, Baeza had been under a court order obtained by Mr. Hooper that restrained him from riding for any other stable.) Diogenes Checkpoints, my private statistician, says that at that price jockeys seem to be getting into the bracket with ballplayers.

Other items from Aqueduct: Spicy Living, on the shelf for months because of leg trouble, won one division of the 'Bed o' Roses Handicap, and Beauful, a 13-1 shot, won the other. . . . Mongo has gone to Garden State. . . . Because he has only a few horses this year, Alfred Vanderbilt has exchanged barns with Allen Jerkens, who trains a public stable and has a lot.

—AUDAX MINOR

Q. I have a friend called a decorated "whale's tooth." Are these rare?

—Columbus Dispatch.

Certainly not.

The
world's most
beautiful
art books

SKIRA



MODERN PAINTING

Text by Maurice Raynal. With 200 reproductions in full color. Painting • Color • History series. 10 x 13½ inches, clothbound, in slip-case. \$29.50

SKIRA

ART BOOKS

DISTRIBUTED BY

WORLD

For complete list of Skira Art Books, write
THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY
119 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.



It was all quite different

The Memoirs of Vicki Baum
Author of *Grand Hotel*

In memoirs that rank among the most delightful and spirited in modern writing, Vicki Baum takes the reader into the fabulous world of Grand Hotel, to Vienna, Berlin, New York, Hollywood—It Was All Quite Different, all quite wonderful! For Vicki, who died in 1960, the proof of life was in the living. So, too, her autobiography lives with warmth, charm, and irresistible gaiety.

Photographs, April, \$4.95

At all bookstores

FUNK & WAGNALLS

360 Lexington Avenue, New York 10017

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

SOMEONE has hit, killed and run.
Was NO ONE a witness?

Will anyone who saw the accident...

By **JEFFREY ASHFORD**. Anyone looking for excitement will find this "an absorbing story, tautly sustained, rich in characterization."
—HAROLD Q. MASUR. \$3.50

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

What does a man do
when his wife invites his
petite amie to move in?

It happens in the new novel by

P.H. NEWBY
The Barbary
Light

"A rare author... an excellent new novel."—*Time*
\$3.95 / LIPPINCOTT

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A GAZELLE ON THE LAWN, by Douglas Fairbairn (Random House). Mr. Fairbairn's untidy but effective novel traces a series of muted crises in the lives of the landed gentry, old and new, who dominate the exclusive Boston suburb of Coldstream, where people who do not belong to the Hunt Club do not really belong at all. When Tommy Baring, a hysterically ambitious ex-poor boy who has bought his way into Coldstream with his wife's money but still has not made the Hunt Club, finds himself attracted to the pretty Austrian girl who is maid-of-all-work in his household, his perpetual anxiety about himself and his status begins to deepen, yet the burden of the story lies not in Tommy's furtive philandering but in the contrast between him and his nearest friend, Roger Colt. Roger, like Tommy, is a weakling, but a well-meaning one who distracts himself by worrying over everything and everybody, and Roger, unlike Tommy, is a younger member of one of Coldstream's oldest and most solidly established families. This novel does not so much end as fade away, as each of the important figures in the plot grabs what he must have—an illusion of himself that will relieve him forever of the responsibility of facing up to himself. It is a story of compromise, and its eerie effectiveness is due to the author's skill in manipulating a set of figures who are almost identical in their longing to compromise but who remain separate in their separate determinations not to see what has happened to them. The pathetic outsiders (the Austrian girl and a town policeman) do not really enter into what is important in the novel—its successful rendering of an atmosphere where moral order, and even the desire for moral order, is unknown, and where emotional atrophy sets in early. This is Mr. Fairbairn's first full-length novel.



proves, nine times over, that even the dullest human beings are interesting to themselves. A forty-one-year-old woman with a college education reviews her first love affair; an elderly woman scholar grieves over the wreckage of her nephew's life and at the same moment casts

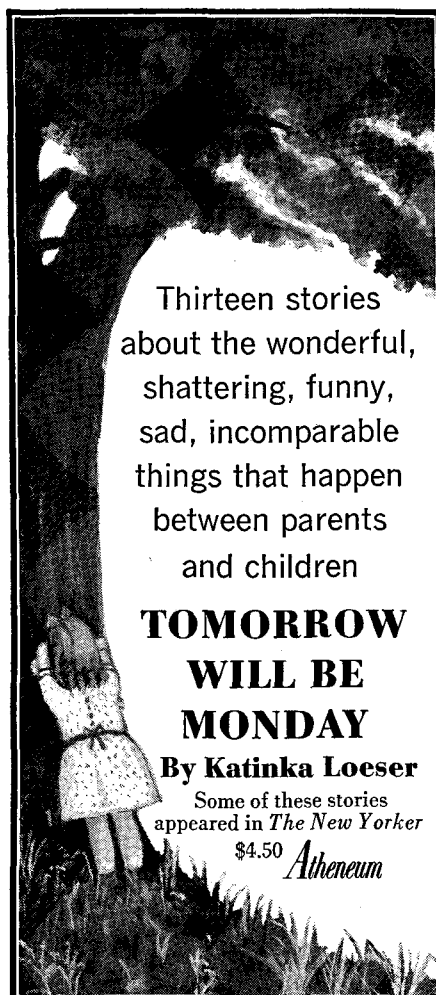
an appraising eye on her latest academic protégé; a middle-aged columnist who fancies himself a rake is forced to admit that at his age there is something to be said for cozy domesticity—and so on. The stories are set mainly in the United States.

THE NIGHT IN LISBON, by Erich Maria Remarque, translated from the German by Ralph Manheim (Harcourt, Brace & World). The scene of this melancholy story of lovers together and apart in wartime is Lisbon in 1942, where a broken-hearted German refugee who calls himself Schwarz tells the story of his life's adventures to a second refugee, a younger man who is still struggling to save his own dream of escape into happiness. Two things are communicated here by Mr. Remarque—the precarious brilliance of life as it is seen by the desperate, and the atrocious weariness engendered by total insecurity. The tone of the writing is passive, but its attitude is furious.

NOTE: "The Man Just Ahead of You," which has been published by Sloane, is a volume of thirteen short stories by Robert M. Coates. All of them first appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

MARK THE GLOVE BOY, by Mark Harris (Macmillan). A professor at a college in San Francisco who was assigned by *Life* to cover Richard Nixon's unsuccessful campaign for the governorship of California in 1962, Mr. Harris tries to present the frightening picture of a man like Mr. Nixon aspiring to major political office. What he manages in fact to present is the disturbing picture of a man like Mr. Harris aspiring to teach the young. Although he constantly assures us that he, unlike Mr. Nixon, is an avid highbrow reader, and although he asserts a desire to have Mr. and Mrs. Nixon in his classroom "for one divine semester,"



Thirteen stories
about the wonderful,
shattering, funny,
sad, incomparable
things that happen
between parents
and children

TOMORROW WILL BE MONDAY

By Katinka Loeser

Some of these stories
appeared in *The New Yorker*

\$4.50 *Atheneum*

WITTY | WICKED

GENE MARKEY's new book

"Women, Women Everywhere"

"WOMEN, WOMEN EVERYWHERE is a delight. I don't believe his name is Markey at all... he is really a Frenchman by the name of Marquis—because nobody but a Frenchman could write so gaily and happily and sensibly about sex."

—FRANK SULLIVAN

AT ALL BOOKSTORES \$4.50



BOBBS-MERRILL

- COCKTAILS
- DINNERS
- SUPPERS
- Continuous Dancing
- 2 Orchestras
- Open 6 days a week
- DINERS CLUB
- AM. EXPRESS

EL MOROCCO

A N.Y. LANDMARK 307 EAST 54 STREET PLAZA 2-5079

The ONLY Guidebook to Castle-Hotels

Our illustrated guidebook CASTLES OF THE OLD WORLD describes hundreds of European castles which offer medieval luxury at surprisingly low rates. Over 100 photos of castles, palaces and chateaux in 11 countries. At better bookshops, or send \$2 to Robert P. Long, 634h Bellmore Ave., East Meadow, N. Y.

and although he deplores the lack of "intellect" in Mr. Nixon's camp, Mr. Harris's own reasoning, style, and even grammar scarcely inspire confidence. Here, for example, is a question he would pose in class to Mr. Nixon: "In a free society, is *individualism* more or less better served by our toleration for *indecision*?" Italics aside, surely not even Mr. Nixon could choose between alternative answers of "more better" and "less better." Although the book was designed to "say something well and gracefully about Mr. Nixon and Governor [Brown]... about American politics, American life, and American feeling along the lines of a grand perspective," it is actually nothing more than an account of Mark Harris's campaign against Richard Nixon. Mr. Nixon wins hands down.

FOUR AGAINST EVEREST, by Woodrow Wilson Sayre (Prentice-Hall). Mr. Sayre, a professor of philosophy, has written a wonderful, unconventional account of a four-man expedition that he led in an attempt to climb Everest from the north. The fact that most of the route passed through Communist-controlled Tibet hardly daunted the group. They applied to the Nepalese government for permission to climb a mountain on the Tibetan border, and, after leaving their Sherpas and a Nepalese government officer at their base camp, climbed over a nineteen-thousand-foot pass into Tibet. Professor Sayre learned to say "I am Khrushchev's son" in Chinese, in case of capture by the enemy (actually, he is Woodrow Wilson's grandson), but they met no Chinese and got up to somewhere over twenty-five thousand feet on Everest (without oxygen) before accidents and general fatigue caused them to turn back. The four returned to civilization none permanently the worse for wear. In the course of the trip, they lived for forty-one days in the wilds of Tibet off what they could carry on their backs. It was a tremendous feat, and Professor Sayre has written a sharp and perceptive account of what it was like and why they did it.

THE ELECTION OF ANDREW JACKSON, by Robert V. Remini (Lippincott). A short, entertaining study of the Presidential campaign of 1828, which set a style for electioneering that has been standard ever since. Jackson himself became the pattern of the perfect candidate—a man of

VIKING JUNIOR BOOKS



ELISABETH THE COW GHOST

Story and Pictures by
WILLIAM PENE DU BOIS

How infuriating for Elisabeth to be called "the sweetest, gentlest cow on earth" when she *knew* she was wild! Coming back as a ghost, however, she proved, after many false starts, to be the most fierce and fiery apparition of them all!

Ages 5 to 9 \$3.00

TWENTY-TWO BEARS

by CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP
Illustrated by Kurt Wiese

Twenty-one bears in cheerful progression, and one very special bear—add up to a lot of bears! An imaginative and original counting book, told and illustrated with warmth and humor.

Ages 3 to 6 \$2.50

THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF MR. TOAST

by STUART BRENT
Illustrated by Leslie Goldstein

"Stuart Brent writes from his heart, and his affection for his family and dog warms the pages of a delightful tale for children and their families to enjoy together."

—Chicago Tribune Ages 9 to 12 \$2.50

BELLS AND GRASS

by WALTER DE LA MARE
Illustrated by Dorothy P. Lathrop

Walter de la Mare writes that "only the rarest kind of best in anything can be good enough for the young." This collection of poetry, long out-of-print, is an apt example of that "rarest kind of best."

All ages \$4.00

Send for free complete 146-page illustrated catalogue of all Viking Junior Books.



THE VIKING PRESS

625 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

Down with Romance!

The best things in life may be free, but the necessities certainly aren't. Even Keats, that most romantic of all the romantic poets, knew that when he wrote:

*"Love in a hut, with water
and a crust,*

*Is — Love, forgive us! —
cinders, ashes, dust."*

Just so. Money does have its uses, you'll agree.

There are lots of ways to try "to catch Dame Fortune's golden smile," to quote another romantic poet (Burns this time). The best one we know is investing—owning a share of American business, a stake in the future, a chance to be better off than you are.

Romance aside, investing is a sensible, practical way of seeking to improve your financial condition by putting your money to work.

Want suggestions on what stocks to buy that we feel may suit your means and your aims? Write in confidence to—

JOSEPH C. QUINN



MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER
PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

**MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH INC**

70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK

the people who had risen to eminence, who combined high-toned graciousness with folksiness and private substance with devotion to public frugality, who stood for the Union and for States' rights, and who was a patriot above special interests and yet responsive to the needs of farmers, capitalists, workers, and the foreign-born. As Professor Remini's tale unfolds, we see that politicians knew how to create an "image" before Madison Avenue was paved—the Jacksonian newspapers drenched the country's voters with propaganda much as television saturates us with it today.

PORTRAIT OF A GENERAL, by William B. Willcox (Knopf). Some wars are lost by the losers, not won by the winners, and the author, a professor of history at the University of Michigan, thinks this was true of the American Revolution. The subject of his biography, Sir Henry Clinton, Howe's second-in-command until 1778 and then British Commander-in-Chief until shortly after his insubordinate subordinate Cornwallis surrendered Yorktown, has been given most of the credit for losing the colonies. Mr. Willcox thinks that Great Britain's over-all arrangements were inadequate for winning the war, and that Clinton didn't lose it all by himself. He had undeniable military talents and an unmilitary neurosis: he couldn't bear to enforce his authority—to give an order and make it stick. Nothing is more educational than the enemy's-eye view of a conflict, and Mr. Willcox, in his scholarly narrative, presents it with impressive and fascinating consistency.

NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

[From the Ann Arbor News]

Drive-in church services are scheduled at 9 A.M. Sunday at Mt. Hope Methodist Church, Mt. Hope and Seymour Rds., Jackson county. Persons attending may dress as they wish and sit in their cars or in the church. . . .

"A Muffin With a Reputation" is the title of a sermon to be delivered this Sunday by the Rev. Karl H. Keefer of Ann Arbor, pastor of the church. Each family will receive a package of muffin mix.

Born in 68 or 69 B.C., Cleopatra grew up amid palace intrigue and violence. Her father, Ptolemy XIII, was a drunkard, an orgiast, and a flute player.—From an article in Reader's Digest, condensed from U. S. Lady.

In that order.



THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY HASHIMOTO By JACK DOUGLAS

author of MY BROTHER WAS AN
ONLY CHILD

H.H. of title honorable 17-month-old son of Jack and Japanese wife Reiko—inspiration for loco family pilgrimage to Tahiti, Hawaii, Japan. All told in belly-laugh Baedeker by Papa Jack. "Hilarious".—JACK PAAR
Photos At bookstores \$3.95
2nd printing

DUTTON



A Feast of Freedom

LEONARD
WIBBERLEY

A spoof on international affairs—an extravaganza as timely and deliciously devastating as "The Mouse on the Moon." At all bookstores, \$3.95

MORROW

BOOK HUNTING?

Any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. No obligation. Write:

BOOKS-ON-FILE
DEPT. NY 38 UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

FANNY'S

WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT

Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.

Hours 5 to 10 pm daily Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm
(OPEN EVERY DAY) Phone GR 5-8686
1601 Simpson St. Evanston, Ill.

MAY 9, 1964

Come, come, Gentlemen. One of us has to be kidding.

And then again, maybe not.

Maybe every Scotch-maker uses "light" in a different sense.
It's that kind of word.

Let us at least lighten our own darkness.

What we mean by "lightness" is smoothness.

To discover what we mean by smoothness, go to your local
bar, order a shot of your regular Scotch, and sip.

Then follow the same procedure with a glass of Chivas
Regal, every drop of which is aged 12 years.

You'll detect a difference.

(The age of Chivas has a lot to do with it. So have the
fine Glenlivet whiskies we use.)

We say Chivas Regal is smoother.

But please feel free to call it lighter, mellower,
rounder, softer, gentler or just plain better.

12-YEAR-OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • GENERAL WINE &
SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.





ROYAL HAWAIIAN/PRINCESS KAIULANI/MOANA/SURFRIDER

**SHERATON
HOTELS**

COME WATCH THE WORLD'S GREATEST WATER SHOW. Sheraton's 4 hotels at Waikiki Beach look out on the world's most famous surfing reef. You can get into the act yourself (with catamarans, outriggers and surfboards). What's more, when you stay at one Sheraton, you can play at all four. You get everything from hula lessons to lavish, moonlit luaus. For Insured Reservations, just call your favorite Travel Agent or any Sheraton Hotel. **Also visit the Sheraton-Maui, dazzling new island resort on Kaanapali Beach, Maui, Hawaii.**

Sheraton shares are listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

Diners' Club card honored for all hotel services